The SHE DEVIL, A Great new Novel of Today's Daughters
by RUPERT HUGHES

APRIL 21, 1934

Liberty

5¢

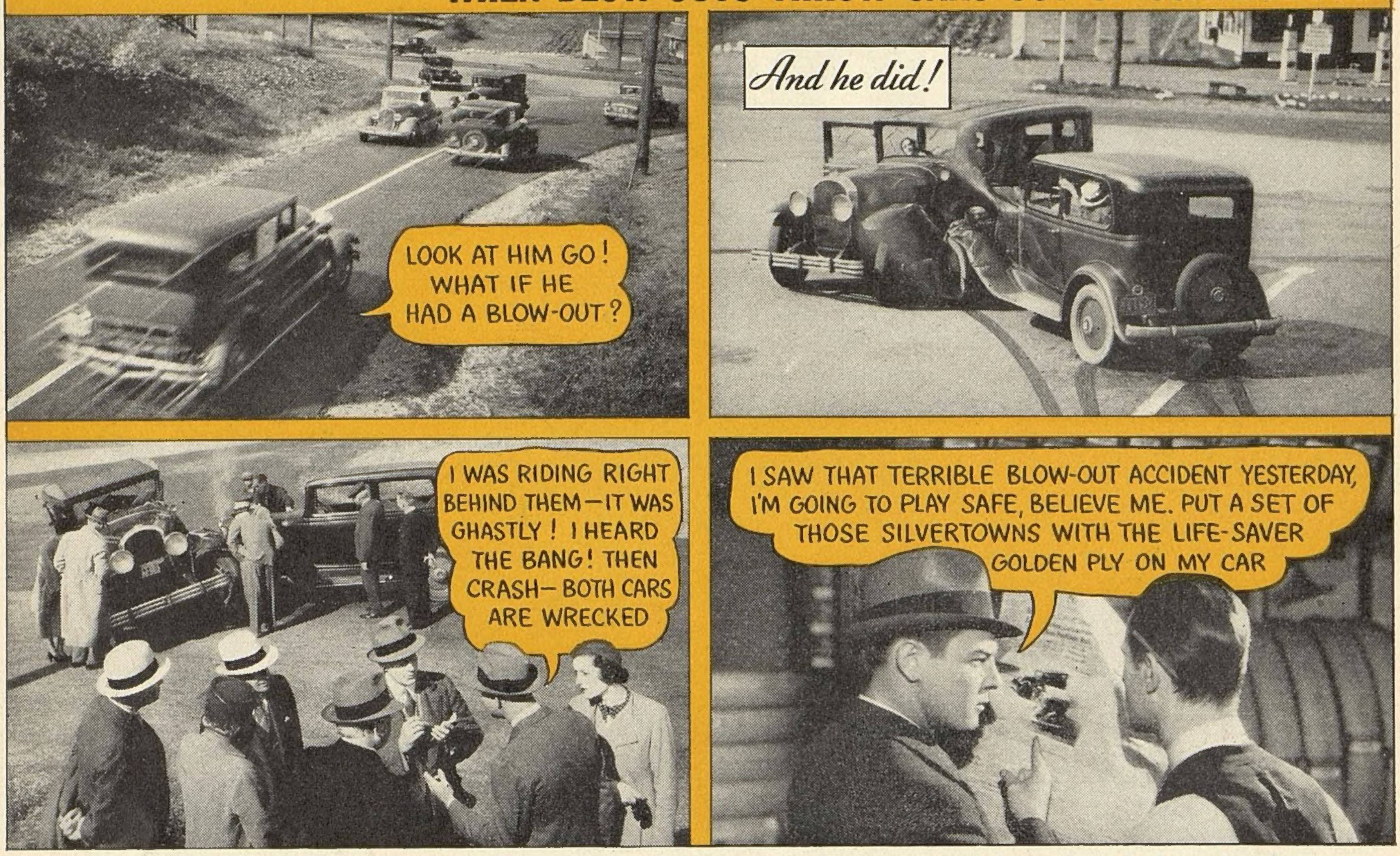
Printed in Canada

arthur crouch

How the Big League Baseball Teams Shape Up This Year

HUGH FULLERTON

WARNING! EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL...


LOOK AT HIM GO! WHAT IF HE HAD A BLOW-OUT?
And he did!
I WAS RIDING RIGHT BEHIND THEM—IT WAS GHASTLY! I HEARD THE BANG! THEN CRASH—BOTH CARS ARE WRECKED
I SAW THAT TERRIBLE BLOW-OUT ACCIDENT YESTERDAY, I'M GOING TO PLAY SAFE, BELIEVE ME. PUT A SET OF THOSE SILVERTOWNS WITH THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY ON MY CAR

GET THE TIRE WITH THE GOLDEN PLY PROVED 3 TIMES SAFER FROM BLOW-OUTS

Get months of extra mileage, too...

ANYBODY that escapes injury from a wrecked car after having a blow-out is *lucky*. Because BANG!—when it does happen you might just as well be in a strait-jacket. You can't steer. You can't stop. You're headed for trouble.

Today's high speeds—40, 50 and 60—generate terrific heat inside your tire. Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms ... *inside the tire*, where you can't see it ... and GROWS, until ... BANG! A blow-out!

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

This remarkable invention resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is thus prevented by the Life-Saver Golden Ply. And here's proof.

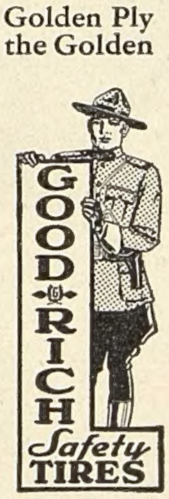
Time and again the Golden Ply was tested at breakneck speeds. Rubber got so hot it fairly smoked. *Not one blow-out.* Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

No extra cost!

Don't gamble when human lives are at stake. Play safe. Get a set of these new Goodrich Safety Silvertowns *now. Remember, they cost no more than other standard tires.*

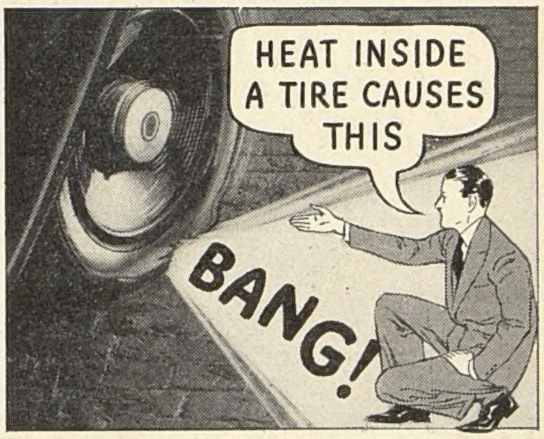
Look for the "Mountie"

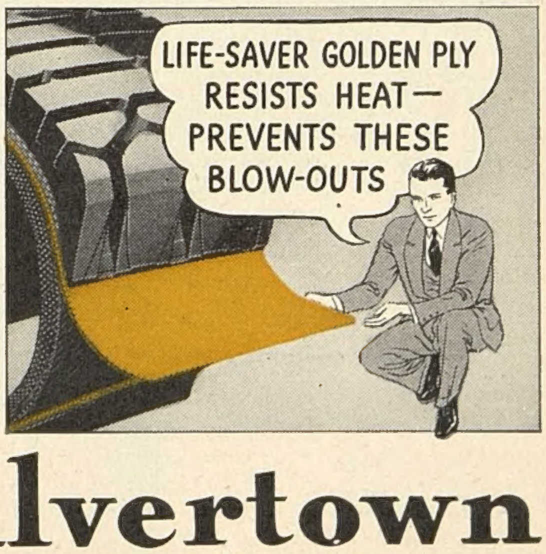
This sign is displayed by Goodrich dealers. It tells you where you can buy the Goodrich Safety Silvertown with Life-Saver Golden Ply. Drive in where you see the "Mountie".


GOODRICH
Safety
TIRES

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 20c (to cover cost) to Dept. 51, Canadian Goodrich Company, Limited, Kitchener, Ont,

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

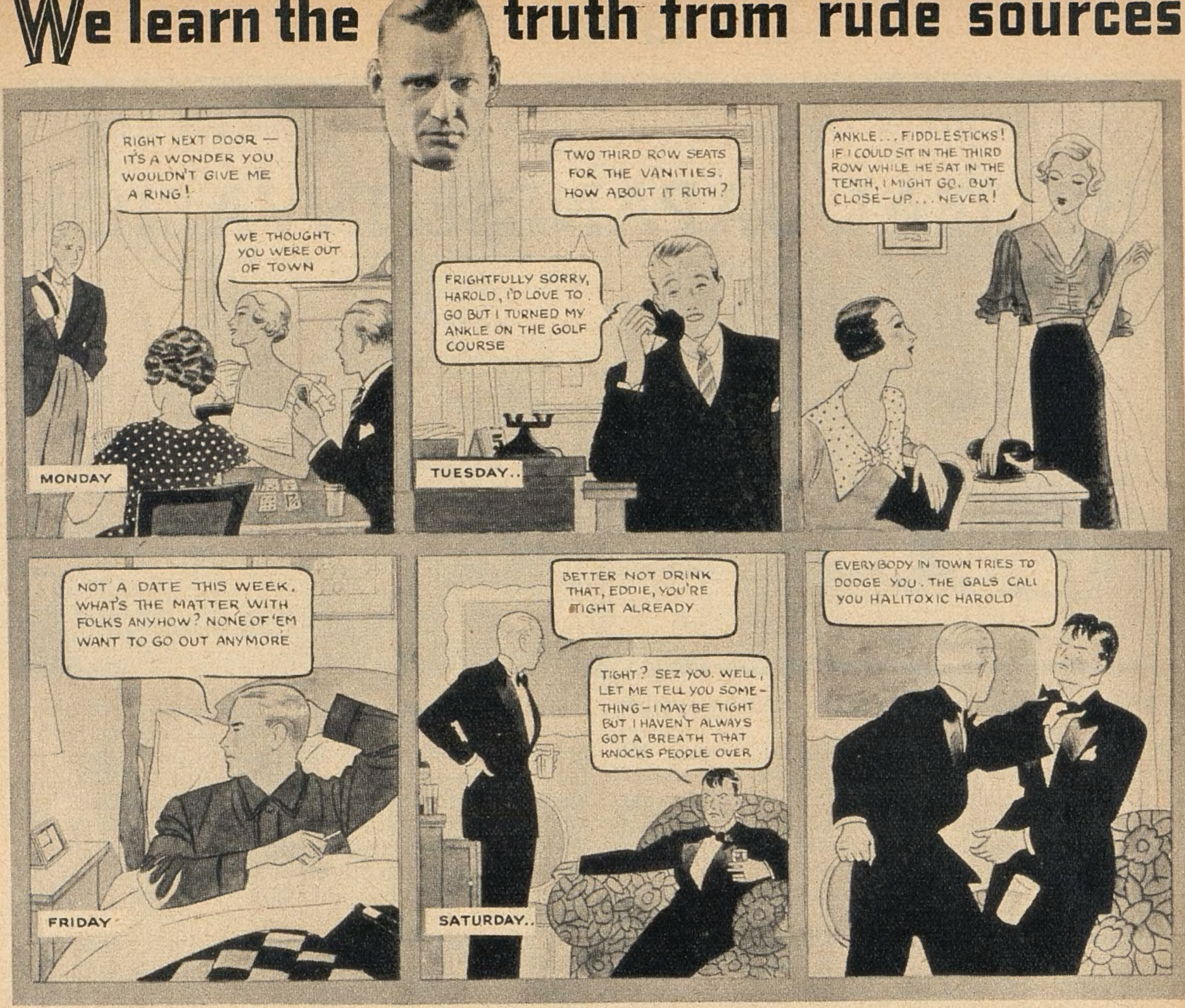

HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!

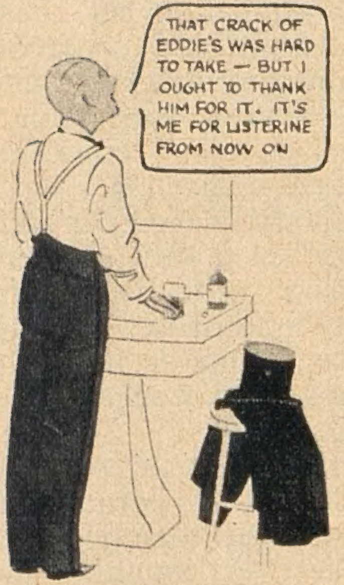

LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

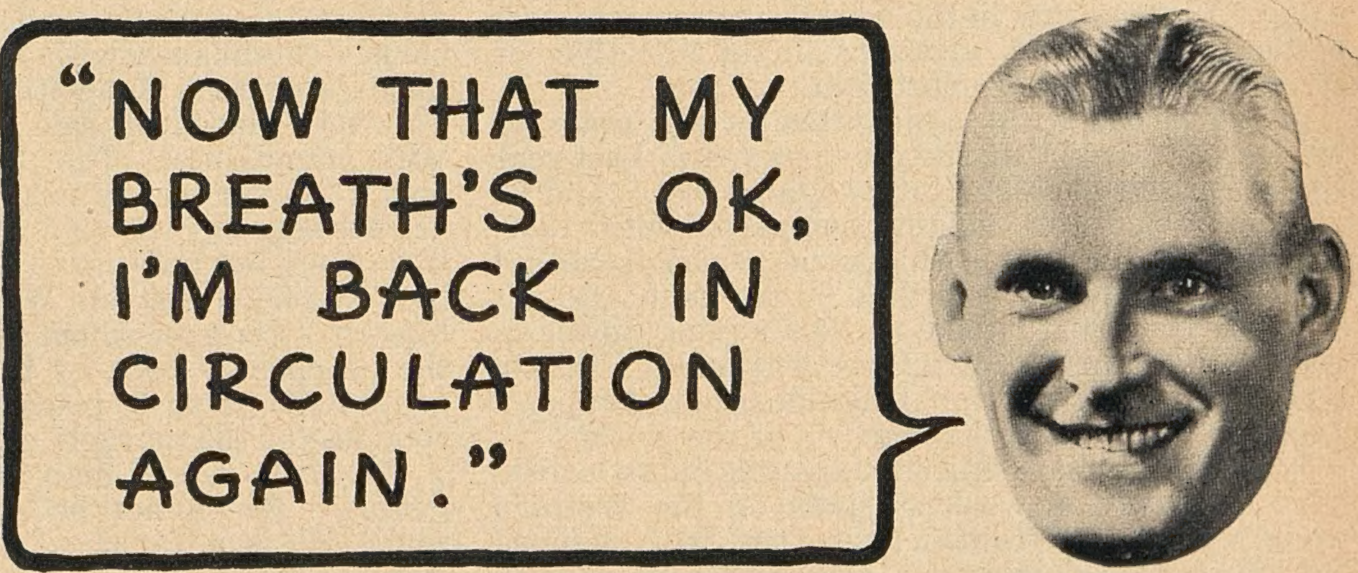
The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

We learn the truth from rude sources


RIGHT NEXT DOOR — IT'S A WONDER YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME A RING!
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF TOWN
MONDAY
TWO THIRD ROW SEATS FOR THE VANITIES. HOW ABOUT IT RUTH?
FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, HAROLD, I'D LOVE TO GO BUT I TURNED MY ANKLE ON THE GOLF COURSE
TUESDAY..
ANKLE... FIDDLESTICKS! IF I COULD SIT IN THE THIRD ROW WHILE HE SAT IN THE TENTH, I MIGHT GO. BUT CLOSE-UP... NEVER!
NOT A DATE THIS WEEK. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FOLKS ANYHOW? NONE OF 'EM WANT TO GO OUT ANYMORE
FRIDAY
BETTER NOT DRINK THAT, EDDIE, YOU'RE TIGHT ALREADY
TIGHT? SEZ YOU. WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING — I MAY BE TIGHT BUT I HAVEN'T ALWAYS GOT A BREATH THAT KNOCKS PEOPLE OVER
SATURDAY..
EVERYBODY IN TOWN TRIES TO DODGE YOU. THE GALS CALL YOU HALITOXIC HAROLD


THAT CRACK OF EDDIE'S WAS HARD TO TAKE — BUT I OUGHT TO THANK HIM FOR IT. IT'S ME FOR LISTERINE FROM NOW ON


"NOW THAT MY BREATH'S OK, I'M BACK IN CIRCULATION AGAIN."

You can be careless about everything else in the world but your breath—and get away with it. But halitosis (bad breath) is simply unpardonable. Everyone is likely to have it at one time or another, since its principal cause is the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when it is present. And even your best friends won't tell you. The quick, pleasant way to treat your breath so that it won't offend others is to rinse the mouth with Listerine. Immediately the oral cavity feels clean and fresh. The breath becomes pleasant and agreeable.

Use Listerine every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Listerine deodorizes hours longer than ordinary mouth washes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., Toronto, Ont.

LISTERINE ENDS HALITOSIS (*Bad Breath*)

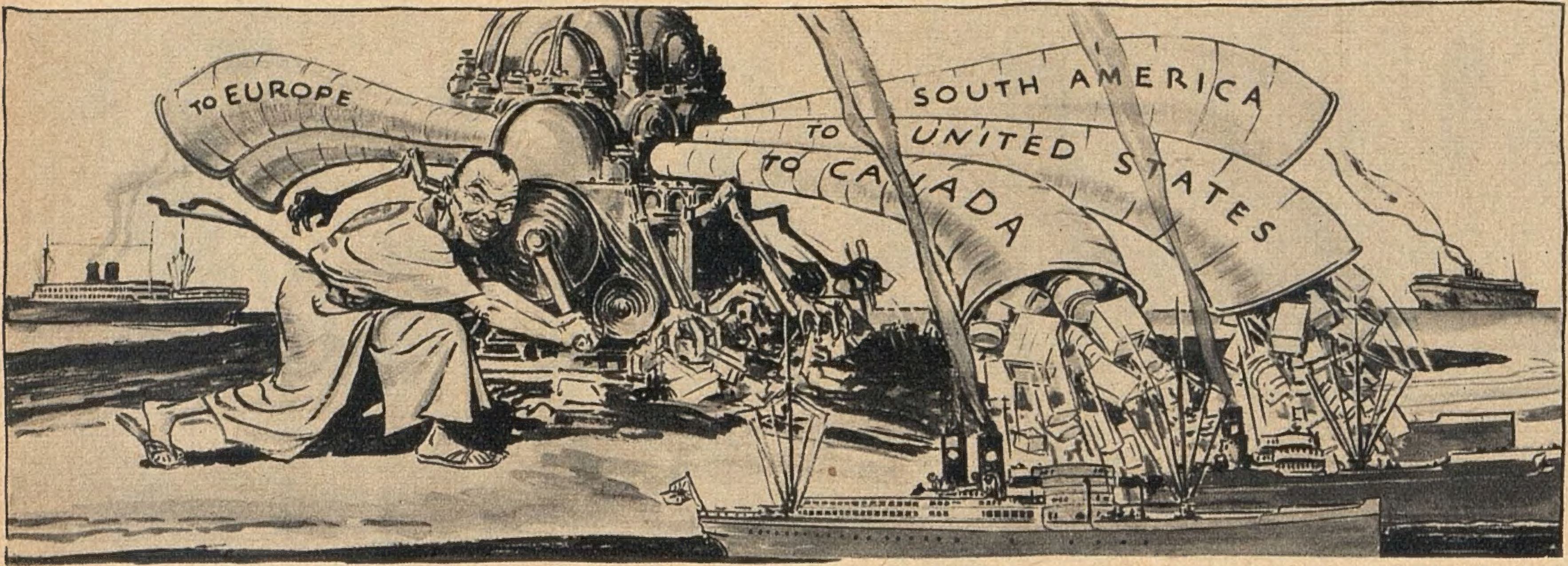
PRODUCED IN CANADA

APRIL 21, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 16

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

THE REAL JAPANESE INVASION



JAPAN has launched her great offensive against the Western world.

No Canadian cities have been laid waste. No thundering salvos of naval guns have been heard off the British Columbia coast. Yet Nippon has launched her armies and navies upon us. Not armies of men, but of merchandise! No navy of dreadnoughts, but of merchantmen!

This war of conquest is generaled by no sword-clanking pompous military clique. The general staff comprises the canniest, most ruthless brains in Japan—those of her industrial overlords. The rank and file represents an army which labors from dawn until dark for a miserable pittance of fourteen cents a day. But no army in the world's history was ever better disciplined to attain a single objective, or strived toward it with more fanatical zeal.

Japan led the world in increased foreign trade for 1933 as compared with the previous year. Last year Great Britain and the United States lost 7 and 21 per cent in export volume compared with 1932. Whereas Japan during this same period increased her world trade by more than 60 per cent. Do not overlook the fact that the world's buying power in 1933 had diminished by 22 per cent under 1932—a fact which lends additional significance to Nippon's amazing conquest of the markets of the world.

With consummate skill the Japanese industrialists have selected the weakest spots on the Western world's economic front. Then they have mapped out low-cost production and distribution plans with military precision—and attacked again and again. They have shown particular gains in export trade with British India, the Philippines, Australia, British Africa, and Brazil. Form your own conclusions as to why these strategic trade areas have been selected for the yellow man's onslaughts.

For some years past we Occidentals have had a charming picture in our minds. Japan has been a naïve little yellow schoolboy seated dutifully at the feet of his indulgent Western tutor. We have watched him play with sharp-edged military toys and have expressed our delight at his precocity. We have placed within his grasp the glamorous results of our inventive genius. Now we find the precocious schoolboy bids fair to become a dictatorial master.

A large Canadian retail establishment ordered a quantity of lead pencils from a Japanese manufacturer. The merchandise was priced far below any competitive British or American line. The retailer planned to continue trade relationships so auspiciously established with the delightfully courteous little Japanese. But within one day after the pencils were placed on sale the retailer was deluged with complaints. The "lead pencils" contained only a quarter inch of graphite at either end.

Fate smooths the way wonderfully well for some little men, but only up to a certain point. Remember, Napoleon met his Waterloo. And he was the biggest little man whom history records. Perhaps the psychology back of the two quarter inches of graphite is going to prove Japan's Waterloo in her conquest of the markets of the world.

The little yellow man is unexcelled in imitative genius. He cannot be surpassed in persevering zeal. He is a fanatical devotee of technical efficiency—a worshiper before the great machine god. But he has yet to learn that Western civilization is dependent upon more than the mathematical formulæ with which he has crammed his student's brain. It is founded on good faith between buyer and seller. Perhaps Japan needs to go to school again.

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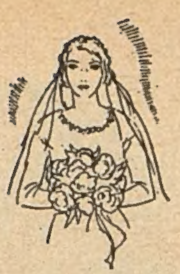

Young WIVES ARE OFTEN SECRETLY TERRIFIED

There's so much they ought to know .... and DON'T

•

FACTS
for
WOMEN

Get and read this booklet

Not a soul in the world knows the ugly dart of fear that many women feel time and time again—when they are alone. They accept feminine problems as their own responsibility. They don't talk about them, even to the most sympathetic. They think about them, they face them *alone*.

If you are one of these women ask yourself this question: "Would I be afraid if I knew all the facts?" Chances are that you would not. Everyone fears the unknown.

This age is kind to women

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement so breath-taking in its benefit to women that you can only marvel why some of them actually do not know about it yet. Are you, yourself, using Zonite? Or are you using a compound of cresol or carbolic acid as your mother did—and worrying about it as she did?

Don't use poisons. Use Zonite. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Forget all about the burning, withering caustics associated with feminine hygiene in those days—fortunately past—when no other antiseptic was powerful enough. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or carbolic acid that can be safely allowed on the human body. And it is actually soothing to tissues. There would be no tragedy even if a child accidentally got hold of the bottle.

Zonite—liquid or solid

Many women prefer the semi-solid form of Zonite—Zonite Suppositories. They come twelve to a box, at $1.00. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms and provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women use both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite. The latter comes in bottles of three sizes, at 30c, 60c and $1.00. Druggists sell both forms.

Don't be satisfied with anything but real facts about feminine matters.

How to learn all the facts

Send coupon and get booklet, "Facts for Women." This booklet is authoritative. Women accept its statements as true and unvarnished. It has been much discussed in women's groups. Read your copy. If you too think it an important contribution to women, please pass it along to a friend. Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

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Ste. Therese, P. Q.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below:

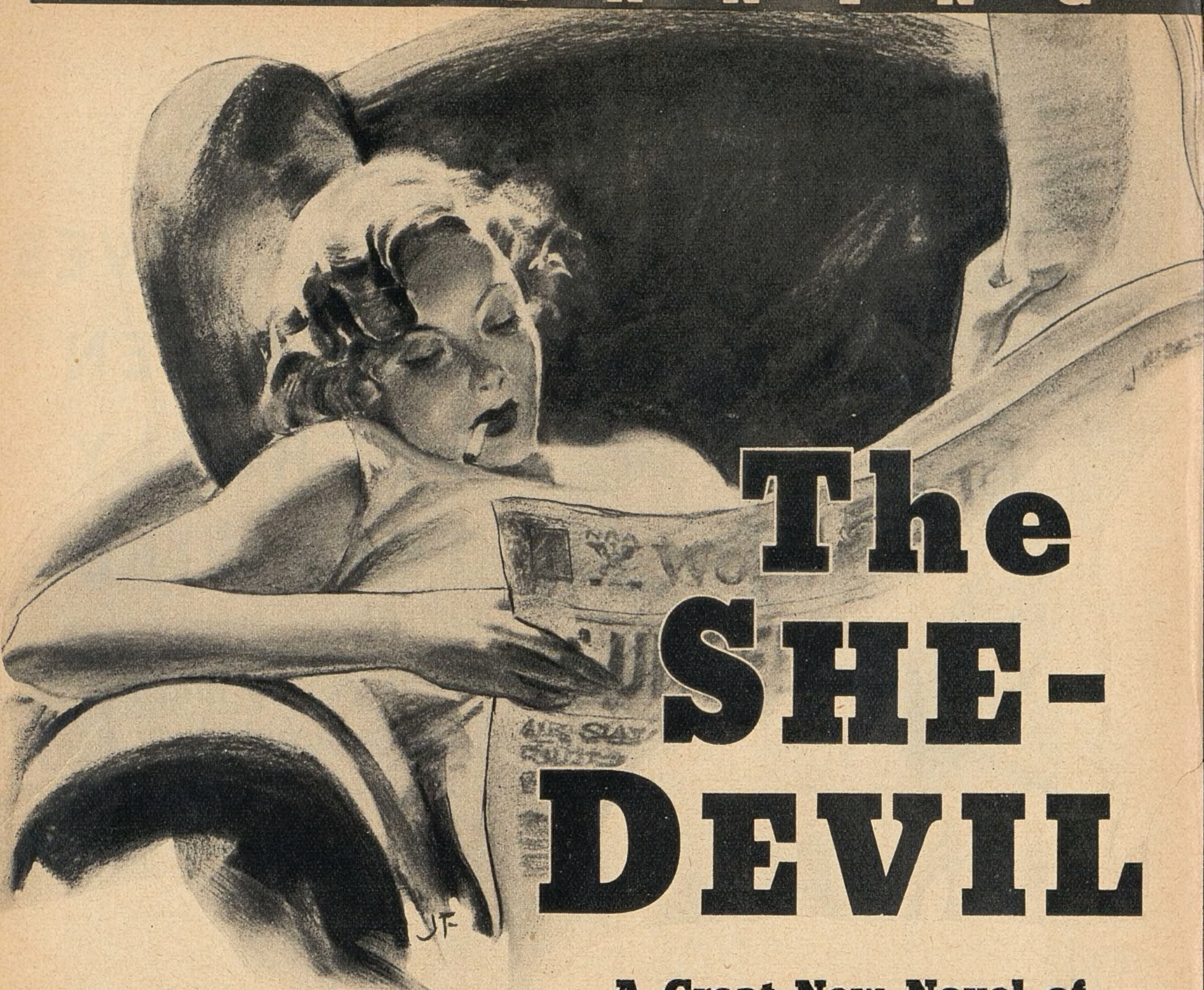
☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME ....
(Please print name)

ADDRESS..

CITY.......................... PROV..........

BEGINNING



The SHE-DEVIL

She was half lost in the big newspaper resting on her little stomach; she was half lost in a huge chair.

A Great New Novel of Today's Daughters

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE HAND ON THE BANISTER RAIL

He had to stop short in the doorway of the Country Club's big reading room and amuse his eyes with her. The quaintness of her sophistication! She was the most contradictory damned thing! She never seemed more delicate and innocent than when she cursed, or tossed off a cocktail, or spat out a fleck of tobacco from the end of a cigarette.

Peter Haden often wondered which it might be, insane recklessness or pure trust in God, that led her to hurl her big horse, the Commodore, at any obstacle whatsoever, at stone wall, barbed wire, water jump, or even at what a horse hates most, an Aiken fence with dead leaves marking the take-off and the landing place on either side.

Was she the most graceful creature that ever was, or the awkwardest? Look at her there! Either she had no bones or they were of rubber. She was half lost in the big newspaper resting on her little stomach; she was half lost in a huge chair. She was sitting on the middle of her spine. Her neck must be broken, the way her chin sat on her chest. And those long gangling legs of hers sprawled out in their mud-flecked jodhpurs!

After a long moment Peter Haden crossed to the back of her chair to see what she might be reading so solemnly. He could have expected almost any headline before the one that jumped at him across her shoulder:

PLUMBER SLAYS WIFE, THREE CHILDREN, SELF

He had to shake his head and grin over that. What were plumbers to her, or wife slayers? He had known Joyce Palgrave ever since he joined the ancient law firm that had handled the Palgrave affairs so long. He met her the very day he was sent out to her Westchester home with a batch of papers for her father to sign. The

by RUPERT HUGHES

Palgraves had little money, but the happiest household he had ever seen. Nothing ever marred its blithe serenity. Yet here was the older daughter, the always-young Joyce Palgrave, lapping up the story of a domestic inferno as if it were whipped cream.

He nudged her to break the spell, but his smile froze as she said:

“That you, Morgan? You're late! Oh, it's you, Pete. H'lo!”

There was a fondness in her tone, but it cut him to the quick, for it was the tone she would have used to her dog or her horse or to an old family servant.

“How come you're so interested in that bluggy stuff?”

“Oh, I was just killing time till— Funny, how much of this wholesale family finishing-off goes on nowadays. Only the other afternoon I read something about Farm Wife Butchers Husband and Four Sleeping Children with Ax, Then Shoots Self. I suppose she tried to chop her own head off and couldn't.”

“What's it to you, in heaven's name? Why do you fill your pretty head with such atrocities?”

“Oh, I've just been noticing how often such things happen.”

He broke in: “Including the attentions paid by rich married men like Morgan Sargent to young girls like you.”

She breathed more smoke heavenward.

“What gets me is, how long is America going to last with everybody killing everybody else, motors bumping you off, gangsters spraying the streets with machine guns? And the motto in most of our homes seems to be ‘God bless our slaughterhouse.’

“DO you ever have the feeling, Pete, that when you read newspapers you're reading about a foreign country? They're full of the most amazing crimes and disasters, but I've never seen any of 'em. Maybe it's because there are two kinds of people—three kinds: the front-pagers, the inside-pagers, and the ones that never get in at all. We're in the third class now. Before dad went ker-plunk you'd see his name now and then on the financial page in small type; you'd find mother among a gang of people at a tea brawl or something.”

“Or you in the Horse Show news,” he put in. “You won a cup before you were born, didn't you? Anyway, you were born riding a pony.”

“Well, I'd hardly go as far as that, Peter. After all, mamma had some rights.”

“Well, for God's sake, keep out of the papers.”

“I'm willing.”

“You'll be in one of those keyhole columns pretty soon if you aren't a little more cagy about running with that Morgan Sargent.”

Again she ignored him. “What kind of people are they, Pete, that get excited enough to murder one another? Imagine a husband shooting down his wife and his little children—or a mother chopping her babies open, and her husband, with an ax! It doesn't seem possible, yet it's common. How do they get that way? What kind of mud are they made of?”

“Oh, they're just common clay like the rest of us, but they get into jams and take 'em a little too seriously. Tastes differ. Some people start shooting when their husbands look at another girl. They say Mrs. Morgan Sargent is a crack shot at grouse and pheasants.”

“That's three times you've made that same dirty crack, Pete. Mamma told me I must always be a little lady three times in concussion, and then I could begin to break furniture. The next sniff out of you and I wrap this crop around your fat head. What's the matter with you, anyway?”

“Far be it from me to tell you any faults of mine that you haven't already found out. The important thing is what's the matter with Morgan Sargent?”

“Well, I'll bite. What is the matter?”

“He's married.”

“Is that against the law?”

“No, but he's got no right to make up to you.”

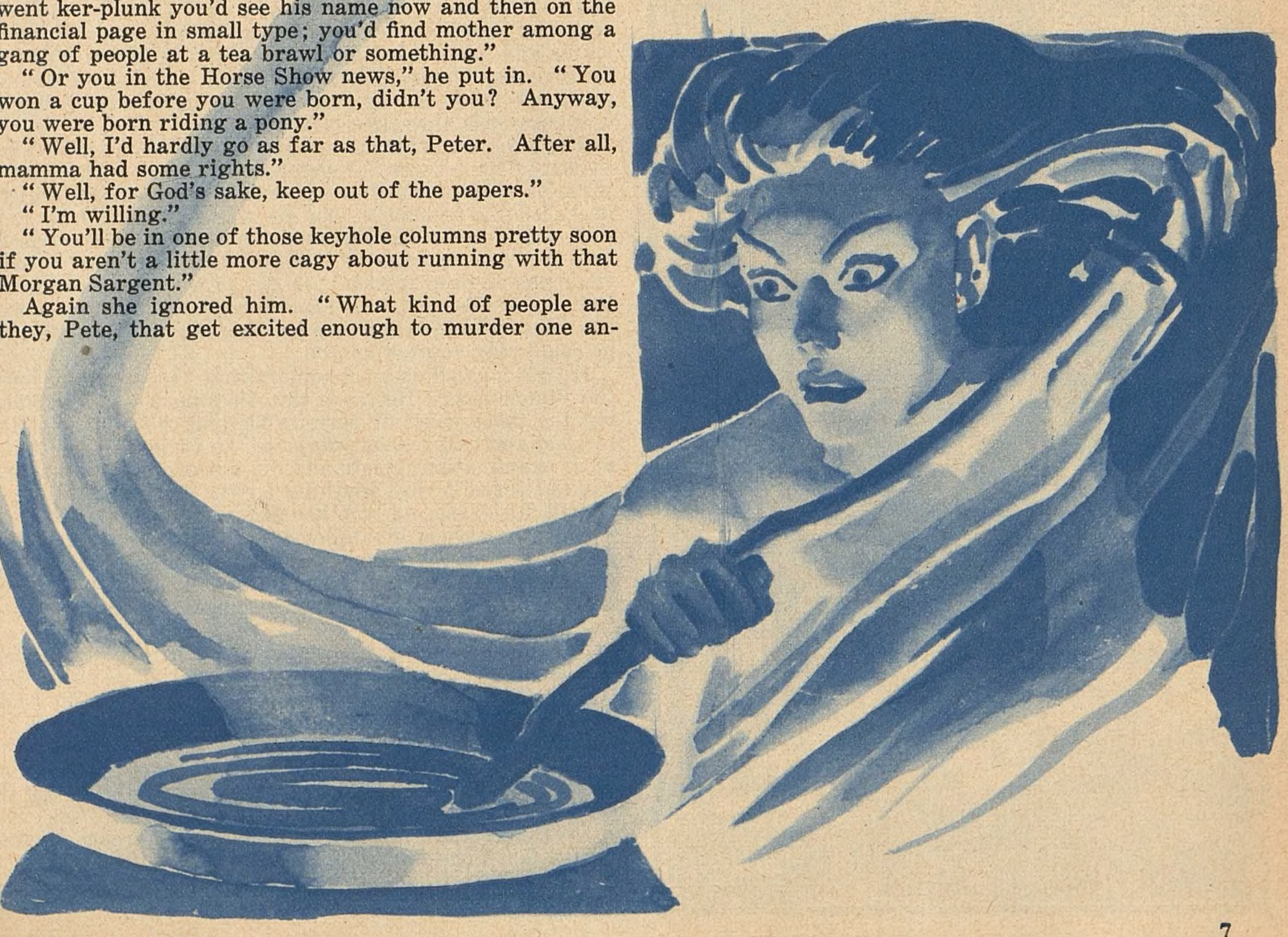
“If you'd wash the back of your mind once in a while, you'd understand that Mr. Sargent treats me with perfect respect. My going with him is a proof of it. You evidently think I'm pretty low, or you wouldn't—”

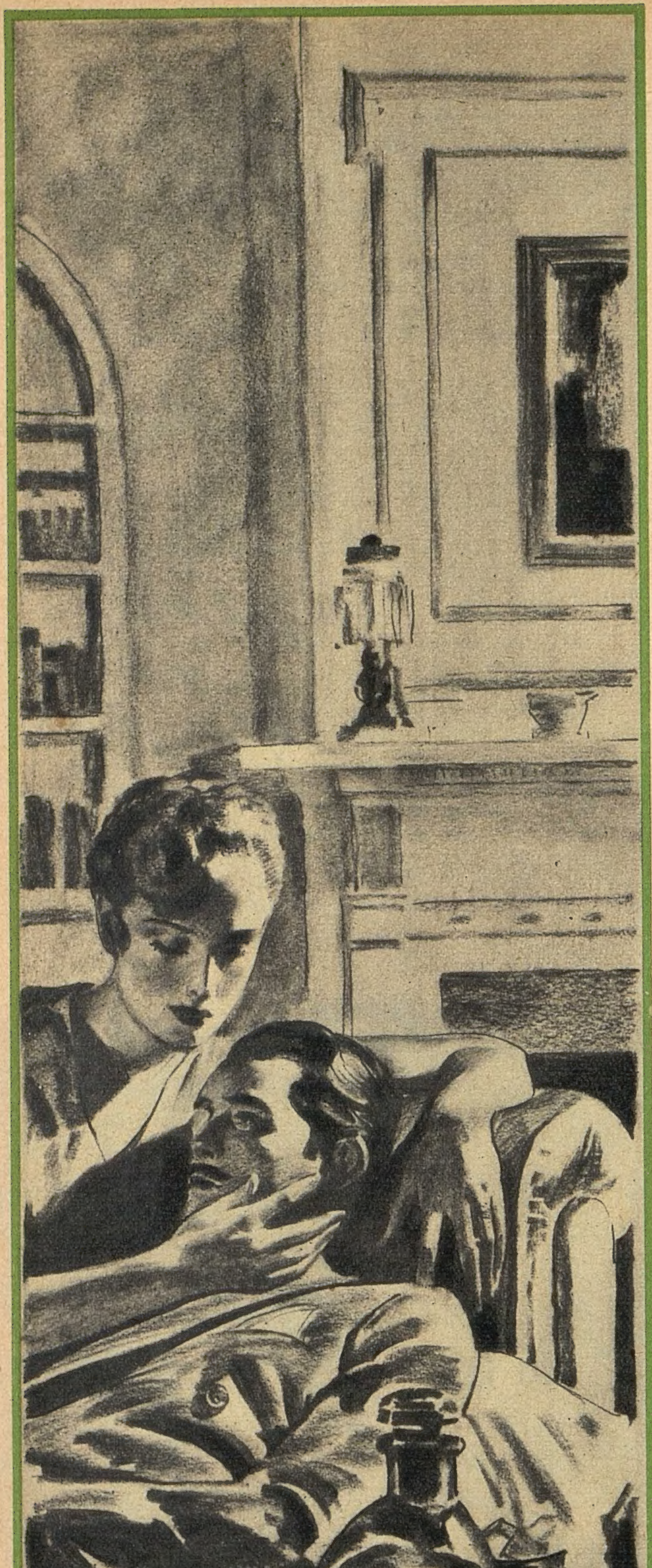
“God, no, Joyce. It's because I have such a high opinion of you that I can't bear to think of you compromising yourself.”

“Compromise? Rot! Mr. Sargent is a great man with a loose wife. She's broken his heart and she doesn't care. He's humiliated and lonely, and I'm proud if he finds comfort in my society. He talks as if I were grown up.”

“His intentions can't be honorable.”

“How can you know? And what do I care what his intentions are? If he has any he keeps 'em to himself. Anyway, it's my intentions that matter. I'm the one that takes care of me. I'm not afraid of any man living. Not





that Mr. Sargent has ever given me any reason to be afraid of him. And while we're at it, not that plenty of unmarried men haven't—"

"My God, Joyce! Do you really mean that men—"

"Oh, don't be mid-McKinley!"

"Well, please don't go riding with Sargent or he'll forget himself. Besides, people are talking."

"So I've heard. And they never get anything right. They talk about you, whatever you do. And if they don't see you doing anything, they suspect the worst. What do I care?"

"But for a young kid as innocent as you to be trotting off to God knows where with a married man—"

"I'm not innocent, or a kid. I hope I'm decent, but I know my way about. Long after I had found it out, my poor mother drew a long face and told me what every young girl ought not to know." Seeing the pain her flippancy gave him, she grew serious. "Honestly, Petie, you needn't be afraid for me. I know my way about, but I intend to be what Paula was when she married Laddie and what she's been ever since."

HE knew that she called her mother by her first name, Paula. She did not call her father by his first name, which was Ledyard, or even by its diminutive, Leddie. She called her father Laddie. She went on:

"Paula and Laddie have a lot of fun, but they both play fair, and that's what I intend to do. So quit nagging me, for heaven's sake. You're turning into a regular old grandmother. I'm as safe with Mr. Sargent as I'd be in a church, and I promise you if he attacks me I'll scratch his eyes out and bring 'em to you. Here come my own crowd. Stick around and listen to them and see if you can't understand why I like to get away with somebody like Morgan Sargent, who talks something besides bilge."

In from tennis and badminton and golf drifted a mob of youth, lazily hilarious about nothing in particular and everything in general. They were just recovering from a bout of laughter at something they had heard outside. The thing that always struck Peter most forcibly was that the young men of the day always wore far more clothes than the young women. The men were in sweaters and shirts and baggy trousers, while a girl in trousers and a buttoned-up blouse looked almost an overdressed prude alongside the girls who had been playing tennis in shorts and bare-back sleeveless blouses.

The biggest of this lot was Joyce's brother Evert. The littlest of the lot was her sister Leta. Evert was twenty-three or -four, according to the family genealogy, which he called the studbook; but he was still in college and still nearly as far from graduation as when he was eased into the freshman class at eighteen because of his football triumphs at prep school. He did so well as a freshman that no professor would have dared to flunk him since the rules insisted that a man pass his examinations before he could play another season.

He did so well as a sophomore that they slid him into the junior class. He made the All-America as a senior, but the three years of permissible play were up. After his last football season was over, he turned in his mid-term examination papers and did not even know that he had answered hardly anything right.

Still, his father and mother wanted him to keep on and on until he earned his diploma. He was willing and the professors were willing; for in the driest subjects he could make the most surprising and delicious boners, and they looked forward to his final exams as senior with positive eagerness.

But this pleasure was threatened by a little girl trouble, and Evert was sent home for a penitential while in the late spring. He had apparently forgotten that he had been sent home to forget the wild women.

Leta had also been requested by the faculty of her school to go elsewhere for a few weeks of meditation because of boy trouble. She was inviting more of it every minute.

Evert and Leta did not make much difference in the home life. They merely dropped in for changes of cloth-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

ing or to borrow money, or to sleep up an idle forenoon now and then.

The collapse of the family income had not depressed Evert in the least, or forced into his head a thought of buckling down to some job that might earn him a penny. There were no jobs to be had anyway; but that would have made little difference to Evert.

It was Peter, the outsider, who had done most of the worrying for the whole family. Of course lawyers are paid to do the worrying; but Peter was not paid. When Ledyard Palgrave's fortune, such as it was, went up in the smoke of the bond-fires of 1929 Ledyard took it with a fine sportsmanship.

It was Peter Haden, the young attorney, who saw to it that such things as sheriffs' sales were not added to the family troubles.

There was one man who attached Joyce's horse because he knew no other way of collecting a debt, and he wanted the horse. But Peter silenced him by satisfying the judgment out of his own pocket, unbeknown of course to Joyce, who was fooled by the lie Peter told and never knew that the Commodore belonged to Peter until sometime later when—but that was sometime later.

Her brother and sister and their gang had not been in the room a minute before he understood why she spoke of their conversation as "bilge."

Joyce cast a look at Peter and he understood her plight.

She shook her head when one of the cubs commanded:

"Get into your swimming suit, Joycey. We're all going into the pool."

She shook her head again when another demanded:

"Well, if you're a gentleman you'll take off your spurs and pants and get into decent clothes, for when we come out we're going to swing wide and high. Cocktails, dinner, dancing—everything!"

One of the girls protested:

"Aw, leave her alone. She's waiting for old man Sargent."

That hurt her and angered her, but she merely smiled what she hoped was a cryptic smile—at least she hoped the word was "cryptic," or was it "tolerant"?

Leta turned back to say, "If you go home, tell 'em we'll not be in for dinner. Breakfast maybe."

THEY rolled away like a retreating wave and she turned to Peter.

"Now can you see why I find Morgan Sargent more fun?"

He nodded.

"But do you think you ought to let your little sister run all over the place with those outlaws?"

"Why not?"

"Won't she be out in a car all night with some young rake who'll be drunk and disorderly?"

"Oh, not necessarily. Some of the boys only get orderly when they are drunk. They grow very solemn. Even if they don't, they're lots of fun. I've been out till daylight often enough, and no bones broken."

"But you're different. You're decent."

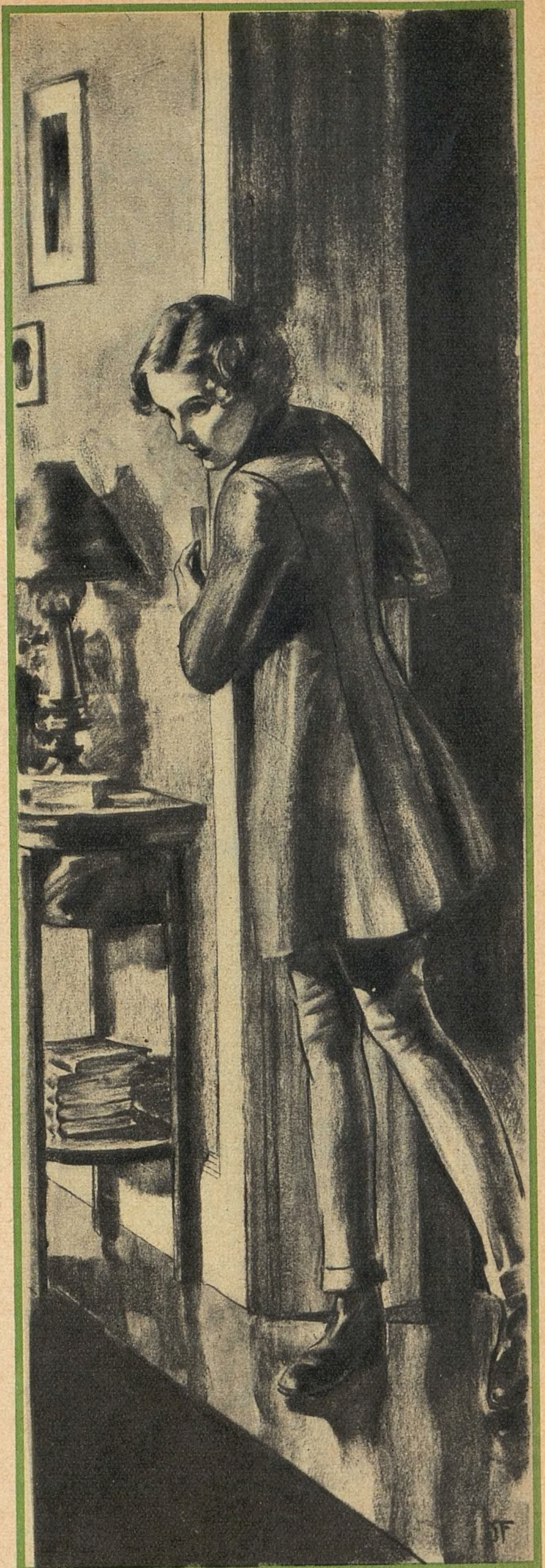
"Thanks for admitting it at last. But maybe the rest of them are, too."

Peter found her solemn tolerance deliciously childish and loved her better for it than if she had been a spectacled professoress of metaphysics. His eyes did not laugh at her but his heart did. It stopped laughing when Morgan Sargent came in, hurrying, embarrassed by having to apologize to a girl who might have been his daughter.

"Hello, Joyce. Hello, Haden. Can you forgive me for being late?"

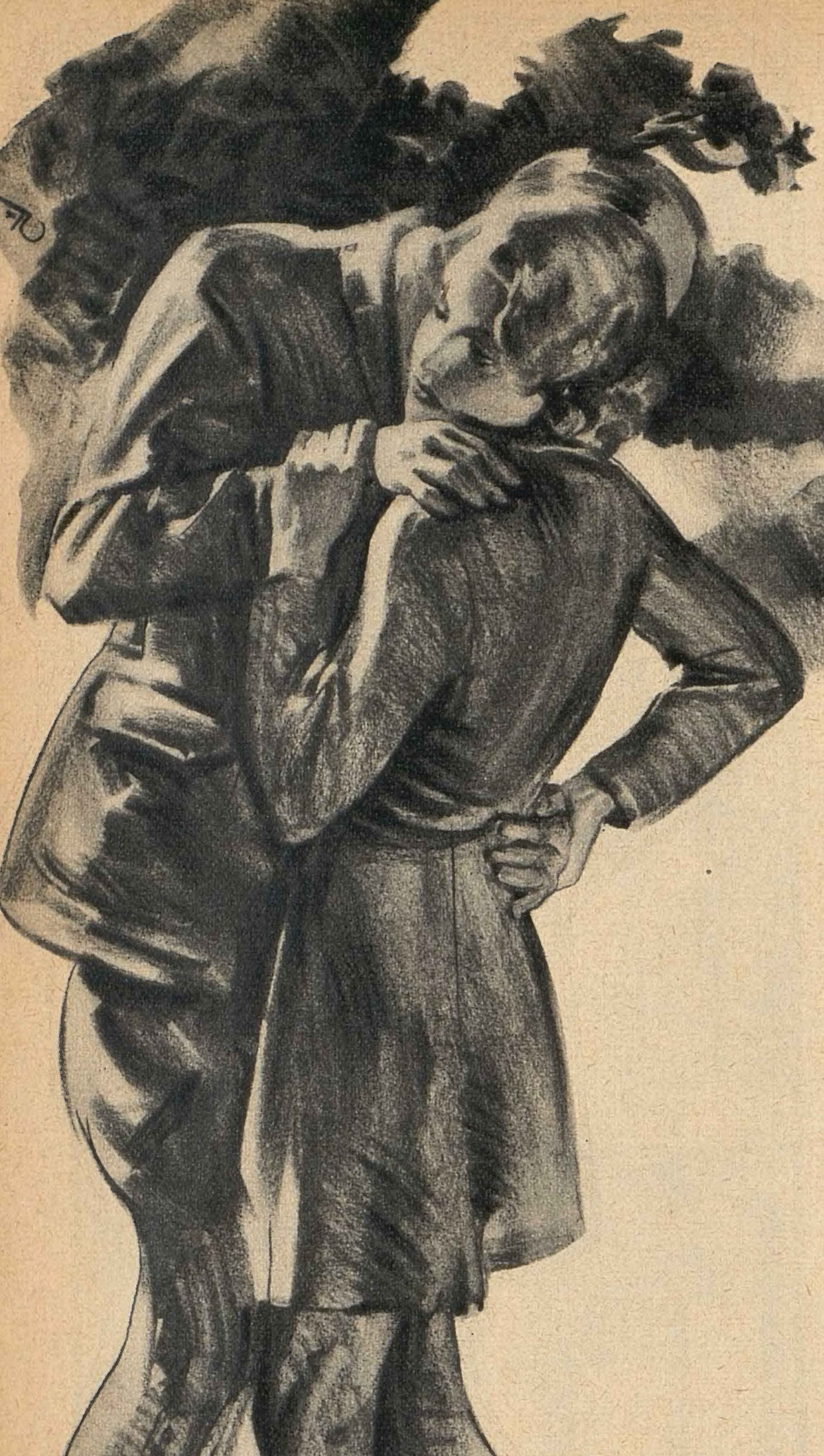
"Oh, that's quite all right. You have important things to do."

"Nothing really important, but the fools who detained me thought it was. That old dodo, Senator Yates, has a



Joyce felt for the switch by the door, pressed it. The room was shot full of light for just an instant.

JOHN FALTER



● Rather from instinct than intention, she twisted her head from his kiss and murmured, almost questioningly, "No?"

new bill on the fire. I stopped to change for a ride. What do you say?"

"I'm afraid my hoss is tired. I've been putting him over the jumps pretty hard."

"Oh, a little jog won't hurt him, will it?"

"Well, I'll ask him. He's right outside. 'By, Pete."

She was a little triumphant as she left him, towing the great Morgan Sargent.

Joyce went to her horse. The sight of her made his nostrils tremulous with a welcoming nicker. While Sargent watched her devouringly, she asked her horse:

"Commodore, are you too tired to go for a little walk?"

He shook his head violently, snorting and scattering spume. She dodged that, and cried:

"Hup, you lazy dog! Hup!" patting his glossy side.

And he went up, staggering about on his hind legs, his mane flying, his eyes white, his teeth bare.

But he was only showing off. When she gave the word, he dropped to all fours and bent his head meekly while she threw the reins over his rippling mane. He stood fast politely till she had flung her right leg over and found the stirrup, then he turned and nibbled her toe, offering a fine contrast to Sargent's ill-bred mount, a cantankerous nag that kept him hopping and cursing by swinging its rump out of his reach every time he prepared to vault into the saddle.

JOYCE'S idea of pretending not to notice Sargent's embarrassment was to pretend that her own horse was behaving worse. She put him up in the air again, sticking to his perpendicular back like a burr. When she saw that Peter Haden was watching her through the window, she took off her hat, leaned far back, and waved to him.

Abruptly she found that her cordiality was being taken as a personal tribute by a man who had just whipped a sleek car to a stop and was waving at her and calling, "Cheerio!"

Joyce found "Cheerio!" one of the most depressing words imaginable, but E. Terry Grahame had been using it and a monocle since he came back from England.

Joyce despised E. Terry Grahame and had come as near to quarreling with her mother over him as she and her mother had ever come to quarreling over anything. Joyce could never understand what Paula could see in the young snob. But then Paula had a pack of tea hounds heeling her of late.

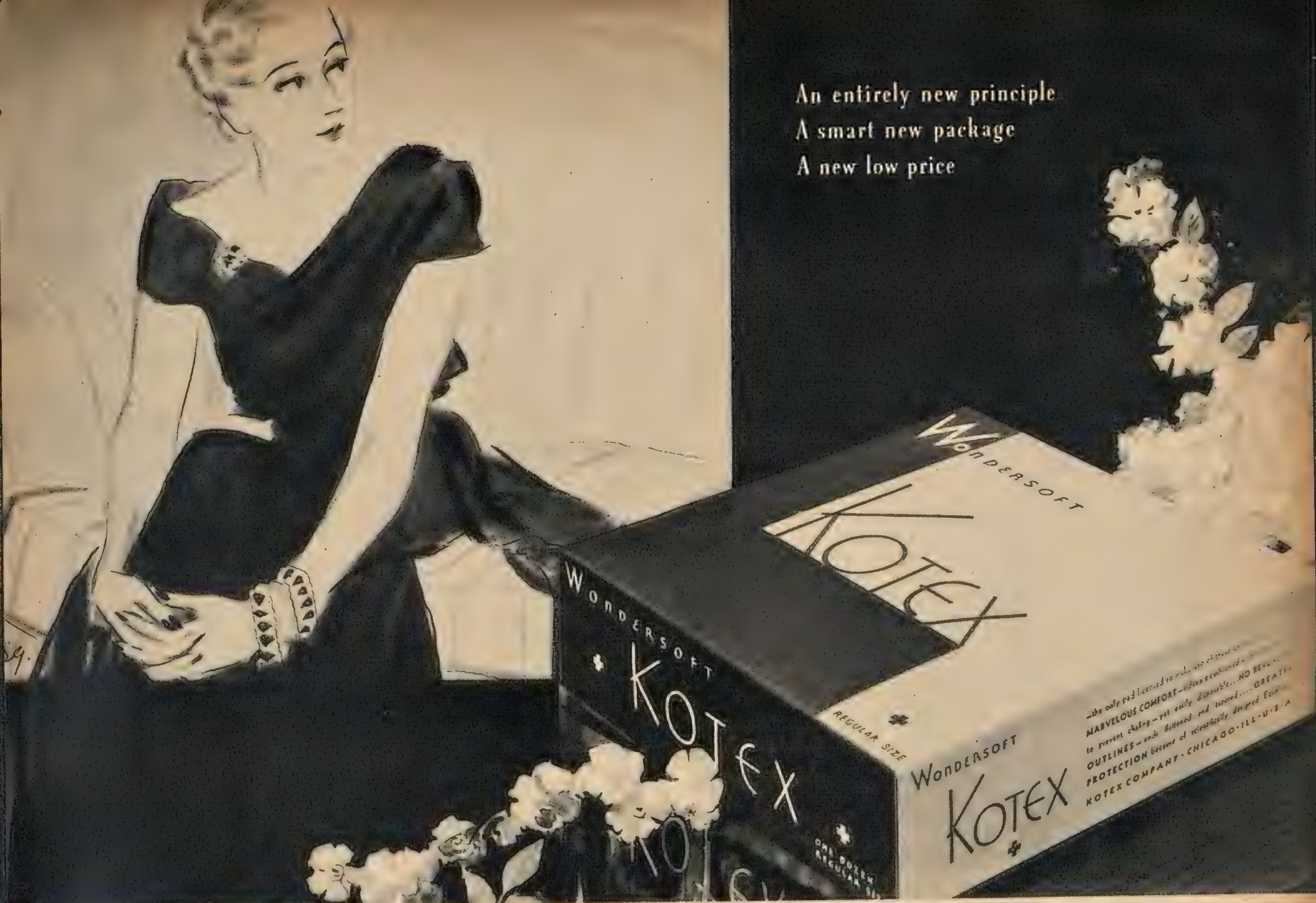
She brought the Commodore to earth with a slam and joined Morgan Sargent.

E. Terry Grahame, seeing her trotting down the bridle path, changed his mind about entering the club, and turning back to his car, shot along the highway that led to Joyce's home and mother.

Peter Haden stood at the window, staring after Joyce till she trotted out of sight. His heart ached for her. What was she trotting toward and into?

But her heart ached for the big man at her side; yet with neither fear nor longing. He stirred her mind to ambition and lifted her pride with a sense of the power she plainly had over him.

She had learned of it long before he had spoken of it with the intense confusion of an important man yielding *(Continued on page twelve)*



Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

IN SIZE AND SHAPE THE NEW KOTEX PACKAGE IS IDENTICAL TO THAT OF BOXES WIDELY USED FOR PACKING ORDINARY ARTICLES

Discard old ways.. welcome the new!

THE NEW 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

brings a great change in the lives of women

HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-time pads? Then this is important news for you.

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with a great Consumer Testing Board of 600 typical American women — a project never before dreamed of. The result is now presented to all of womankind—the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

WONDERSOFT—*third exclusive Kotex patent*

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. *First* — came *flattened, tapered ends* that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. *Second*—the *famous Equalizer strip,* increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection, U. S. Patent No. 1,863,333. And now—*Third* and most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the *new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex*—U. S. Patent No. 1,946,626.

What WONDERSOFT *Kotex means to women*

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and *only* the edges. *This is important*—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. That—women told us—was the greatest single need in sanitary protection. Wondersoft remains gentle, marvelously soft for hours. Women by scores tell us that Wondersoft Kotex has utterly changed their lives. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always known. In width, thickness—in fact all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same. Once you have used the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—you will never forget to re-order it.

A new package—new in color, shape and design for your protection

To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

Familiarize yourself with it at once. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex!

"I used the new Wondersoft Kotex on a long 3-days-without-stop automobile trip. I never had such a feeling of absolute protection."
Home Girl

"Best of any pad I've ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before."
Musician

"For the sake of my daughter I feel deeply grateful for the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls."
Housewife

(Continued from page ten)

to the spell of one whose only importance was her youth and her pretty flesh.

When he looked at her he could not keep out of his eyes the desire that tortured him in conflict with his high code of honor and his immense self-reverence.

Joyce could not help knowing what was in his blood, but it neither kindled her nor offended her.

Occasional males had been pawing at her nearly as long as she could remember. Life was a gantlet of longing eyes, of clutching hands. Now and then strangers on the avenue swept her with eyes like searchlights trying to be X rays. Now and then men who had just met her seized the franchise of the dancing floor to explore her tentatively with their flirtatious muscles.

She never let them go very far and she grew so accustomed to them that they hardly annoyed her.

Her father and mother had lots of fun, went out a lot, received at home a lot. Paula had a lot of what she called her "beaus," but Laddie was not jealous because he knew that she loved him, and that, even if she ceased to, she would remain true to herself and her family.

So Joyce took her mother as a model. She played with life, flirted lightly, sipping the champagne and letting the bubbles tickle her nose, but never drinking too deep.

Her father and mother treated her as if she were as old as they, and as wise. People who treated her as a child—people like Peter Haden at times—infuriated her. People who treated her as a mere female nauseated her. People who treated her as somebody wise and comprehending filled her with delight.

Peter Haden suddenly realized this as a new danger for her. When she had defended Morgan Sargent as the one man who took her seriously and talked to her "of his plans and of world affairs," Peter had felt reassured, had felt that she was safe with Sargent, and had been left with only his jealousy as his grudge against the man.

After Joyce faded from his eyes Peter was suddenly stabbed with a new anxiety. Perhaps Sargent's combined appeal to Joyce's pity and her dignity was only a diabolically subtle way of breaking down the barrier that would not yield to coarser flatterings and more romantic approaches. Seduction by way of big words and pomposity might be the most effective of all.

IF what Peter now suspected were true, Morgan Sargent was unconscious of it as a motive; but he had Joyce wildly excited by his recounting of his conference with Senator Yates over party platforms and tactics, and he asked her what he ought to do. This overwhelmed her. She had been exalted by the feeling that the great man was weak and life-broken enough to lean on her for consolation and diversion. And now he was asking her advice in a matter of statecraft! She felt like Queen Elizabeth jogging along in conference with Lord Gladstone or somebody. Even the Commodore realized how excited she was and broke into a canter, and that was pleasant, too, among the green tapestries the maple multitudes of Westchester hung along their course. But Sargent's horse and his rider were soon satisfied and Sargent suggested that they turn off the bridle path and let his nag regain its wind. Joyce could refuse her prime minister nothing. The thicket was threaded by a brook whose soliloquy they could hear. Somewhere within the flower-starred jungle it teased them with Lorelei laughter, and Sargent said:

"Let's find that brook."

"Right," said Joyce. They rode in as far as they could, then fastened their horses to trees and pushed on.

Joyce ran ahead of Sargent, dipping her head beneath a low bough, twisting past a brier, pulling a branch aside and holding it till Sargent came up so that it should not backlash him in the face, squirming through a shrub that filled Sargent with envy as it seemed to fondle and stroke her with fingers, then let her go reluctantly.

Joyce reveled in the woodsy maze, the colors, the scurrying squirrels, the darting birds, the twinkling leaves, and at last the gleaming brook, wimpling and winding and gurgling like inarticulate ecstasy made visible. She stood at the edge and teetered on a rocky crossing, but Sargent, staring at her with haggard eyes, said abruptly, almost brusquely:

"Let's go back."

"Go back? So soon? But it's so pretty here."

"Too pretty. Let's go back, please!"

"Why, of course. But—just a minute! Listen to that water! Look at it. Come here and see these little minnows."

He began to shiver. "Let's go back. I'm afraid."

"What of?"

"You."

He was joking, then. She laughed. "You couldn't be afraid of anybody—especially not of a whiffet like me."

He groaned aloud. "You're so young, so innocent!"

"I'm not so young, and I'm not innocent at all. I know all there is to know."

"It's not the knowing. There are plenty of women who don't know anything and are as vicious as snakes. But your heart is as clean as your eyes. I want to keep it so. But I'm afraid."

"WHY do you keep saying that? What could you be afraid of—out here with just you and me?"

"That's what I'm afraid of—the just you and me. I can hardly keep from kissing you. I'm dying to," he answered.

"Well, kiss me then. Don't die."

"You'd let me?"

"Why not? It seems kind of in the picture here."

She turned to him and put up an incredibly exquisite cheek. He set his lips against it timidly. Then she made a childish cooing sound, turned the other cheek, and gave a little girlish clench of her hands on his arms. He saddened.

"You don't kiss me."

"Why not?"

He felt on his set jaw the dab of a cool soft mouth so innocent that he felt infamous—yet somehow he found infamy irresistible.

He put his arms about her. His muscles fought themselves to a tremor trying to keep from crushing her.

"My God, you little baby!"

"Little baby!" she laughed, and laughed like one. Then, all but oblivious of his frenzy or perhaps trying to quell it by not noticing it, she turned in his arms, leaned against him, and pointed to the brook.

"What's it laughing at? What's it talking about? It's trying to say something. Something very nice." She tried to imitate its laughter and to imitate the rippling with her own outstretched hands, while Sargent's hands, clasped in front of her, seemed dragged upward by some ineluctable compulsion. He was breathing so hard that she could feel his heart beating against her shoulder blade. She remembered the mysterious fear he had spoken of and was bemused by the mystic power she had over him and by the wonder that he should find her so precious and so terrifying.

Then she began to be troubled by a power he seemed to be exerting over her, a new power, a little frightening in the way it quickened her own heart.

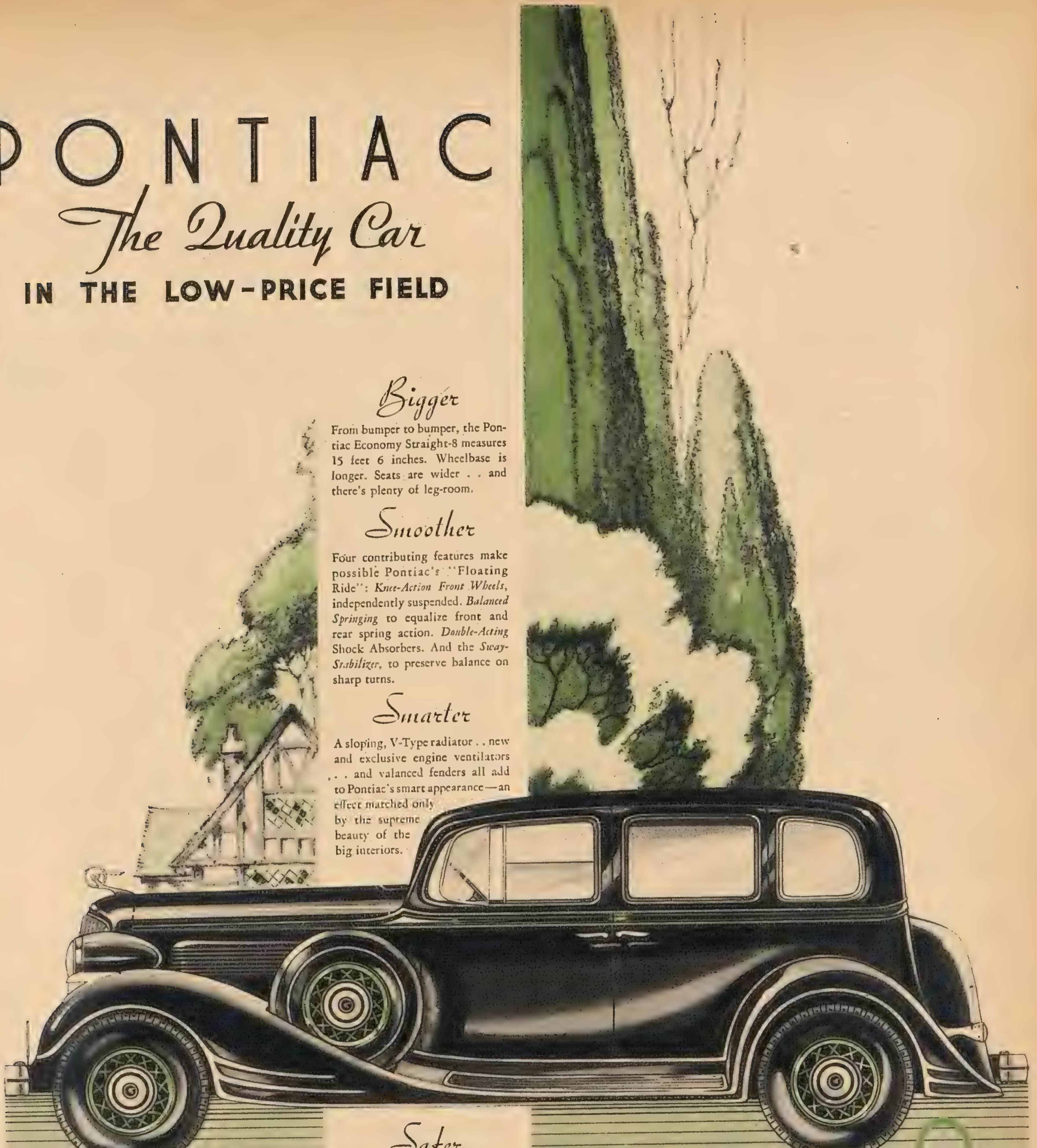
She reached up anxiously to clasp his hands and hold them in her own.

They did not yield. She tried to pull them away. They tightened. His lips touched her throat and slid down to her shoulder, pressing the open collar aside.

Her hands fal-

(Continued on page fourteen)

PONTIAC
The Quality Car
IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD



Bigger

From bumper to bumper, the Pontiac Economy Straight-8 measures 15 feet 6 inches. Wheelbase is longer. Seats are wider . . and there's plenty of leg-room.

Smoother

Four contributing features make possible Pontiac's "Floating Ride": *Knee-Action Front Wheels,* independently suspended. *Balanced Springing* to equalize front and rear spring action. *Double-Acting* Shock Absorbers. And the *Sway-Stabilizer,* to preserve balance on sharp turns.

Smarter

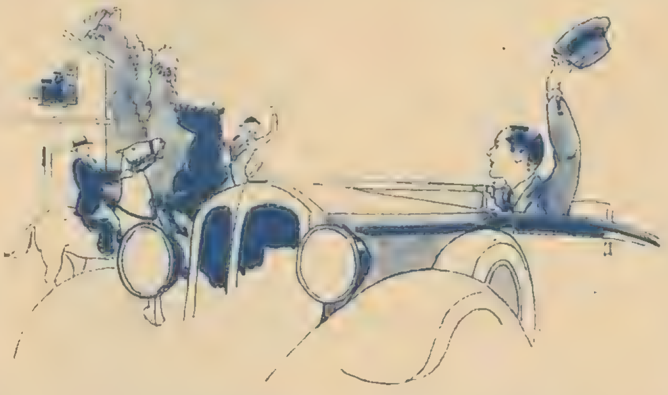
A sloping, V-Type radiator . . new and exclusive engine ventilators . . and valanced fenders all add to Pontiac's smart appearance—an effect matched only by the supreme beauty of the big interiors.

Safer

Fisher-built bodies of steel and hardwood . . Bendix Mechanical Brakes . . Multi-Beam Headlamps . . rugged KY frame . . Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . plus safety glass windshield and Fisher No-Draft Ventilators combine in Pontiac to guard your safety.

To motorists who expect a reduced automobile investment to buy them the big-car performance to which they are accustomed, we say, look at the Pontiac Economy Straight-8! To those who intend to "step up" from the small car class, at the same time retaining their present low-cost operation, we say, look at Pontiac! Drive the new model for only a few moments. Even this short experience will be enough to demonstrate why Pontiac is the quality car of low price!

(Continued from page twelve) tered on his. They did not want to fight. She was feeling a little faint. She did not want to fight. With a sudden fury Sargent turned her in his arms and gripped her tight against him, and found her mouth with his, smothering her breath.



Rather from instinct than intention, she twisted her head from his kiss and murmured faintly, almost questioningly, " No? " If he had let her go and pleaded, he could probably have had his way of her, but he resisted her resistance. A little more certainly she urged, " No! " Still he fought her. Then her anger flared. She cried sharply:

" No! "

He could not misunderstand the sincerity of that.

He released her and she frowned at him until he began to shiver and was so miserable with defeat and remorse that he dropped to one knee and sobbed—that great man!

At first Joyce was so sorry for him that she hated herself for saying no. Then she realized for the first time the real power she had over him.

The discovery that she was one of those who could shatter a great man by withholding a kiss or saying " No! " sharply so startled Joyce that she was pathetic in her exultation. She clasped her hands and panted with a suffocating laughter. She was much more babyish now than when she gave him that infantile kiss.

But only for a moment did she enjoy the luxury of being Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba, Helen of Troy and Mary Hamilton and all that sort of people. They were driven from her heart by Florence Nightingale and all the women of compassion and mercy.

A man was in pain on her account. That darkened the world for her. She touched his shoulder.

" Don't! Don't! I beg you. Do get up. Mr. Sargent! Please! "

He rose with difficulty under a back-breaking burden of humiliation, and stood with his head cast down like a birched schoolboy, while she took hold of his lapels and faltered:

" I'm so sorry I hurt you. Please forgive me.".

Did this mean that she would resist no more? He was in a dire quandary now. He put his hands awkwardly on her shoulders and stared into her eyes. They were vague with sympathy—and what else?

There seemed no especial reason why he should not take her. She had only a bewildered notion of what his desire meant to him. She felt herself gathered slowly into the man's arms again. He was kissing her brow. His hands were burning about her.

And yet there were other duties besides the duty to make unhappy people happy. There were reasons for not being too generous. She didn't really belong to herself to give away. If her mother were here she would scream in protest. If her father were here he would— She had heard him say once:

" I'd kill anybody who tampered with my babies just as quickly as I'd kill anybody who attacked my wife. My wife and my daughters—sacred! "

Paula had laughed at him. " Don't talk such nonsense. We can take care of ourselves, can't we? "

JOYCE had been proud of that, but her father had looked like a madman.

Even Sargent, caressing her unresisting body, knew that her mind was somewhere else. She was meditating, debating. She was far away in conference.

She was thinking that she ought to consult her mother about this matter.

Of course she could yield to this dizzying drunkenness that was growing in her and tell her mother afterward—or never tell her mother. Nobody would ever know. Nobody would be the wiser—only these two would be the happier, terribly, madly happy here where the brook music beat in her ears and the divine man was kissing her eyelids and her throat, and a power divinely gentle was drawing them both toward the earth, but—but—She saw that look on her father's face. She saw the face of Peter Haden when she had rebuked him for distrusting her. She woke as from a dream of drowning.

" I think I'd better go home now, Mr. Sargent."

Her words were so matter of fact and sane and so profoundly wise that all the rosy mist and stupor and dreamy beauty of mutual seduction were instantly dispelled. He shook himself like a dog coming out of a stream. He sighed:

" I think you'd better. I'm sorry I—"

" And I'm sorry I—"

They both laughed tenderly and foolishly.

Yet, as she led the way back through the thicket, he regretted the uncommitted sin as his life's most precious moment irretrievably lost to him. He called himself a coward.

What she was thinking she could hardly have told. She was trying to be glad that she had been worthy of the trust that others had in her, that she had had in herself, yet—

They found their horses reaching high for leaves not yet torn from the stems. In a kind of guilty silence they mounted and returned to the highway. The sunset sky was a madness of blushes and flames. It seemed to throb and quiver with coursing blood. The dark-fuming dusk was one ineffable yearning. The horses seemed to feel the sad beatitude. They kept so close together that Sargent's stirrups clicked against hers; his knees touched hers now and then, his thigh clashed the steely arch of hers. This hurt him so that he put his hand out. She clasped it and turning her head gave him a smile of wistful tenderness that made him ask:

" Have you forgiven me? "

" For what? "

HE raised her hand to his lips. Her heart seemed to leap to her finger tips and his lips. She regretted her flight from him. A strange impulse to cry, " Let's go back! " amazed her and frightened her. She thought she had better get away before the thought occurred to him, or she would not be able to talk to her mother till too late. She must talk to her mother at once.

She said, " Here's a short cut across this field to a road that leads home. It's late. I'd better take it. Shall I see you soon? "

" For God's sake, yes! "

" Good-by."

They saluted each other formally with their riding crops, then she swung the Commodore's head, wheeled him as on a pivot. Her heels touched triggers in his ribs and fired him at the low fence. He took it almost in stride. She turned to wave to Sargent, who waved gloomily to her.

Only then she remembered that her father had gone to New York for the day. He had said at breakfast that he would have to stay in town overnight.

That would be all the better. She and her mother could have such a grand talk as they had not had for ages. She took the back road to the stable.

Instead of going round to the front steps, Joyce went in through the kitchen. She found the old butler, Wingham, and his wife Margaret, the cook, muttering something that they cut short when she surprised them.

Joyce remembered just in time not to go galumphing and yelling for her mother, for Paula was apt to be asleep at this hour—pretty sure to be when Laddie was away.

Joyce went up the steps on tiptoe. The hall was lighted only by the sun pouring level red rays through the glass of the front door. Joyce peered through a curtain into the living room. Silhouetted against a red windowpane she could see her mother's head above the edge of the couch. So she was not asleep. Joyce felt for the switch by the door, pressed it. The room was shot full of light for just an instant. She pressed the switch again and darkness blotted everything again at once.

It had been like a photographer's flash light and what she had seen was printed on her memory forever.

Her mother sat on the couch, holding in her arms, as if he were a child, a great overgrown baby, some man whose head was turned into her breast. Paula's head was bent over him, her short hair falling over her eyes as she kissed him on the top of his hair. One of his hands was clenched in her hair. His cheek was against her bare bosom. He was kissing her throat.

Before Paula could even look up, the light was gone. Joyce could hear her gasp:

"Who's that?"

Staggering along the hall, Joyce groped for support. Everything holy and pure and beautiful in the world was obliterated in a splash of filth.

Her eyes went up under the lids in white agony. They saw a hand sliding down the banister rail. She knew that hand. It was her father's. He was coming down the steps silently, softly, swiftly. The light from the red sun covered his face with a bloody glow. She hardly knew him.

He had not gone to town, then. Or he had come back unexpectedly. Paula could not have known that he was home.

His left hand was slipping down the banister rail. In his right hand was something dark. Joyce could not make out what it was. It looked like the old army revolver he had kept for thieves and to put wounded animals to death with.

SUDDENLY Joyce understood. Her father had suspected, and slipped into the house. He was stealing down the stairs to surprise Paula.

Joyce tried to cry out. Her throat locked. She gagged. She toppled toward her father to stop him. He could not have known just who she was, for his left hand swung wide and struck her in the breast, brushed her aside with a brutality he had never shown before.

She must prevent him from going into that room—for his own sake. She must cry out to warn her mother—for her sake. She must be loyal to both. Her fingers clawed at her father's sleeve. He shook her off and reached into the dark room for the switch.

Another photograph leaped at Joyce. Her mother was on her feet now, but her left hand was trying to extricate a monocle from her hair. The man was E. Terry Grahame. Paula's left hand was struggling with the cord. Her right hand was fumbling at her blouse. Her shaking fingers were trying vainly to button the top button. It slipped out of the buttonhole with a kind of slithy malice.

Even in the swirl of such a moment Joyce was sickened by the thought that it had to be, of all men, that fool, that ape with his monocle, who would destroy the glorious Paula.

Completely disillusioned, her mind numb with horror and sorrow, what will Joyce do? In the next installment of this powerful novel, Joyce makes a decision that will affect her whole later life.

Smoke 'til the last chapter

. . . and still keep a fresh, cool mouth

Often cap the day with late reading and smoking? That's a grand time to know Spuds!

What does the menthol do? Does menthol *in the smoke* make Spuds taste cooler? Not at all. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by lowering the temperature of the smoke. So what you get from Spud is pure tobacco flavor . . . *with the heat taken out.* And what a difference that makes . . . in keeping your mouth cool and fresh!

Spud
CIGARETTES

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
25c THE PACKAGE

MADE IN CANADA BY THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO., LTD., QUEBEC

SARASOTA, FLORIDA, February 17, 1934—The new, bigger Dodge leaps out of a sand-and-shell pit . . . hurtles eight feet into the air . . . bangs down on the front wheels . . . and REPEATS THE PERFORMANCE 14 TIMES! And it was ready for more . . . A true test of the strength of the new Dodge "Floating-Cushion" Wheels—Dodge independent front-wheel suspension.

WHAT OTHER CAR CAN

FOR . . JUST A FEW DOLLARS

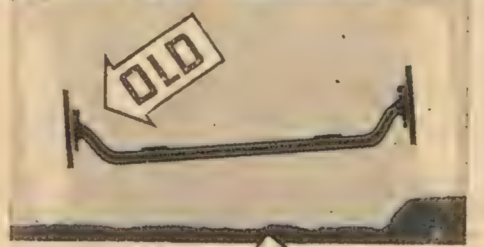
LOOK OUT FOR THAT BIG BUMP AHEAD, GEORGE—
O.K. HONEY
GEORGE, WE PASSED RIGHT OVER IT—AND NEVER FELT IT!
SURE! THESE NEW DODGE FLOATING-CUSHION WHEELS SIMPLY IRON OUT ALL BUMPS AND RUTS

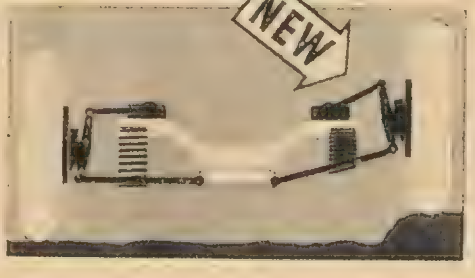
DANGER! BUT YOU'RE SAFE WITH DODGE HYDRAULIC BRAKES

YOU DON'T FEEL BUMPS AND RUTS with Dodge "Floating-Cushion" Wheels—the final step completing the levelized, vibrationless ride. This Dodge independent front-wheel suspension ensures smooth riding for front *and* rear-seat passengers. When one front wheel strikes a bump or rut, the wheel—independently of the rest of the car—rises and falls with the bump. The shock is absorbed . . . doesn't jar or tilt the rest of the car. "Floating-Cushion" Wheels, plus cross-steering, which ends "wheel-fight", and Floating Power engine mountings to smother vibration, Dodge is the first car in its field to offer a ride that is *completely smooth*, entirely vibrationless, free of shock, "jitter" and jar.

●

Dodge gives you over a dozen extra-comfort features. Ask a Dodge dealer about the fair-and-square "Show-down" plan that shows you how to judge and compare car values for yourself.





HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE SAFE BRAKES!—Only a slight pressure on the brake pedal is needed to bring the new, bigger Dodge to a smooth, instant stop. Hydraulic brakes are always equalized . . . check dangerous swerving . . . save tires! With ribbed cast-iron-and-steel braking surfaces that save brake relining expense for you—just one of the many Dodge economy features . . . Most taxicabs use hydraulic brakes . . . taxicab companies demand them for *safety!* They are safer for you, too!

●

10 IMPORTANT MONEY-SAVING FEATURES...Amazing gas, oil and tire economy result from ten big Dodge economy features . . . *engineered* right into your car! Features you can understand without being an engineer! Get your copy of the Dodge "Show-Down" Score Card from your dealer. It is FREE!

YOU BET! MY NEW DODGE IS SAVING ME REAL MONEY ON UPKEEP
YOUR BANK ACCOUNT SURE IS GROWING!

The new, bigger Dodge captivates California

MATCH THIS DODGE?

MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

NEW, BIGGER DODGE HAS THE COMFORT, LUXURY AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE OF HIGH-PRICED CARS... WITH 10 DEFINITE ECONOMY ADVANTAGES

JUST A DOLLAR A WEEK MORE GIVES YOU UNBELIEVABLE EXTRA VALUE . . . THE PICTURES SHOW HOW MUCH YOU GET IN DODGE!

Just a demonstration... just a trial drive won't tell the whole story of a motor car's value. Ordinarily you have to give a car the test of miles and months and hard usage before you can tell how good it is!

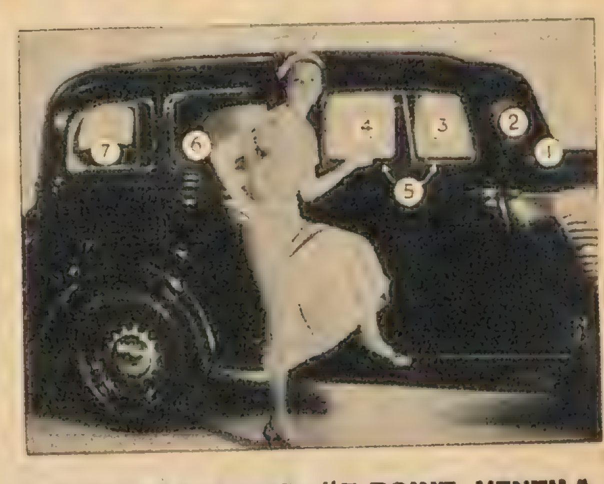
But if you'll use the "Show-Down" Plan when you select your next car, you can tell the value you're getting—*before you buy!*

The "Show-Down" Plan X-rays cars. Uncovers secrets about performance... safety... comfort and economy. Strips mechanical language of its complicated terms and puts it into everyday English that even a child could understand.

And it's so simple, so easy! In a few minutes you can learn all the facts it would ordinarily take hours to gather. You don't have to have three or four or more cars demonstrated. You see it all . . . get it all... in one sitting with the "Show-Down" Plan.

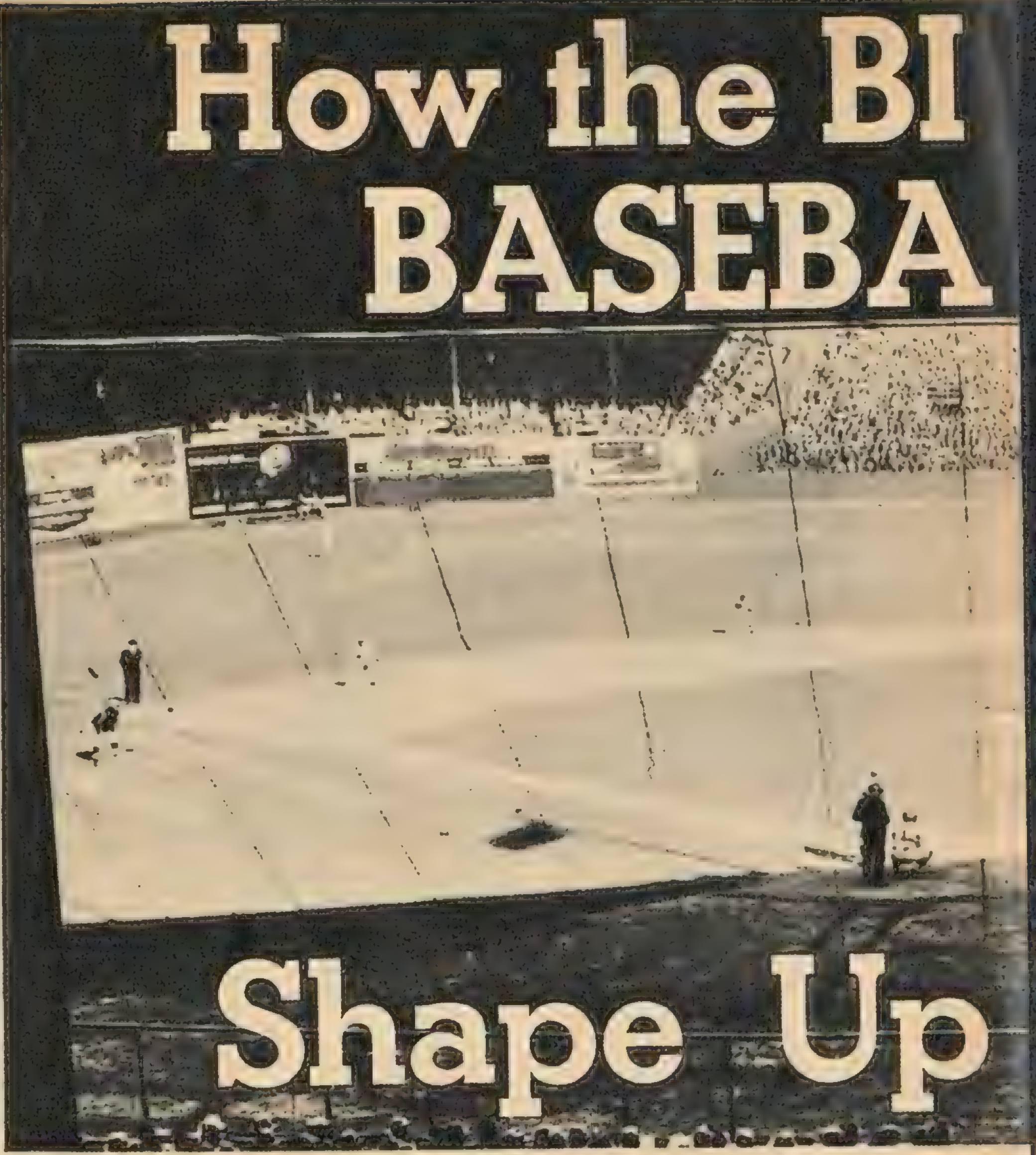
Ask any Dodge dealer about this amazing plan that takes all the guesswork out of car-buying. And be sure to ask for the "Show-Down" Score Card. It is free. Take it home with you. See the things you want to know about the new 1934 cars printed in plain black-and-white!

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Division of Chrysler Corporation



DODGE PERFECTED "7-POINT VENTILATION"—An improved and perfected ventilating system. **(1)** Cowl ventilator. **(2)** Windshield opens or closes by means of a crank on instrument board. **(3)** Front half of forward window may be swung open in "butterfly" fashion. **(4)** Rear half of the window can be raised or lowered independently of the "butterfly". **(5)** Both halves of the forward window may be locked into a single unit and raised or lowered together—just as with a regular window. **(6)** Rear door window, raises or lowers. **(7)** Rear quarter window has "butterfly" draft control.

How the BI BASEBA Shape Up



● The Cubs and Senators Look Best in the "Dope," Says the Game's Most Famous Forecaster—But Never Before Has Prophecy Been So Nearly Impossible

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: As in previous years, Mr. Fullerton's annual baseball prediction is made to the readers of Liberty. In the thirty-seven seasons since 1896, his advance dope on the National League pennant winner has proved correct twenty-seven times, and on the winner in the younger American League twenty-one times. Besides, he has correctly picked the World's Series winner in all but a very few cases. His analyses are based on a close study, which he reduces to percentages, of the offensive and defensive strength not only of each team but of each player.

DOPING the winners of the 1934 major league baseball races would be all but impossible even with the aid of Einstein, the Brain Trust, and a corps of clairvoyants. Four of the American League teams may be counted in the race for highest honors, two of the others might become contenders, and the only safe prediction is that the St. Louis Browns will finish last. In the National League you may count Cincinnati, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia out, leaving five clubs each of which has real basis for hope of the pennant.

The unusual conditions which make it impossible as never before to calculate with any degree of accuracy the final standing of the teams are: The new and livelier ball adopted by the National League. Wholesale trading and selling of players which has vitally altered the strengths of five American and four National clubs. Drastic salary cuts which caused a record number of dissatisfied athletes. Changes of managers and ownerships affecting seven of the sixteen clubs. A new and aggressive policy in the National League.

These elements make doping uncertain in the extreme, yet the figures show that Chicago's Cubs should be slight favorites over the championship New York Giants and the ubiquitous St. Louis Cardinals in the National; and that Washington has a scant margin of team strength over the Yankees, the reconstructed Red Sox, and Cleveland. The one comfort to the despairing dopester is that the important deals and exchanges of players were made early, although even now there are chances of trades affecting the strength of contenders and the possibility of one change of managers taking place before the season is far advanced.

Not in many years have the mathematical strengths of teams been so equal. No team has predominant power in either circuit. In 1933 the races figured to be close, but not to the extent they do now.

To be sure, the problem of the effect of recruits upon the strength of teams is not a hard one this season. Out of ninety-two American League and eighty-seven National League players recalled, purchased, or drafted from the minor leagues I can figure only fourteen who are likely, on their past performances, to affect the races to any appreciable extent. Those who may do it include Paul Dean, Dizzy's kid brother, with the St. Louis Cardinals; Bill Lee, purchased from Columbus by the Chicago Cubs; Joe Bowman from Portland, once tried by the Philadelphia Athletics and now with the New York Giants; Fresco Thompson, a revived veteran recalled to understudy New York's fragile infield; George Darrow, a left-hander purchased by the Philadelphia Nationals from Galveston; Harry Lavagetto, purchased from Oakland by Pittsburgh, who, I believe, is the most promising young infielder developed in a decade, unless Pacific Coast statistics are padded and the scouts are all wrong; Floyd Newkirk, the St. Paul pitcher purchased by the New York Yankees; Marcum, who went from Louisville to the Athletics late last season; Charlie Devens, the Harvard boy who gets another trial with the Yankees; Bridges, who returns to Detroit for a more thorough trial; Monte Pearson, the big Cleveland recruit; and perhaps a few others.

In January there was only one prediction which seemed entirely safe. That was that the Cincinnati Reds would finish eighth in the National League; but before I had added up totals Larry MacPhail leaped into the league

GROVE
Red Sox

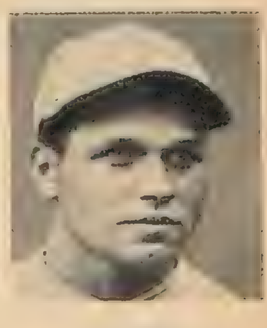
CRONIN
Senators

LAVAGETTO
Pirates

HUBBELL
Giants

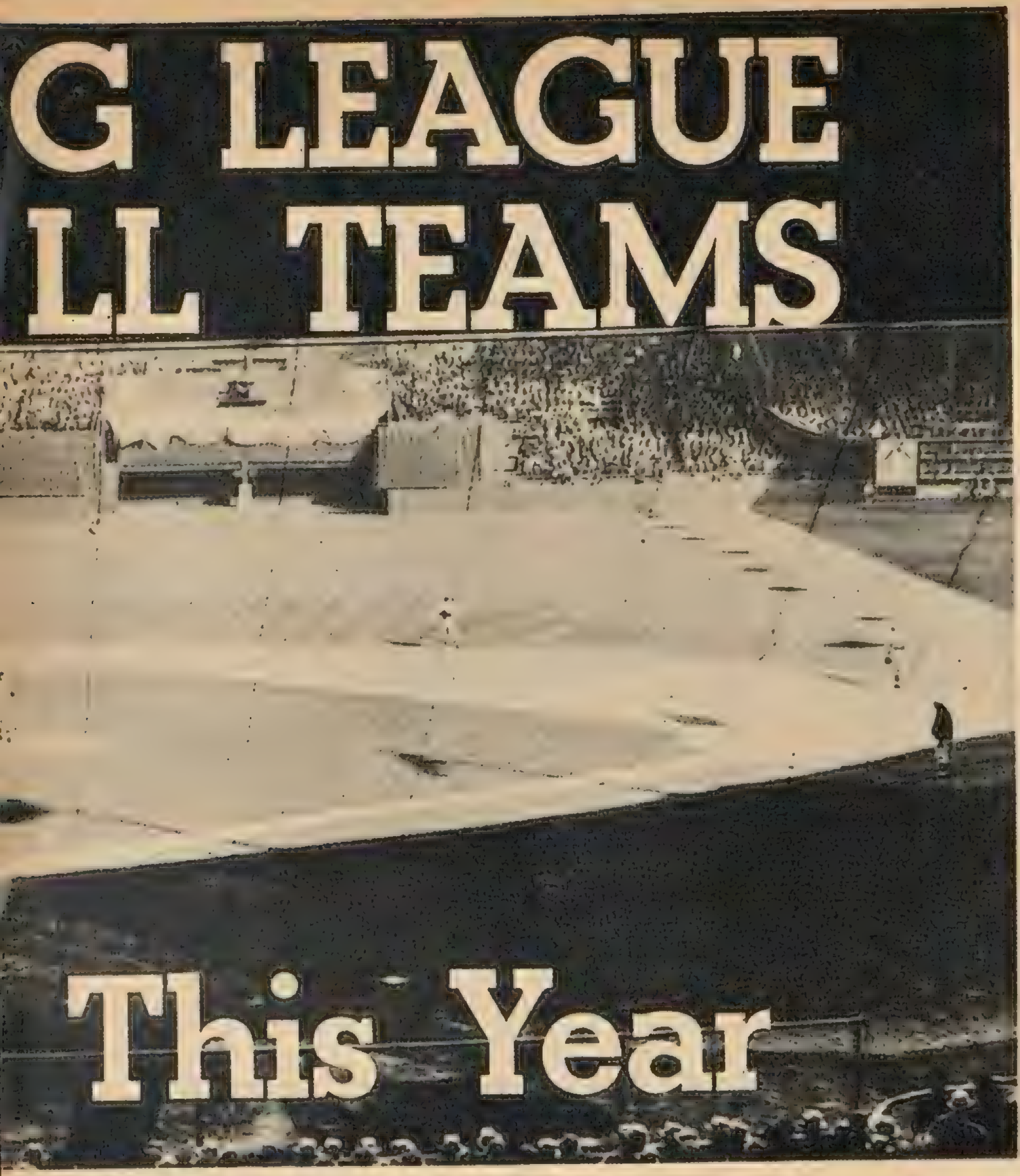
TERRY
Giants

EARNSHAW
White Sox



FOXX
Athletics

G LEAGUE
LL TEAMS
This Year



by
HUGH FULLERTON

and within a short time dug up the most valuable recruit the National has found in many years—one Powel Crosley, who, besides radios and ice boxes, has some millions of dollars. The result was that the Reds were lifted out of bankruptcy and changed into a contender for sixth-place honors, and that more uncertainty was injected into the National League race.

Let us start with the Giants, the oddest world's championship team since the Boston Braves. The Giants, on paper, figure third in strength this season and practically tied with the St. Louis Cardinals for that honor; yet they are less than sixty points below Chicago's Cubs, who lead Pittsburgh only seventeen points out of ten thousand. The margin of advantage held by any of those teams over the others is so small that it means less than one game.

The Giants figure practically the same in the dope as they did a year ago. Last year they were the most colorful, determined, and forceful team in the circuit, refusing to concede defeat and fighting for every point. That spirit and gameness could not have prevailed but for the superb pitching of Hubbell, Fitzsimmons, Schumacher, and Parmelee. The Giants' chances of repeating their miracle depend upon three things: continuation of steady and often air-tight pitching, an increase in hitting power, and the ability of a fragile and uncertain infield to continue to play far above its normal gait. Frankly, I do not think they can do it.

The livelier ball is certain to affect the Giants doubly. The dope indicates that the ball will reduce the defensive strength (chiefly in pitching) and that this loss will be largely offset by increased hitting power, especially by Terry and Ott. If the new ball affects Hubbell's pitching even 10 per cent, the Giants cannot repeat unless three other clubs suffer slumps at the critical stages, as they did last season.

The theoretical addition of strength by the world's champions comes largely from the promise that Joe Bowman has developed into a dependable pitcher. His work with Portland last season seems to indicate it. The only other added strength comes from the acquisition of more capable understudies. With Fresco Thompson brought back from the minors, the team is much better fortified against infield disasters.

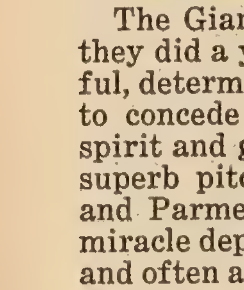
ON pure figure dope Chicago's Cubs are first in the National, despite an uncertain defense and an outfield which is difficult to rate. The figure strength of the Cubs is derived from terrific hitting power. The team gains more through the change in the ball than any other, and with the acquisition of Chuck Klein it becomes a vital element in the pennant race.

Undoubtedly Chicago has assembled its team with the idea of depending upon slugging and pitching. The pitching will rate third to New York and St. Louis, and Grimm evidently believes that long flies over short fences will offset defensive weaknesses.

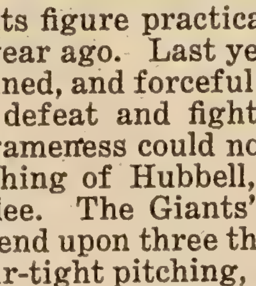
Chicago's infield is steady and consistent as compared with that of New York, provided it can be kept in playing condition. The outfield is odd in that there are four right fielders and none specializing as a center or left fielder; on a large park that would be ruinous. The physical condition of players may affect the team strength. English, the spark plug of the infield, and Grimm both suffered from physical ailments last season. Both report themselves healed and English weighs ten more pounds than he did last season as a result of having nine teeth removed. At that he is twenty-three teeth down to George Gibson of Pittsburgh, who bases some of his pennant hopes upon having eighteen more teeth pulled.

Gibson had thirty-two teeth when he became manager of Pittsburgh. When the Pirates fell to eighth place he had nine teeth removed. The team immediately started upward, almost reached the top, and might have won the pennant. With the remainder of his teeth out Gibson expects to be at or near the top all season.

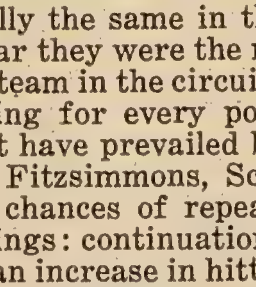
Pittsburgh, on dope figures, is the best constructed team in the National. It has hitting power, speed, and clever defense, and with improved pitching it should offset New York's and Chicago's long hitting.



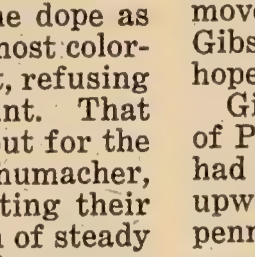
LUCAS
Pirates



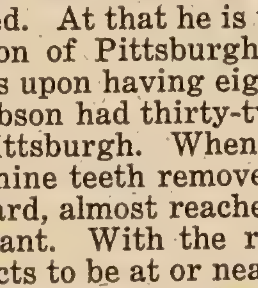
COCHRANE
Tigers



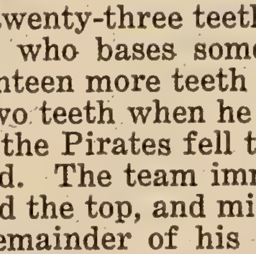
MARANVILLE
Braves



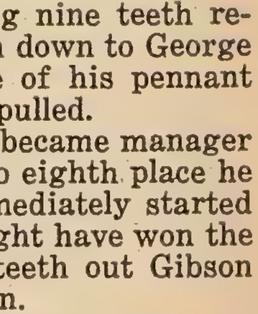
KLEIN
Cubs



FERRELL
Indians



GEHRIG
Yankees



"DIZZY" DEAN
Cardinals

Gibson made one big move to strengthen by acquiring Charlie Lucas from Cincinnati. Lucas means at least seven more victories for Pittsburgh than the Pirates could have won without him. Gibson sacrificed Tony Piet, a fine infielder, and strengthened Cincinnati to brace his pitching corps. He could afford to trade Piet, as he had four second basemen, among them the highly recommended Harry Lavagetto. Relying upon a recruit to fill in a championship team is dangerous, but Tommy Thevenow can step into the breach without weakening any position much.

If Pittsburgh's pitching, reënforced by Lucas, is even 5 per cent better than last season, Chicago and the Giants will have their work cut out for them.

How fast is the Babe slipping? He's one of this year's big **'Ifs'**!

St. Louis is strongest in pitching in the league, and, with tremendous reserve power to draw from and veteran talent, is challenging again for highest honors. The addition of Paul Dean, Dizzy's kid brother, gives the Cardinals the best balanced corps and the one least likely to be seriously handicapped by pitching the new ball. Paul Dean, I think, is certain to develop into a great pitcher, much greater than his older brother. These two boys between them ought to win fifty games for the Cardinals in 1934. Even with a somewhat weakened inner line of defense, and some discontent, involving Martin, the Cardinals will be hard to beat.

Boston's Braves have not added much strength, and I figure they were more damaged by the change in the ball than any team except possibly the Giants. McKechnie, one of the smartest and best managers, is practically standing pat on last year's regulars. His team is well put together. If Maranville can tape the old legs and make them carry him, and the Braves can prolong a pennant drive, they may land up near the top.

Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Brooklyn teams cannot be considered as of championship caliber. Until the sudden and sensational change in ownership and management, the Reds seemed foredoomed to finish eighth. But with the injection of Larry MacPhail as managing director the Reds became interesting, and when he brought in Powel Crosley Cincinnati suddenly was restored to its old place as the hot spot of the National League.

MacPhail made a magnificent move in his first deal, securing Piet and giving the Reds a real infield defensive line. He had to sacrifice Lucas, but that meant only a game or two more, and Piet and the others secured in deals more than make up that loss. I expect the Reds to be serious trouble makers this season.

Brooklyn has strength in spots but it is a woebegone and rather hopeless team. On paper it rates stronger than it does on the field; but with dissensions, with salary slashes, and lack of capital to make deals, it will be lucky to beat the Reds out for sixth place.

BROOKLYN'S amazing action in removing Max Carey and appointing Casey Stengel as manager has little effect upon the dope, except to make the race between Brooklyn and Cincinnati for sixth place slightly more uncertain. The change of managers indicates a drastic change of policy by the club.

Philadelphia, in spite of owning five players who would be in demand on a championship team, is the weakest outfit in the National. The change of management may help it for a time, but to escape eighth place it will have to develop strength from its swarm of recruits.

Summarizing the National League race as it should be run, five teams should be in the struggle up to mid-August. Boston probably will be the first of the five to fade out after the pitching of New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Chicago settles and after Maranville slows up, which I hope he never does. What the final drive of the four teams may bring, deponent saith not, except that the race probably will not be settled before September 27.

In the American League 1934 brings almost as many problems as we found in the National. The entire perspective seems filled with *ifs*. *If* Ruth can play in 125 games, New York has a faint fighting chance. *If* Grove can win twenty-five or more games with Boston's revivified Red Sox, Bucky Harris and Eddie Collins will be in another World's Series. *If* Micky Cochrane can steady Detroit's pitching, the Tigers will be a vital element in the race. *If* George Earnshaw returns to the form he showed in 1930 and 1931, Chicago will be a bidder for high honors. *If* Cleveland can get the best out of pitchers who ought to be great but never are, Walter Johnson's team will be hard to beat.

Washington does not promise to be as strong or as consistent a team as it came to be in mid-season of 1933. Wholesale cuts in salaries, whether necessary or not, do not make for teamwork and contentment.

This discontent over salary reductions, however, affects almost every team in the major leagues except the Giants, the Yankees, and the Reds. These three have either handled the situation better or paid on a more satisfactory basis than the others.

The surprisingly long list of holdouts, now dwindling, indicates the widespread extent of dissatisfaction.

BOSTON'S Red Sox naturally are the most interesting team in the American League this season. With new and aggressive ownership, new leadership, and strengthened by the purchase of Grove, Boston's ancient prestige may be restored. But a compilation of the figures indicates that the Red Sox are not yet as strong as either the champion Senators or the allegedly slipping Yankees, and but slightly over the strength of Cleveland.

It is necessary to calculate upon values of players whose worth may change radically in a few weeks. With Ruth waning and McCarthy seemingly losing his grip on his team, New York's figure advantage over the Red Sox is potentially wiped out.

On straight dope one must figure Washington first in strength because of consistent pitching, tight infield defense, and pinch hitting. I cannot figure that Griffith and Cronin have added any material strength to the team, even in reserves, and salary conditions are not inspiring.

The margin in favor of Washington is too small to base any positive prediction of a championship upon, although New York, the next ranking club, shows an even greater depreciation. The Yankees (that is, the veterans) are fading fast, and no recruit has come up far enough to meet the regulars going down. The chances are the team must be rebuilt from the bottom, around Gehrig and the few remaining capable veterans.

It is difficult to figure Chicago. Earnshaw now becomes the big interrogation mark of the White Sox, a more important figure even than he was with the Athletics. If, by some baseball miracle, he should recover the form he once promised to have, the White Sox will be a serious threat to all American League pennant contenders. There is not a real vital weakness in the club, unless the catching fails to stand up. With Simmons's terrific hitting, the team has scoring power enough to win a championship.

Detroit has almost as much chance to blast the hopes of higher rated teams. Micky Cochrane is a great catcher and during most of his career at Philadelphia proved himself the best director of play and handler of pitchers in the country. The Tigers possess much hitting power, a fine defense, and some speed.

One cannot figure how the Cleveland team will be affected by extraneous conditions. This team, after trying the huge Cleveland stadium, goes back to its old park, where the fences are short. Possibly the return will offset the players' resentment of salary cuts. If Cleveland's star pitchers, especially Ferrell, ever pitch as they are capable of pitching, the team will become dangerous. I cannot, however, ever credit them with full strength because of an unhappy spirit that has existed and which even a change of management has not entirely cured.

A great many experts have taken it for granted that because Connie Mack sold practically all his stars except Foxx, the Athletics are doomed to low estate. Close analysis does not bear out that assumption entirely. This time, before breaking up a championship team, Mack had laid the groundwork for a new winner. It is surprising to find that the Athletics for 1934 figure well up to Chicago and Detroit, in basic strength in both hitting and defensive power, with a fighting chance of beating out one or both in the race, without, however, having as good chances of developing into a championship contender this year, but with even more prospects for the two succeeding years.

With Foxx at first, Higgins at third (Higgins being the best hitting third baseman in the league), with Williams at second, the infield is quite as good as the one Mack dismantled, and the outfield has speed and hitting power, with more experience than many suppose. I would not be surprised if it turned out to be the fastest outfield in the American League. The standing of the club in October depends entirely upon the pitching. Mack has an uncanny knack of developing young pitchers. One of his best future prospects is Coombs, a nephew of old Jack, trained and coached by his uncle.

ST. LOUIS, of course, now lacks almost everything that goes to make a winning ball club. Rogers Hornsby is tackling a seemingly impossible job, the success of which lies in his own hands. If he can get himself into condition to play part of the time and to act as pinch hitter it will mean more to the team than anything else. Hornsby is proceeding wisely, I think, in striving to mold a team from a small squad rather than to gather in a swarm of recruits and further muddle a bad situation. Hornsby himself, failing twice as manager, has settled and grown wiser, learned to manage himself, and should be a better man than he ever has been.

The situation in the American League portends a weird season. If the pennant-winning team wins more than eighty-four games, it will be a surprise. Summarized, the league presents four teams—Washington, New York, Boston, and Cleveland—with strength enough to win if they get the breaks and play to their best ability; two teams—Detroit and Chicago—either of which may blossom into a consistent winner; one—the Athletics—which still has power enough to win 40 per cent of its games; and the Browns, seemingly destined to finish eighth.

Obviously seven teams cannot be above the 500 mark and one below it, yet five and possibly six teams *figure* to win half their games or more!

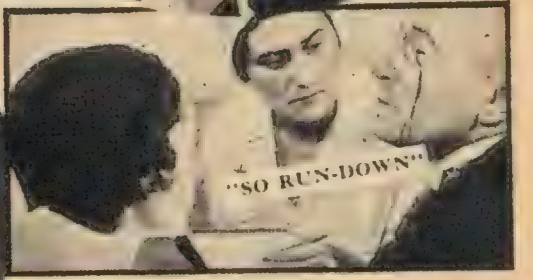
That is the dope. Make the most of it As for myself, I intend to root for Bob O'Farrell and the Reds and for the White Sox, whether those teams are first or eighth.

THE END

"She was always tired—looked Sick!"

explains
DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL
(President, Medical Society of Paris)

Dr. Rosenthal is Physician-in-Charge of pulmonary diseases at the Hospital of Mercy, Paris.



"SALESGIRL, **age 25. Her unhappy appearance made her seem irritable. She couldn't sleep soundly, had to force herself to eat, had headaches, was depressed.**

"CATHARTIC HABIT"

"AFTER EXAMINATION, I told the young lady: 'The root of your trouble is constipation.' I advised her to give up cathartics, and to start eating yeast daily.

"YEAST DID THIS"

"THE CHANGE was extraordinary. Before a month had passed, her nervousness disappeared. Her appetite and strength quickly returned. Headaches disappeared."

"WHEN patients are run-down," says Dr. Rosenthal, noted physician, "I always suspect sluggish intestines.

"Constipation shows itself in such varied troubles as drowsiness, headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, and skin troubles.

"These afflictions, together with loss of appetite, irritability, and lack of energy, disappear when the blood stream and intestines are purified by yeast.

"Yeast," Dr. Rosenthal adds, "is a veritable policeman of the intestines.

"For more than 20 years, I have found yeast the best remedy for constipation. It acts in a *natural* way . . . unlike harsh, habit-forming cathartics."

Won't you decide to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast *right now?*

Eat 3 cakes daily for at least 30 days. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains . . . very rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Fleischmann's Yeast gets at the root of most troubles . . . bodily poisons! Then you're like a new person . . . more cheerful . . . more energetic . . . So start eating it right away!

"My Doctor advised Yeast!"

"I was very tired and run-down," *says* Mr. Thomas Laman, *a sculptor, of San Francisco.* "My appetite had completely disappeared. I felt logy and spiritless.

"My doctor told me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks I felt alert and clear-headed."

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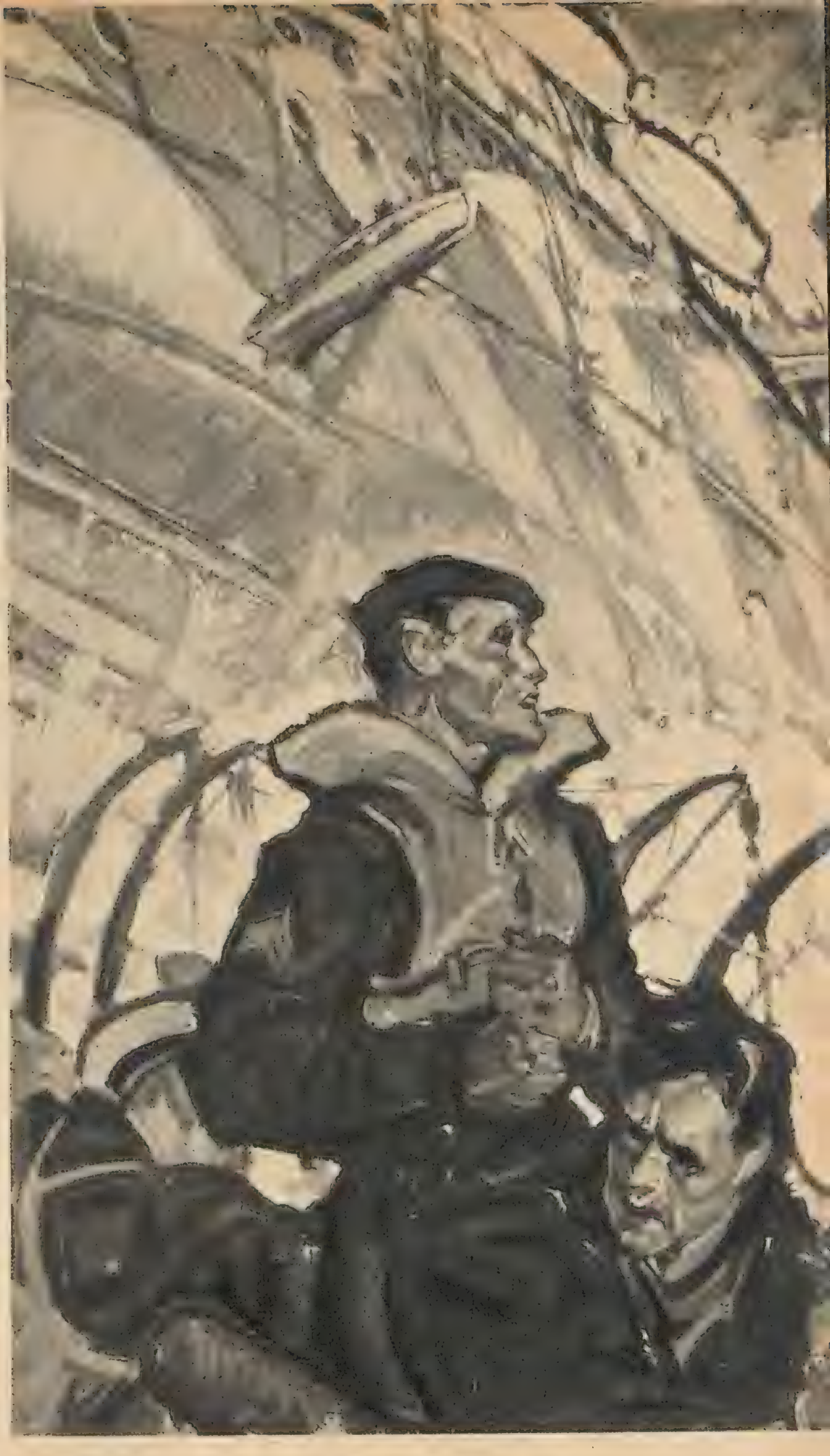
● Without warning, some twenty submarine torpedoes were launched against the transports.



Extra! New Thrills from the American Black Chamber!—A Stirring Story of Plot and Counterplot, and the Unmasking of a Beautiful Spy

H-27, The Blonde Woman from Antwerp

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THERE was an air of suppressed excitement about the confidential secretary to the President of the United States as, shortly after midnight, he admitted Nathaniel Greenleaf to the President's private office.

Greenleaf had not been surprised at the President's summons. He was chief of the Black Chamber, a secret bureau of scientists gathered as a war measure to fight German espionage. The responsibility of interpreting secret documents—code and cipher messages, secret-ink spy letters, and the like—rested upon his shoulders. For six weeks he had been unable to decipher a single message that was sent and received by the wireless station which German agents had erected on Mexican soil. The ciphers had suddenly changed.

"That's all for tonight," the President told his secretary.

Then he turned to Greenleaf. "Have you broken the German key yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. President," Greenleaf reluctantly admitted. "Our only excuse for failure is the fact that the Germans send but a few messages. With a small amount of working material, we might be deceived even by a schoolboy. However, we haven't given up hope."

The President handed over a telegram.

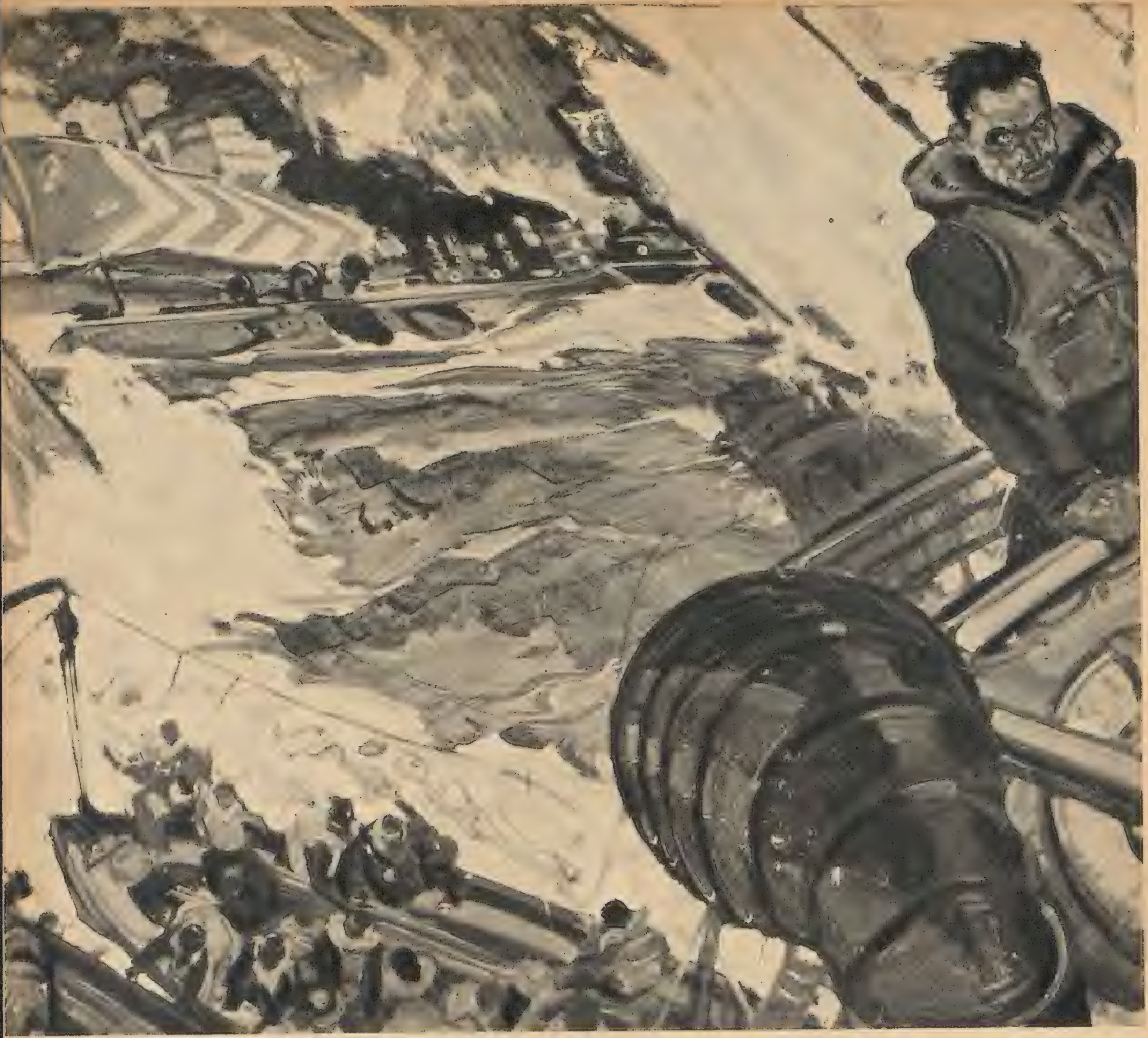
"America stands on the brink of defeat brought about by German espionage," he said. "This is from the British Premier."

Secret. April 13, 1918.

For the President.

Commander Rodney of His Majesty's escorting fleet reports as follows:

"Today at six A. M. met eighteen transports from American ports at secret rendezvous off coast of Ireland. Without



by Major HERBERT O. YARDLEY

warning, some twenty submarine torpedoes were launched against transports, sinking three. Estimated tonnage loss, 33,000. Loss English personnel, estimated 105; American troops, 500. That German submarines advised in advance of rendezvous position and lay in wait with engines dead for approaching transports, is certain from fact that our submarine detectors gave no warning of their presence. Estimated number of submarines, 6. After firing, they withdrew, sinking below danger area of depth charges."

This is the third disaster during the last twenty days, with a total loss of 95,000 tons of shipping, not to mention the appalling loss of life. The Allies cannot feed their peoples and their armies without tonnage to transport provisions. His Majesty's Intelligence Department positively inform me that advance knowledge of rendezvous positions leaks out in America, not here. Unless the American traitor or German spies responsible for these disasters are apprehended at once, we shall be bled white.

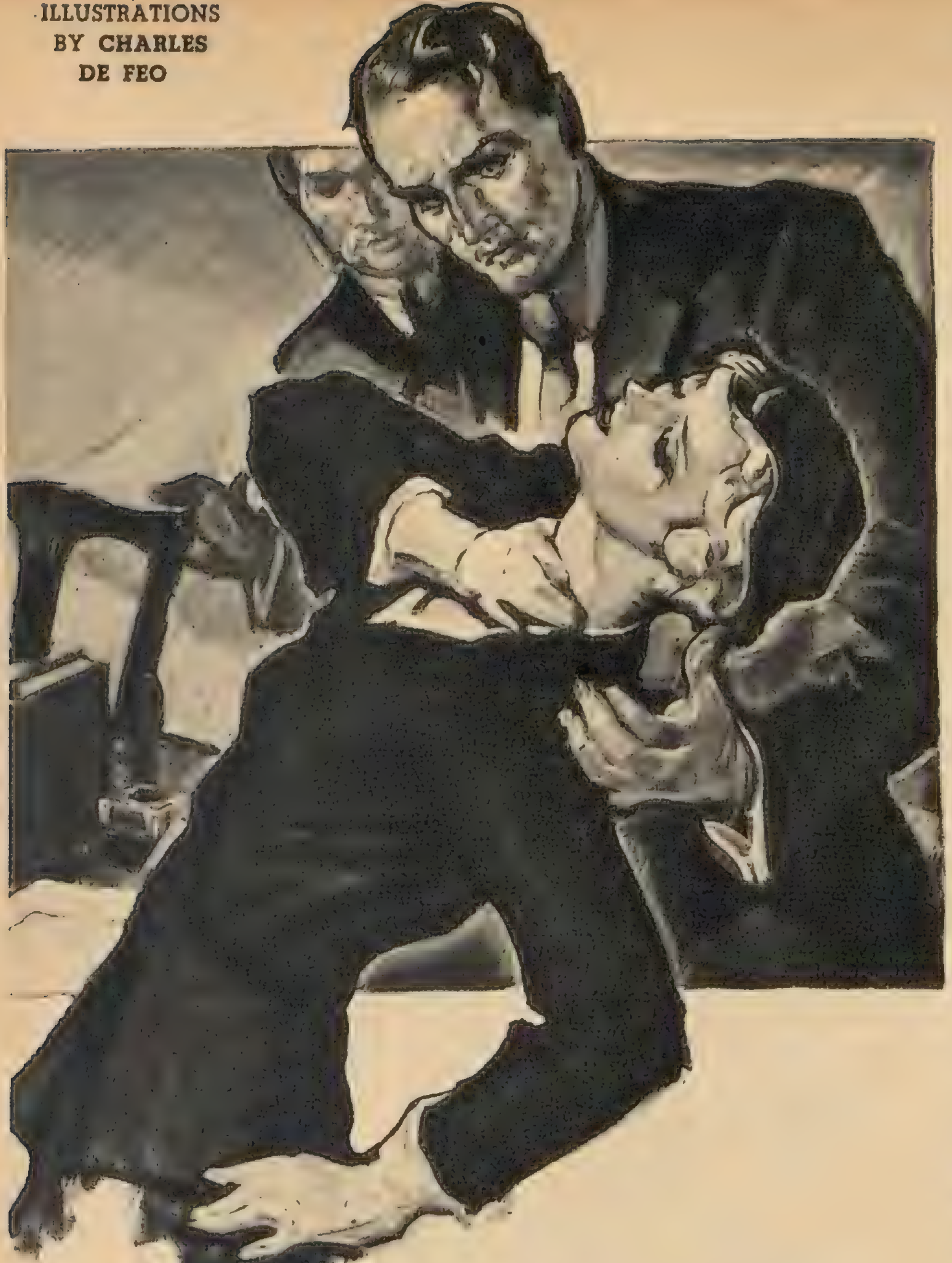
Greenleaf looked at the President, frowning nervously.

"Loaded transports in groups of ten to twenty are escorted across the Atlantic by as many destroyers as we can spare," the President explained. "Off the English and Irish coasts they are met at a prearranged position and convoyed into port by a flotilla of English submarine chasers and destroyers. The position of each rendezvous is determined by an exchange of telegrams between the British Premier and me while the transports are on the high seas. Only two persons know the position—I and my secretary, who encodes and decodes the telegrams.

"The Attorney-General has made a secret investigation. His answer is that the leak is not on this side unless German agents intercept and decipher the messages passing between England and me." The President leaned back hopelessly.

"What type of cipher are you using?" Greenleaf asked.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY CHARLES
DE FEO



● "We all make mistakes," she said, and fell into Greenleaf's arms, dead.

" A series of double transposition ciphers furnished to me by the British. The keys are in numbered sealed envelopes which cannot be opened without exposing the sensitized linings. These are kept in my private safe in my secretary's office. The key changes with each message. When my secretary requires a new key, I personally open the envelope."

" If you change the key with each message," Greenleaf said, " I will stake my reputation that it cannot be discovered quickly enough to be of any aid to the Germans. What is done with each cipher key after it has been used? "

" We burn them and crush the ashes into dust."

" And your procedure in telegraphing England? "

" I dictate to my secretary, who types the telegram on our special forms. After I sign it, he converts it into cipher, which he turns over to our telegraph operators for dispatch. The original telegram is then placed in my safe in my secretary's office. Only he and I know the combination."

" What becomes of the shorthand notes? "

" He destroys them immediately after transcribing them."

" And your procedure for an incoming message, I take it, is that he asks for the deciphering key, deciphers the message, types it, shows it to you, places it in your confidential file, and then destroys the key and all work sheets."

" That's correct."

" And the secretary himself? "

" He has been with me for ten years and is above suspicion."

" I'd like to see the safe," Greenleaf said. They went into the secretary's office and switched on the lights. The imposing mound of steel occupied all the space between the two windows.

Greenleaf took a small bottle from his vest pocket, poured the colorless liquid on his handkerchief, and rubbed it on the dial.

" What time does your secretary return to work in the morning? " he asked.

" Shortly before nine o'clock."

" Then I'll send a man over just before he arrives to see whether the dial has been touched during his absence," Greenleaf explained.

" Mr. President, I should like to have the latitude and longitude of the positions at which German submarines attacked the transports," Greenleaf said as they reseated themselves in the other office.

" I REMEMBER them all too well." The President smiled wanly. He made a few notes on a pad and pushed it across the table.

As Greenleaf examined the figures, he started.

" Does the last position—north latitude 57, west longitude 17," he asked excitedly, " indicate the rendezvous of the last convoy? The date was—"

" April twelfth, six A. M."

" When was this date decided upon? "

" About six days earlier. Either April sixth or seventh."

Greenleaf jumped to his feet and began pacing the floor. He had studied the German intercepts for so many hours that every message, every figure and letter, was photographed in his brain. It would take approximately forty-eight hours, he reasoned, for German agents to carry information across the border, thence by airplane to their wireless station near Mexico City. After encipherment, the information would be instantly flashed to submarines. All of the intercepts between April 6 and 12 now danced before him. Each he examined carefully. At last he paused, his head erect, and stared at the wall with unseeing eyes as the following message, intercepted April 9, slowly unfolded:

```
pmcgr   qy40n   gpqeq   yk66m   svccq
jrrfx   ctggr   nlucp   mgbbl   lcylc
tqssy   cujmc   xcrrp   bjrel   prfjr
```

And now, as on the motion-picture screen one scene fades into another, so also in Greenleaf's brain the jumble of ciphers slowly turned into an intelligible message.

He turned toward the President, the smile of a pleased child in his shrewd eyes. " I have it," he said, and grabbing a pencil in his long fingers, he swiftly wrote out the fifteen groups of disordered letters and figures.

" This is a cipher, with no address or signature, that we intercepted on April eighth. The wireless station repeated it every thirty minutes for twenty-four hours in order to assure reception. Note the second and fourth groups, *qy40n* and *yk66m*," he said eagerly. The President leaned closer. " See the figures 40 and 66? Now let us place 66 under 40."

40
66

" Reading vertically, we have 46 and 06. Each number ends with the same digit, 6. The position of the rendezvous, 57 and 17, also ends with identical digits. Now let us make a graphic comparison of these figures." In his haste he broke the point of his pencil, tossed it aside, picked up another and drew the following diagram:

Cipher	Text
46	N. Lat. 57
06	W. Long. 17

" See the symmetry! " he exclaimed. " By adding 11 to each figure in the cipher, 46 becomes 57, or north latitude 57; and the cipher 06 becomes 17, or west longitude 17. This is no coincidence."

" I follow you. Go on," said the President.

" The message contains four *j*s and five *q*s—ordinarily very infrequent letters. It does not contain a, i, o—

vowels that must occur in any language. The cipher therefore must be a substitution cipher—one in which the original letters of the message have been converted into others. But the disorder of the figures proves that we are also dealing with a transposition cipher—letters disarranged.

"The most practical method of transposing a message is to write it in horizontal lines of a rectangle, then disarrange the vertical columns. To decipher the message, therefore, we must discover the length and depth of the rectangle. Since we have already deciphered the figures and have brought them together, we merely count the distance, or number of cipher symbols, from 40—in the second group of the message—to 66, in the fourth. The distance is 10. Now there are 75 letters in the message. The common factor of these two figures gives us the dimension of one side of the rectangle."

He wrote rapidly:

The factors of 10 are 2, 5.
The factors of 75 are 3, 5, 15, 25.
The common factor is 5.
The rectangle therefore is 15 by 5.

"We now arrange the letters of the message in fifteen vertical columns, five deep, to fit our rectangle," he went on, and quickly sketched a diagram:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
p	q	g	y	s	j	c	n	m	l	t	c	x	b	p
m	y	p	k	v	r	t	l	g	c	q	u	c	j	r
c	5	q	7	c	r	g	u	b	y	s	j	r	r	f
g	1	e	7	c	f	g	c	b	l	s	m	r	e	j
r	n	q	m	q	x	r	p	l	c	y	c	p	l	r

"I have changed the figures 46 and 06 to 57 and 17," he explained. "Now you see," he said, again writing, "vertical columns 2 and 4, containing the figures, belong together."

2	4
q	y
y	k
5	7
1	7
n	m

"Before the figures 57 and 17 we may expect to find the words *latitude* and *longitude*, thus:

lat*itude*	57
long*itude*	17

Note the repetition of *itude*. If we bring lines 3 and 4 of columns 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 2, 4 together, we have the repetition *cgbsr:*

5	7	9	11	13	2	4
c	g	b	s	r	5	7
c	g	b	s	r	1	7

The letters *cgbsr*, then, if correctly transposed, will equal *itude*. There is a distinct similarity between *cgbsr* and *itude* if we arrange the cipher letters in this manner:

7	13	11	9	5	2	4
g	r	s	b	c	5	7
g	r	s	b	c	1	7

Do you see the resemblance?" Greenleaf asked.

"No," confessed the President.

Greenleaf wrote the following:

Cipher:	grsbc
Text:	itude

"G equals i," he explained, "and i is just two letters from g in the alphabet. R equals t, and t is two letters from r in the alphabet. Similarly s equals u, b equals d, and c equals e."

"Yes, I see what you mean now."

"Now then," Greenleaf went on, "if we decipher all the letters in columns 7, 13, 11, 9, 5, 2, 4 by this method, nearly one half of the message will be solved.

7	13	11	9	5	2	4
e	z	v	o	u	s	a
v	e	s	i	x	a	m
i	t	u	d	e	5	7
i	t	u	d	e	1	7
t	r	a	n	s	p	o

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

Each line now gives us either syllables or entire words. In the first line we have the ending of *rendezvous;* in the second we see the words *six a.m.;* in the third and fourth lines we find the endings of *latitude* and *longitude;* and in the last, the beginning of *transports.* The entire message, deciphered, reads:

> "Rendezvous April twelve, six a.m. North latitude 57, west longitude 17. Eighteen transports."

The cipher was solved and the German key discovered. Greenleaf sank back in a chair beside the President.

The latter shook his head. "The leak is unquestionably on this side. But how is it possible for German agents to obtain this information?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," admitted Greenleaf. "But now we should be able to decipher all the messages of the past six weeks. Some of them may give us a clue."

He arose and the President followed him to the door. "Nathaniel," he said, his voice trembling with emotion, "the fate of a nation depends upon your success."

GREENLEAF walked back to his strange bureau on K Street. It occupied two four-story adjoining buildings, one camouflaged as a furrier's shop on the first floor, the other as Greenleaf's private apartments.

His first act was to do some telephoning. A half hour later, three men and a girl unlocked the door of the fur shop, mounted the stairs to the second floor, knocked softly, and were admitted by Greenleaf through a secret panel to the adjoining building. They were three of his best cryptographers and his chief investigator. Greenleaf briefly explained the cipher system of the message he had solved, and said he wanted all the intercepts read as quickly as possible. The cryptographers seated themselves around a flat-topped oak table, and began to work swiftly.

"Bring me the first important message you decipher," Greenleaf instructed them.

In an adjoining room he and Fred Blane, his investigator, went over every point, attempting to narrow down the search. At the end of an hour they were interrupted by one of the cryptographers, a sharp-eyed, black-haired girl of perhaps twenty-five. She handed Greenleaf a sheet of paper.

"This message," she said, "was broadcast February 15 by POZ Germany on an arc of 26,400 meters. There was no address or signature, but after decipherment it begins with 'For German Minister, Mexico.'"

Greenleaf read swiftly:

> H-27, traveling on Swedish passport as Amelia Alverson, should arrive about February 22, with plan to assist submarine campaign as result of new discovery. Description: blonde, 29, 5 feet 4. Identifications: left second molar extracted; gunshot wound over right hip; brown birthmark, inch in diameter, below left shoulder blade. Password, Indigo. She brings new code and secret ink.

Greenleaf handed the telegram to Blane.

"What system?" he asked the girl.

"Reversed alphabet, transposed in a rectangle seventeen by twenty."

"Clever work, Celia," he said as she withdrew.

"H-27!" exclaimed Blane. "The blonde woman from Antwerp! And in this country. I thought her lover had killed her."

"It isn't the first time she has disappeared only to show up again." Greenleaf smiled ruefully. "But I wish she were still haunting the British instead of us. We've got to find her, Blane."

"My guess is that she has used her wiles on the President's so-called confidential secretary."

"Well," drawled Greenleaf, "I'll give you until midnight to find out."

Shortly after that hour Greenleaf listened to Blane's report of his surveillance of George Lawrence, the President's secretary. Every moment from his rising to his retiring had been checked. His apartment had been searched, his correspondence inspected.

"Not a scrap of evidence that he ever heard of the beautiful blonde from Antwerp," Blane's recital ended.

"Lawrence seems harmless enough," Greenleaf agreed. "But since we obviously must eliminate the President, suspicion logically falls on his secretary. I treated the dial of the President's safe last night, and Wilkins examined it this morning. Hadn't been touched."

"Perhaps the new discovery is a formula for solving the double transpositions with which the President enciphers his secret messages with the British," Blane suggested.

"I examined those today. In spite of any new discovery, they cannot be deciphered quickly enough to be of any assistance. You see, it all reverts to H-27 and a new discovery," he said. "Here is another intercept that Celia deciphered, dated three days after the first disaster to our convoy." He handed it to Blane.

> For German Minister, Mexico.
>
> The Emperor expresses the Fatherland's gratitude to H-27. You are authorized to instruct Washington to pay her $100,000 United States currency.

Blane whistled. "How I'd love to meet Amelia!"

Greenleaf glanced at his watch: past two o'clock.

"Are you armed?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then come along. You may get your wish."

They started down the winding stairs. At the second floor Greenleaf's chief photographer joined them, lugging a large heavy pasteboard box.

"Pick me up at the corner," Greenleaf instructed Blane who, with the photographer, disappeared through the secret panel to the furrier's shop.

They stepped into a car that stood at the curb, paused for a moment at the corner for Greenleaf, and were driven rapidly to the west entrance of the White House. They climbed the stone steps and stopped before the darkened executive offices. From the long shadows a tall figure suddenly appeared who, at a low signal from Greenleaf, quickly unlocked the front door.

Greenleaf turned on his flash light and led the way, followed by Blane and the photographer, to George Lawrence's office. Here they stood in the doorway while Greenleaf cast a shaft of light about the small room. Besides the safe, it contained a flat-topped desk, a typewriter and table, a steel filing case, a coat rack, and three chairs. Greenleaf studied the room from all angles, then threw the light on the white ceiling, where it flickered here and there. Finally it rested directly above the safe.

"If we place it here," he told his photographer, "it will be at Lawrence's back," and standing on a chair, he drew a small x on the ceiling.

THE photographer opened the box, took out brace and bit, climbed on the safe, and while Greenleaf held his light on the x, drilled a hole one half inch in diameter through the ceiling. After carefully cleaning up the powdered plaster that fell on the safe, he let himself to the floor and took from the box a piece of glass that resembled an eye, and screwed a small pipe, ten inches long, to its back.

"Push this through the hole after I get up in the attic," he told Blane, and taking an armload of pipe of varied lengths, he disappeared. In another moment they heard him crawling above them.

"Ready," came his voice, and Blane, mystified, followed directions.

"In God's name, what is that thing?" Blane asked, as the glass eye stared back at him.

"A wide-angle lens. We are going to see what goes on in this room," Greenleaf explained.

For half an hour or more the photographer worked above them; then he returned, grimy with dirt, and cast his light on the lens. "I doubt if it will be seen," he said, and picking up the cardboard box, he led them to a rear office in disuse.

The photographer unfolded a huge silver screen and with Blane's assistance hung it in the far end of the room. At the other end he placed a projection lantern on a table and connected it to the pipe that he had dropped through the ceiling. He made several adjustments to the machine, then turned to Blane.

"Take this light and go back to Lawrence's office," he requested, "and hold it for a few seconds at different points in the room."

Greenleaf turned off his light and both waited in the darkness. Suddenly weird shadows danced on the screen. The safe in the secretary's office became distinct as Blane's light flooded it; then the desk, the typewriter, and at last the face of Blane who had turned the light into his eyes. The wide-angle lens, unlike the human eye, focused everything at 180 degrees, but though objects lost their perspective, all were easily recognized.

Blane returned to the rear room.

"By golly, that's a slick idea, chief," he said in an awed tone.

"I'll string in a dictograph; you may wish to hear what is going on," the photographer said.

While he worked, Greenleaf and Blane smoked in silence. "All ready," he said finally, laying the earphone on the table. "Be sure to keep this room dark so that no light will be reflected into Lawrence's office," he warned them.

Greenleaf dismissed him with a gentle word of appreciation, and closed and locked the door. "You get some sleep, Blane," he said. "There's a cot in the corner I had fixed up. We'll take turns about watching the screen."

Greenleaf stretched out in a deep-cushioned armchair. When daylight streaked through the windows, he pulled down the thick green shades. He opened the cardboard box. There were sandwiches and a thermos bottle of hot coffee. He ate slowly.

At eight, life began to creep into the executive offices; and at exactly 8:45 the screen reflected the secretary walking in and hanging up his hat. He opened the steel cabinet, took out a wire basket of papers, sat at his desk, and began to read them. A guard entered with his breakfast. For two hours Greenleaf, the earphone clamped over his head, watched every movement on the screen while Blane still slept.

At last he awakened Blane, who rubbed his eyes sleepily.

"Make notes of the movements of Lawrence," Greenleaf told him, "and awaken me in two hours. If any one else enters the room awaken me at once. You'll find coffee and sandwiches in that box on the table." And stretching out on the cot, he was instantly asleep.

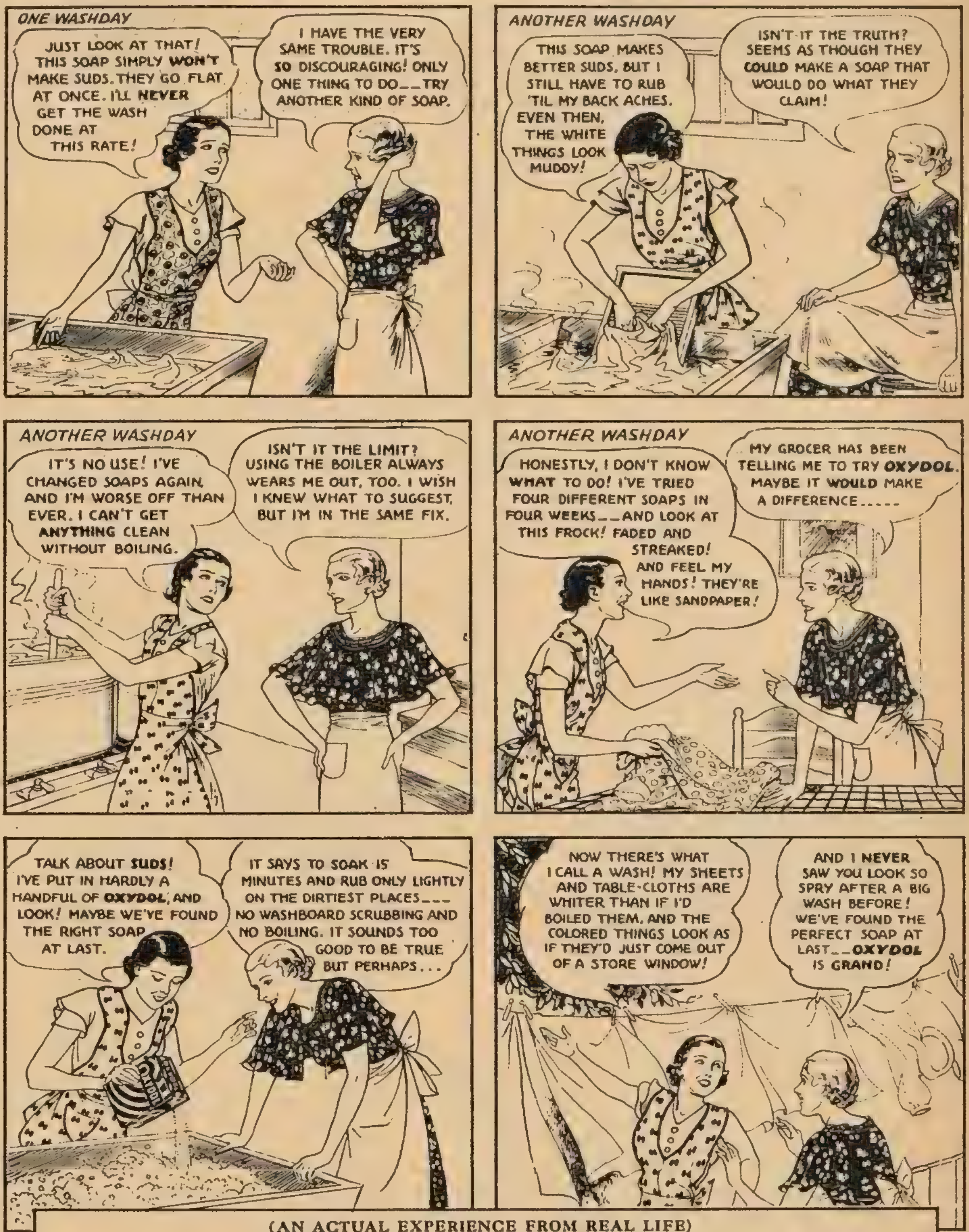
During the entire day they alternated their two-hour watch, but so far as they could determine, Lawrence's actions and conversations were no more than the routine of the average secretary.

At nine o'clock Lawrence gathered up his papers, locked them in the steel cabinet, spun the dial to the safe, took his hat, and giving the room a final glance, switched off the lights, leaving Greenleaf and Blane in total darkness.

"That's that," murmured Blane, taking off the earphone. "Looks as if we're licked."

NEVER WAS SATISFIED

WITH HER LAUNDRY SOAP


ONE WASHDAY
JUST LOOK AT THAT! THIS SOAP SIMPLY WON'T MAKE SUDS. THEY GO FLAT AT ONCE. I'LL NEVER GET THE WASH DONE AT THIS RATE!
I HAVE THE VERY SAME TROUBLE. IT'S SO DISCOURAGING! ONLY ONE THING TO DO__TRY ANOTHER KIND OF SOAP.
ANOTHER WASHDAY
THIS SOAP MAKES BETTER SUDS, BUT I STILL HAVE TO RUB 'TIL MY BACK ACHES. EVEN THEN, THE WHITE THINGS LOOK MUDDY!
ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? SEEMS AS THOUGH THEY COULD MAKE A SOAP THAT WOULD DO WHAT THEY CLAIM!
ANOTHER WASHDAY
IT'S NO USE! I'VE CHANGED SOAPS AGAIN, AND I'M WORSE OFF THAN EVER. I CAN'T GET ANYTHING CLEAN WITHOUT BOILING.
ISN'T IT THE LIMIT? USING THE BOILER ALWAYS WEARS ME OUT, TOO. I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO SUGGEST, BUT I'M IN THE SAME FIX.
ANOTHER WASHDAY
HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! I'VE TRIED FOUR DIFFERENT SOAPS IN FOUR WEEKS__AND LOOK AT THIS FROCK! FADED AND STREAKED! AND FEEL MY HANDS! THEY'RE LIKE SANDPAPER!
MY GROCER HAS BEEN TELLING ME TO TRY OXYDOL. MAYBE IT WOULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE.....
TALK ABOUT SUDS! I'VE PUT IN HARDLY A HANDFUL OF OXYDOL, AND LOOK! MAYBE WE'VE FOUND THE RIGHT SOAP AT LAST.
IT SAYS TO SOAK 15 MINUTES AND RUB ONLY LIGHTLY ON THE DIRTIEST PLACES___ NO WASHBOARD SCRUBBING AND NO BOILING. IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE BUT PERHAPS...
NOW THERE'S WHAT I CALL A WASH! MY SHEETS AND TABLE-CLOTHS ARE WHITER THAN IF I'D BOILED THEM, AND THE COLORED THINGS LOOK AS IF THEY'D JUST COME OUT OF A STORE WINDOW!
AND I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK SO SPRY AFTER A BIG WASH BEFORE! WE'VE FOUND THE PERFECT SOAP AT LAST__OXYDOL IS GRAND!

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“Blane,” Greenleaf said softly, “did you ever see a charwoman wear gloves?”

“You're not kidding me, chief?”

“Scarcely that.”

“Well, now that I think of it, I don't know.”

“Then watch the screen and awaken me if anything shows. I'm going to take another nap.”

Blane replaced his earphone and waited.

Suddenly the sound of creaking door hinges came through the dictograph. The silver screen flooded with light. A charwoman stood at the open door, one hand still on the electric switch, the other holding a bucket of soapsuds.

“Chief,” he whispered, and Greenleaf sprang up, blinking his eyes as he focused them on the screen.

“There's one of your charwomen with gloves.”

She stood intent, as if listening. She was a slender woman of uncertain age. Strands of dirty hair fell about her face, making her features indistinct. Her height could not be determined because of the angle of the lens. She did not make a prepossessing picture, but her soiled skirt and loose blouse could not disguise the voluptuous outlines of her figure, nor could cotton stockings conceal her slender ankles. With distinct grace of movement she set down the bucket and walked toward the safe.

• NEXT WEEK •

Beginning

BIG LEAGUE STUFF

BY

John J. McGraw

A series of revelations written by the manager of the New York Giants shortly before he died

Jesse Lasky Tells

THE FACTS ABOUT HOLLYWOOD SALARIES

The stars come high, but they're worth it, he says

in an interview with

Ruth Cummings

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES BY **RUPERT HUGHES, THOMAS TOPHAM, MEIGS O. FROST, BATTELL LOOMIS, W. A. S. DOUGLAS,** AND OTHERS

She pulled a cloth from her belt and dusted the safe, steel cabinet, tables, and chairs. For a moment she stood before the typewriter, listening. Then she quickly stepped back and furiously dusted the table again. A night guard walked past the open door. As his footsteps died away she swiftly stepped to the typewriter and took off her gloves.

She wound the ribbon on one spool and deftly removed it. She was standing so that her whole figure showed on the screen. With a quick glance over her shoulder, she now raised her skirt and concealed the spool of ribbon in her stocking. When she dropped her dress she held another spool in her hand. This she deftly adjusted on the typewriter, slipped on her gloves, removed traces of fingerprints, and with a deep breath smoothed her skirts, calmly stooped to hands and knees, and began to scrub the floor.

“Sensitized typewriter ribbons,” Greenleaf said, as if talking to himself, “the letters separated by photography.” He looked at the rear window doubtfully. “I must report this to the President. Place something in front of that lens,” he instructed Blane, and raised the blind and shoved up the window. “I hope Sparks doesn't take a shot at me. Remain here until I return,” and he let himself to the ground.

THE President sat on the edge of his bed while Greenleaf told him of his discovery.

“Have you arrested her?”

“No,” replied Greenleaf. “If we wait, we have an opportunity to wipe out the entire crowd. But her arrest now will warn her co-conspirators.”

“Let us get the Attorney-General's advice.” The President reached for a telephone, a direct wire, and for several moments they talked back and forth; then the President, still holding the telephone, turned to Greenleaf. “The Attorney-General agrees to your plan, provided the woman is kept under constant surveillance so that she may be apprehended if she attempts to escape.”

“Then I suggest that the Department of Justice take up her trail,” Greenleaf answered. “She is the slender charwoman, the one who wears gloves. It is now after one o'clock and she usually finishes her work about two.”

The Attorney-General promised to have her followed, reporting her movements to the President, and to give instructions to his agents to arrest her if she made any move to escape.

Greenleaf returned to Blane, and they left the White House grounds in whispered conversation. At the corner of the park Blane turned up Pennsylvania Avenue and Greenleaf slowly made his way to K Street.

Shortly after 2 A. M. two women came out of the executive offices, followed by the night watchman, who switched off the lights and locked the door. The slender one walked up Pennsylvania Avenue and turned left on Eighteenth Street, while a shadow across the street strolled aimlessly along. When both disappeared around the corner, a taxicab that stood at the curb came suddenly to life and steered down Eighteenth Street, past the woman, who gave it an indifferent glance. But had one watched closely, one would have seen a signal pass between her and the driver.

SHE continued her even pace until she reached a three-story brick house. Here she turned in without glancing back, hastened upstairs, and unlocked the first door to the right of the first landing. Once inside she locked the door, jerked down the shades, switched on the lights; and quickly tore off hat, blouse, skirt, shoes, and stockings, and tossed them into the closet. Her mirror reflected the soft curves of a form clad in filmy silk, as for a moment she stood before the dressing table rubbing the grime from her face. She pulled off her wig, revealing a head of disarrayed blonde curls. These she gave a quick deft touch, threw the wig after the discarded clothing, and, unlocking the door to the adjoining room, disappeared. After locking the door, here also she pulled down the shades and turned on the lights. From a drawer she took out a white silk blouse and black stockings; then stepped to the closet, and after a second's hesitation, selected black shoes and a blue tailored suit and turban. In another moment she was ready for the street. After giving her face a last touch of rouge, she opened her door to the hall and sank back into a chair with a deep sigh of relief.

All night she remained thus and all day—waiting. Eight o'clock, the hour for her return to work, passed. Suddenly, a little after ten o'clock, there were heavy steps on the stairs, then a terrific pounding on the door to the room she had abandoned.

This was the moment for which she had waited. Without hesitation she switched out the lights and boldly stepped into the hall where two burly men faced her, barring the way.

She looked up in inquiry, her full red lips parted in her most seductive smile.

“D'you know Mrs. Jones?” asked one, taking in her figure from trim ankles to smart blue turban.

“I know of her.” Her voice was musical.

“Seen her? She don't answer.”

“Yes, she went upstairs a few minutes ago.”

“Who's up there?”

“No one.” Then, “Nothing but the bathroom.”

“Thanks, lady.” Her questioner leered at her. “Come on, Bill,” and both clambered up the steps.

She drew a deep breath, and with a faint smile on her lips leisurely continued her way down the stairs and stepped to the street.

The two Department of Justice agents found the bathroom was empty. They broke into the charwoman's room. When they discovered the discarded clothing and wig, they emitted fierce oaths and dashed down the stairs. There was no one in sight.

A few minutes later the Attorney-General talked over a private wire with the President, who then hastily summoned Greenleaf.

"She escaped," were the President's first words. "The agents watched the rooming house where she lives, and when she failed to go to work they became suspicious and decided to arrest her. But her room was empty. They found a wig and some old clothing. They believe she occupied two rooms and registered in each under a different name. They also think that, dressed in street clothes, she passed them on the stairs."

The President's secretary opened the door noiselessly and interrupted with, "Mr. Greenleaf, Mr. Blane is outside and wishes to see you a moment."

"Send him in here," said the President.

The secretary turned and gave a signal. In another moment a lovely creature in blue was framed in the doorway, followed by the amiable Blane.

"CHIEF," began Blane, a huge grin on his face, "when those dumb birds flushed her out, Wilkins and I nabbed her."

"Mr. President," Greenleaf said, "this is the young lady who passed the agents on the stairs."

The girl turned from one to the other, her eyes burning with hatred. "What nonsense is this? Why am I seized by two thugs and dragged here?" she demanded.

Greenleaf watched her keenly as he said, "We are looking for a blonde young lady with her second left molar extracted, a birthmark below her left shoulder, and a gunshot wound over her right hip."

At his words the blood receded from her face, leaving two bright spots of rouge.

"You are talking in riddles and holding me unlawfully," she flashed back. "I wish to communicate with the Swedish Ambassador."

"Neither the Swedish Ambassador nor any one else can aid you," he told her, a gentle note in his voice; "though you might have escaped had you not made a fatal mistake. One scarcely expects a charwoman to wear gloves and silk underclothing."

A little tremor shook her as she held her handkerchief to her lips; only the observing Greenleaf saw her pass a capsule to her mouth. She stepped back and steadied herself with her right hand on a chair. Then her crimson mouth curved into a smile.

"We all make mistakes—*c'est la guerre*," she said, and fell into Greenleaf's arms, dead.

THE END

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WITH THE

Beginning a Tenderfoot Forester's Impressions of Life in the CCC Camps

by

BATTELL LOOMIS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THEY say the New Deal brings luck. It brought it to me.

A few months ago I was broke. At this writing I am sitting on top of the world. Almost literally so, because National Park No. 1 CCC Camp, near Estes Park in the Colorado Rockies, is 9,000 feet up. Instead of holding down a park bench or pounding the pavements looking for work, today I have work, plenty of good food, and a view of the sort that people pay money to see. The camp looks down a gently sloping green-clad valley, fringed by pines and aspens. Straight ahead and a thousand yards away is the baseball diamond, made by the men. Nearer lies the mess hall. We are going to have hamburg steak tonight. And I am on the pay roll.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Last winter I was forty-four years old. I had been writing for the magazines for twenty-five years, with a darned low batting average even in good times. Since 1929 I had been supported by my wife and brother. April came and we were nearly out of grub. Then came the announcement of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Here was my chance. I could get an honest job and help tell the American people what the CCC camps are doing for the able-bodied unemployed.

Of course, both my age and my marriage were against my enlisting at all. But ultimately, after two months of plugging, with the assistance of the Departments of Labor, Interior, and Commerce, and the Forest Service, I was commissioned as an "inspector" by Robert Fechner, Director of Emergency Conservation Work, and was admitted as one of 200 forestry recruits at N.P.-1-C., Captain Vincent S. Burton commanding.

Two hundred young men, eighteen to twenty-five years old, healthy, unmarried, dumped down beyond the edge of civilization to curry the national forests! An interesting lot, mainly from Denver—one Negro, twelve Mexicans, the rest ordinary Americans ranging all the way from cow hands to college graduates—under the command of a couple of army officers and four regular army enlisted men. These aren't panhandlers; they are the men we use to make wars, or revolutions—or crime waves. They're husky, intelligent, clean-living youngsters. In spite of four years of depression, their physical condition when examined by the army doctors stacked up better than the draftees during the World War. A pretty sober and responsible bunch. Most of them are sending the bulk of their thirty dollars a month home to support their families, on allotment, keeping only five dollars for themselves. You can build a new state out of men like these. They are the Green Guard of the Roosevelt Revolution—200 out of the 300,000 scattered throughout the country. Think that over!

They were the men who didn't have a chance under the old deal. Willing to work, just starting out in life, good cannon fodder for the Communists or the racketeers. Selected by relief boards as "deserving cases," shipped to Fort Logan for a few days' conditioning, and then dumped down in trucks in this virgin forest. The army didn't even have time to outfit them at Fort Logan. It had to work fast on this job.

On Tuesday, May 9, Captain Burton was on detail at Cañon City, Colorado, inspecting the R. O. T. C., when a telegram reached him: "REPORT FORT LOGAN IMMEDIATELY." He sped 210 miles north to Logan, and the next day left the fort with four enlisted men, an army surgeon, and four members of the United States Forest Service, in two trucks with cots and bedding. At the end of an eighty-mile drive they arrived at 5 P. M. in a howling blizzard that forced them to remain snow-bound for three days at the Rocky Mountain National Park's "utilities" camp, four miles short of their destination.

On May 13 the superintendent of the park drove the captain over the Fall River grade to the turn-off for camp site. Due to the heavy snow, their car turned off too soon and submerged in a drift. The two men crawled out and tramped the remaining quarter of a mile. Pointing to a fairway all in crusted snow, the park superintendent remarked: "There's your camp!" The army took charge—and things moved.

That same Saturday the army surgeon examined and enlisted thirty-five local experienced men (men over twenty-five—they may be married men) to serve as foremen and straw bosses of the forest gangs. The next day a truckload of camp material arrived. A detail of twenty men shoveled the frozen snow away and leveled the camp site. A field kitchen was erected, four tents were set up, latrines were dug, boulders were blasted away, and 1,400 feet of two-inch galvanized pipe was laid to have water in the kitchen for supper that evening.

On Monday the 15th twenty-four pyramidal tents and three twenty-four-bed hospital ward tents were ready. On Tuesday forty-eight of the forest workers arrived from Fort Sill, Oklahoma. On Wednesday 111 more arrived by bus from Greeley. They were in their own worn clothes, many without coats or sweaters. The doctor examined them and rejected only ten. No supplies had come, and at three thirty on Thursday morning the men began to riot—they were freezing to death. The army built fires, hot coffee was served out to all hands, and a disused government-owned lodge at Moraine Park was

GREEN GUARD

● Part of the tent line-up of National Park No. 1 CCC Camp in Colorado, where Mr. Loomis became a tenderfoot forester.

pillaged for bedding. It wasn't until Friday night that the balance of the equipment arrived from Fort Logan.

Instead of the authorized issue of one canvas cot, one straw bed sack, and four army blankets per man, we were given six blankets each and cotton-stuffed mattresses. For the rest, our issue of equipment followed the general rule: two pairs of blue-denim pants, one pair of khaki pants, two khaki shirts, one blue-denim hat, six pairs of socks, two pairs of boots, one toilet kit, and one aluminum mess kit, canteen included.

For one week we tenderfeet humped ourselves and prepared accommodations for 194 men, including two army officers. Then a terrific blizzard hit the camp on May 22. The three big tents went down and were torn to ribbons. The other tents went down in heaps on the men sleeping within. The fly over the mess tent was blown into Kansas, if not farther. The pots and pans were scattered half a mile down the valley, but the army cook went out at 3:30 A. M. in the howling snowstorm and salvaged enough of them to serve us with hot oatmeal, coffee, bread, and scrambled eggs at breakfast time. The next day we put the camp together again, and on May 24 we sent a gang of 100 men out with the forest boss, chopping down beetle-killed pines, while a camp detail of 100 remained to build bathhouses and latrines, dig a cesspool, set a concrete floor under the six shower baths, and salvage a boiler and water heater from a disused lodge to heat the water for the baths.

We had been at the camp for only nine days, and we had it running and were doing the forest work we had enlisted to do. We wore the uniform of Roosevelt's Green Guard, but we weren't yet a unit—we were still a bunch and not a gang.

Sore backs and blistered hands, sunburn, homesickness, and general misery made us about as stiff-muscled a bunch as you ever saw. Some of the boys took advantage of the melting of the snow to "go over the hill"—they don't call it desertion—but the others stuck it out.

At that, the work isn't too hard. Up at six o'clock in the morning. Breakfast—hot and plenty of it—at seven. Camp police from seven thirty to eight. Then off to work for four hours. Lunch at twelve—plenty of it (we get a pound of bread and a pound of meat per man per day, as well as eggs and plenty of vegetables)—followed by four more hours of work. Back in camp by four thirty. The rest of the day is on our own time, except for camp details.

Each day a few of us get leave to go to town, and week-end leave to visit families is also handled in rotation. No liquor in the camp is the hard-and-fast rule. At first there was the making of trouble between us and the enlisted men. Here we were, getting thirty dollars a month and some of the group leaders and foremen drawing down thirty-six and forty-five, while the army men, who did more work, only rated between fifteen and twenty. The army didn't kick, but they didn't like it. The field kitchen was put under a roof that wouldn't blow away, a heavy-duty range was installed instead of the flat field stove, and four army men cooked for us and helped the captain handle 200 CCCs without a fight.

Then, one night, the four army men and some CCC boys were having a little beer-plus in the village of Estes Park, when some college lads from Denver made a few wise cracks about the army. They finally taunted it with being yellow. The army entered a dance hall, followed by their tormentors, one of whom made a pass at Cook Ezell. When the police broke up the party, the collegians were recumbent. Too bad one army man was fined!

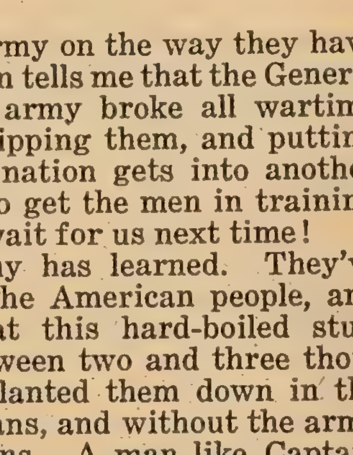
Another time some of our Nordics decided to ride the Mexicans. A fight started, and after supper the captain told a Mex and a Nordic to put on the gloves and settle it. The camp turned out for the show, and it was one swell fight. At the end of the seventh round neither combatant could get up. We sort of respected the Mexicans a bit more after that.

WE take our hats off to the army on the way they have handled this job. The captain tells me that the General Staff has discovered that the army broke all wartime records in recruiting men, equipping them, and putting them in cantonments. If the nation gets into another war, the army will know how to get the men in training quickly. No eighteen-months wait for us next time!

That's not all that the army has learned. They've learned a hell of a lot about the American people, and have seen for themselves that this hard-boiled stuff doesn't go. They've taken between two and three thousand army officers and have planted them down in the wilderness with gangs of civilians, and without the army discipline, rules, and regulations. A man like Captain Burton can't court-martial us. He has to use his own force of character, and nothing else, to put across his authority. He's not even allowed to keep more than twenty-three men on camp duty, so he can't use extra fatigue. He simply has to keep a man or fire him, and he can't fire him without good cause. These CCC camps are training the army just as much as they are training the forest workers.

Of course they say that there isn't a touch of military preparedness about the whole stunt, and I don't say that there is; but I can't help thinking that if a war came it would find us "woodpeckers" and the army men who have worked with us all ready to start a new sort of American army, hard-working but not hard-boiled.

Or perhaps we're only an advance guard of a new sort of business system, when the hard work of the nation will be handled through compulsory economic service.



What have "we 3-C men" and the forests been doing to each other? Mr. Loomis will tell in Liberty next week.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF RUDY VALLEE

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Acme photo

Adela Rogers St. Johns, Rudy Vallee, and Walter Winchell at a boxing exhibition in New York.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HOW Rudy chanced to see "the girl on the magazine cover," and then, two years later, to meet with her flesh-and-blood counterpart in a Hollywood hotel, appeared in last week's installment. Miss St. Johns had already revealed him as one who from boyhood had been seeing a dream walking. The face on the cover affected him profoundly; he thought it a portrayal of his dream.

This happened in 1927, as he was about to leave New Haven for New York. He tried and failed to learn the identity of the cover artist's model. A year in New York, a now historic try-out—and the unknown young "crooner" and orchestra leader arrived. Broadway was his. So was radio, the air.

The Hollywood counterpart of the cover girl was, of course, Fay Webb. Long before his first sight of Fay—in fact, while still at Yale—Rudy had been rather unhappily in love with "an eighteen-year-old Garbo." In Miss St. Johns's belief it was both this attachment, which still held him, and his old preoccupation with the dream girl on the cover that caused the failure and annulment of his brief marriage to Leonie Cauchois.

PART THREE—HIS DREAM AND HIS DOUBTS

RUDY VALLEE and Fay Webb met in Hollywood in 1929.

It must have been a strange meeting for the unknown girl from Santa Monica, as it was a fateful meeting for Rudy. You see, Rudy had been in love with her for years; she was the vision who had haunted his boyhood, the dream lady whose eyes had asked him to wait, the girl on the magazine cover who had shared his waking hours, even when he was with other women.

At sight of her he had one of those incredible moments when a man feels that this has happened before, that it is part of the nameless past which binds him upon the wheel of eternity.

But Fay Webb?

With her it was different. Was she ever mad, as he was mad? Was she ever burned by the same flame that swept him? Or did she find in her fatal resemblance to his ideal only a terrific power over a young man who was then the greatest matinée idol since Valentino, who was earning enormous sums of money and occupied a unique position in the nation as its favorite singer of songs?

Rudy Vallee for a few golden hours was living the greatest love story of all time—Kipling's Brushwood Boy. He was "dreaming true," as Peter Ibbetson dreamed true. But Fay Webb had never dreamed the other half of the romantic adventure, as the story called for—and she could not be blamed for that.

Who was Fay Webb? The world knew nothing of her until she became Mrs. Rudy Vallee. Then the world—and particularly his wife—became curious about the girl selected to be Rudy's wife.

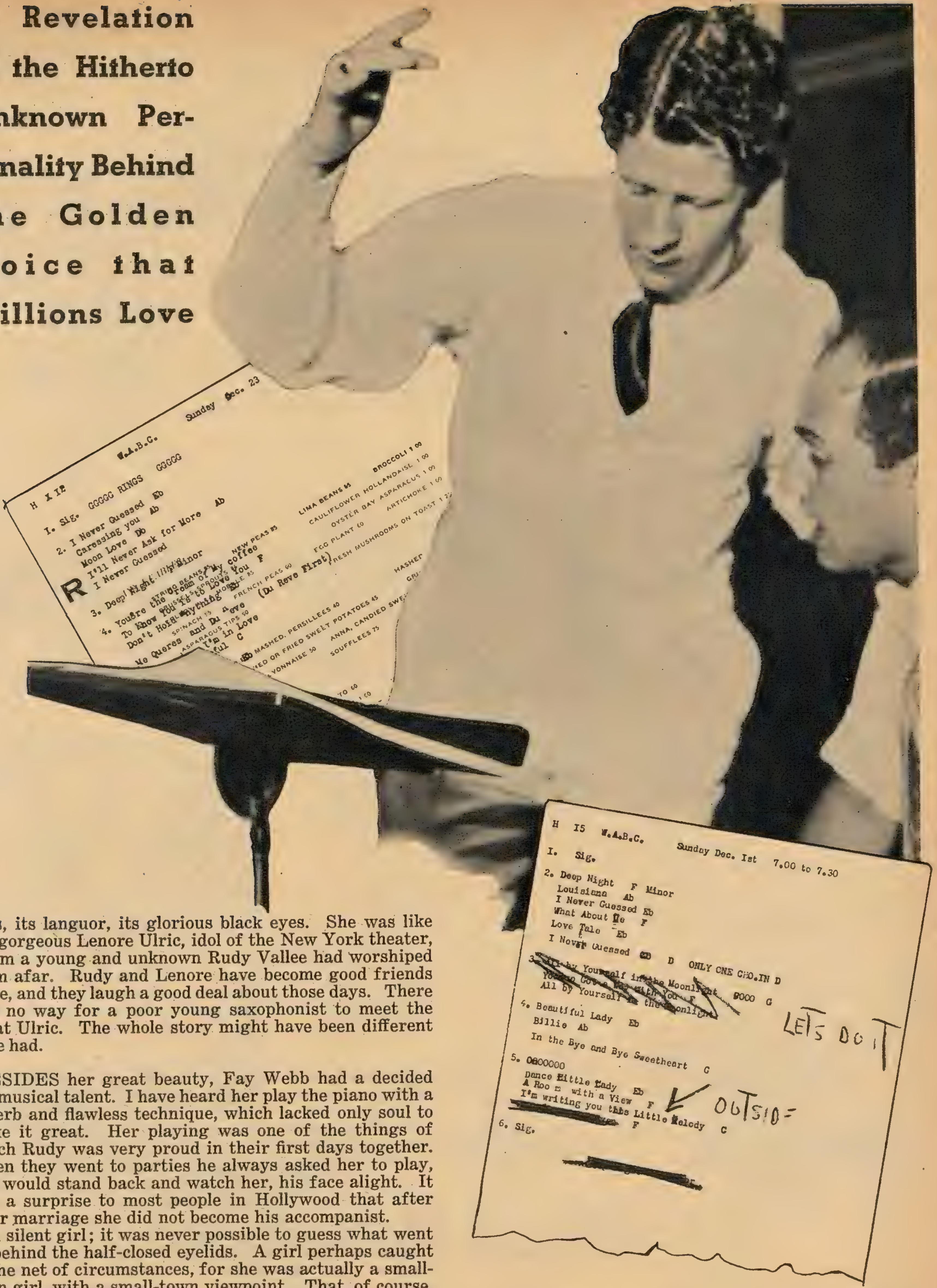
Fay Webb was the daughter of the chief of police of Santa Monica, that picturesque little beach town upon the palisades overlooking the blue Pacific where such motion-picture stars as Marion Davies, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Harold Lloyd, and Bebe Daniels have palatial homes. But Fay Webb had never been part of that dazzling coterie. She belonged rather to the town; she went to school and to high school there. The chief of police, no matter how able, didn't get a very large salary, and Fay Webb had longed in vain for the luxury, the beauty which she saw all about her.

One of the first things Rudy gave her after they were married was an electric ice box for her family's little home, because her mother had always wanted one.

In the beginning it was one of Rudy's greatest joys that he could give his wife many things which she had never had before—diamonds and ermine and orchids. Nothing he did with the money he had worked so hard to earn gave him a greater thrill than to be able to pay off the mortgage on the Webb home in Santa Monica.

The little girl from Santa Monica did possess an unusual type of beauty, almost Creole in its duski-

A Revelation of the Hitherto Unknown Personality Behind the Golden Voice that Millions Love



H X I2 W.A.B.C. Sunday Dec. 23
I. Sig. GGGGG RINGS GGGGG
2. I Never Guessed Eb
Caressing you Ab
Moon Love Db
I'll Never Ask for More Ab
I Never Guessed
R
3. Deep Night F Minor
4. You're the Cream of my coffee
To Know You Is to Love You F
Don't Hold Anything Eb
Me Queres and Du ove (Du Reve First)
I'm in Love
ful C

LIMA BEANS 85 BROCCOLI 1 00
CAULIFLOWER HOLLANDAISE 1 00
OYSTER BAY ASPARAGUS 1 00
NEW PEAS 85 EGG PLANT 60 ARTICHOKE 1 00
FRESH MUSHROOMS ON TOAST 1 2
STRING BEANS
BRUSSELS SPROUTS
MOBILE 85
FRENCH PEAS 60
SPINACH 55
ASPARAGUS TIPS 50
HASHED
GR
MASHED, PERSILLEES 40
ED OR FRIED SWEET POTATOES 45
ANNA, CANDIED SWE
YONNAISE 50
SOUFFLEES 75
TO 60
1 00

H I5 W.A.B.C. Sunday Dec. Ist 7.00 to 7.30
I. Sig.
2. Deep Night F Minor
Louisiana Ab
I Never Guessed Eb
What About Me F
Love Tale Eb
I Never Guessed Eb D ONLY ONE CHO.IN D
3. ~~All by Yourself in the Moonlight~~ GOOO G
~~You've Got Me with You F~~
~~All by Yourself in the Moonlight~~
4. Beautiful Lady Eb
Billie Ab
In the Bye and Bye Sweetheart G
5. 0000000
Dance Little Lady Eb
A Roo m with a View F
I'm writing you this Little Melody C
[redacted] F
6. Sig.
[redacted]

LETS DO IT
OUTSIDE

Culver Service photo

● Rudy rehearsing his radio hour, with two of the "road maps" he uses to make sure of speed and smoothness. "He still types them carefully with one finger."

ness, its languor, its glorious black eyes. She was like the gorgeous Lenore Ulric, idol of the New York theater, whom a young and unknown Rudy Vallee had worshiped from afar. Rudy and Lenore have become good friends since, and they laugh a good deal about those days. There was no way for a poor young saxophonist to meet the great Ulric. The whole story might have been different if he had.

BESIDES her great beauty, Fay Webb had a decided musical talent. I have heard her play the piano with a superb and flawless technique, which lacked only soul to make it great. Her playing was one of the things of which Rudy was very proud in their first days together. When they went to parties he always asked her to play, and would stand back and watch her, his face alight. It was a surprise to most people in Hollywood that after their marriage she did not become his accompanist.

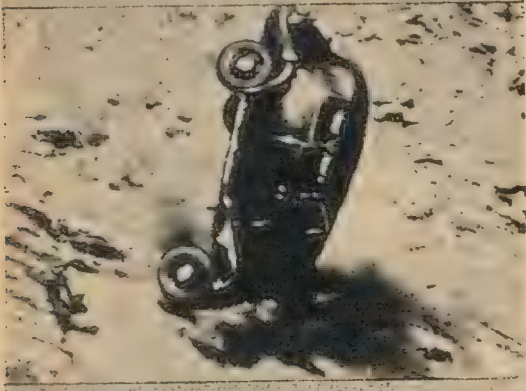
A silent girl; it was never possible to guess what went on behind the half-closed eyelids. A girl perhaps caught in the net of circumstances, for she was actually a small-town girl, with a small-town viewpoint. That, of course, is a very fine thing to be; our nation has been founded by women like that. But Fay Webb's exotic beauty suggested the poetry of Swinburne and the music of Ravel; it led to expectations that could not be fulfilled, it led her into many strange circumstances.

Living her girlhood

(Continued on page thirty-six)

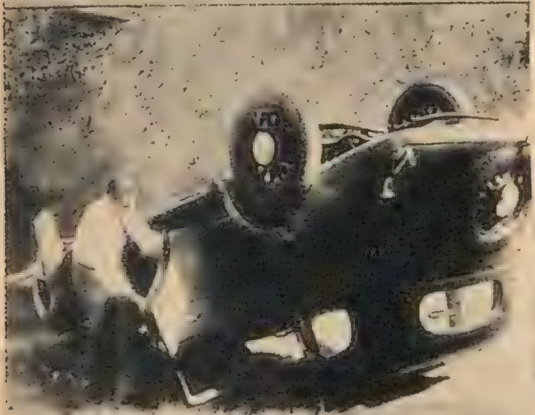
You'll save $180 to $700

THEY'RE PUSHING IT OFF
A 104-FOOT CLIFF



IT'S HURTLING "NOSE" DOWN
AT THE 30-FOOT MARK

CRASHES AGAINST WALL...
FENDERS CRUMPLE, HOOD LOOSENS



ROLLS 7 TIMES...HITS BOTTOM...
WITHOUT EVEN DAMAGING DOORS

This skyway style Dictator was pushed—not once, but twice—into a 104-foot rock quarry. Crumpled fenders and loosened hood about the only damage sustained by the steel-reinforced-by-steel body. Chassis stood up so well that car was driven away after each fall.

AUTOMATIC AUTOMOBILES?
THIS 1934 STUDEBAKER
HASN'T EVEN A DRIVER!

Of course you've heard about the "mechani brains" with which Studebaker eliminates most the physical effort and mental strain of driving. the picture, the 1934 Studebaker at left is, for the n ment, an *entirely* automatic automobile—being c trolled by radio impulses from Studebaker at rig

OFFICIAL TEST PROVES DICTATOR
SENSATIONALLY ECONOMICAL

A well-known oil company made this economy test with a new Dictator. Average 23 miles to an Imperial gallon of gasoline. Picture shows test officials with one gallon container which conveyed gasoline directly to the carburetor through a rubber hose.

SHE DANCES WITH EASE ON TOP
OF NEW STUDEBAKER

Pictured is Frances Dahl, one of the famed Muriel Abbott dancers, on the air-curved top of a 1934 Studebaker. Miss Dahl's confident balance has its counterpart in the steadiness assured by Studebaker's million-dollar Quadripoise Suspension.

STYLED LIKE
THE MONARCH
OF THE SKIES

FROM THE SPEEDWAY
COMES THEIR STAMINA!
FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE!

Startling NE

on these *finest Studebakers ever built*

AND YOU'LL GET SKYWAY STYLE...SPEEDWAY STAMINA ...STUDEBAKER PRESTIGE AND PERFORMANCE!

THESE startling new Studebakers have accomplished something that seemed impossible scarcely yesterday. They've brought the opportunity of owning a Studebaker to hundreds of thousands who previously had to be satisfied with very low cost cars.

These greatest of all Studebakers come to you at savings of $180 to $700 over their brilliant 1933 predecessors. And they're better built as well as better looking—finer exponents of the Studebaker performance which has triumphed both in stock car and Indianapolis Speedway racing for years!

All these new Studebakers have Quadripoise Suspension — that million-dollar Studebaker contribution to riding ease which scientifically cradles the action of all four wheels, not just the front wheels. Rear seats ride like front seats. Forward pitch, jouncing and sidesway are subdued at all speeds and on all roads.

Go to a Studebaker showroom and take out a Dictator, Commander or President for a thrilling trial drive. You'll understand, in a few moments, why Studebaker sales are increasing so enormously week by week!

Prices shown are base prices at the factory.
Bumpers and special equipment extra.
Government taxes extra.

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

"We need $400 less than we thought...we're buying a Studebaker!"

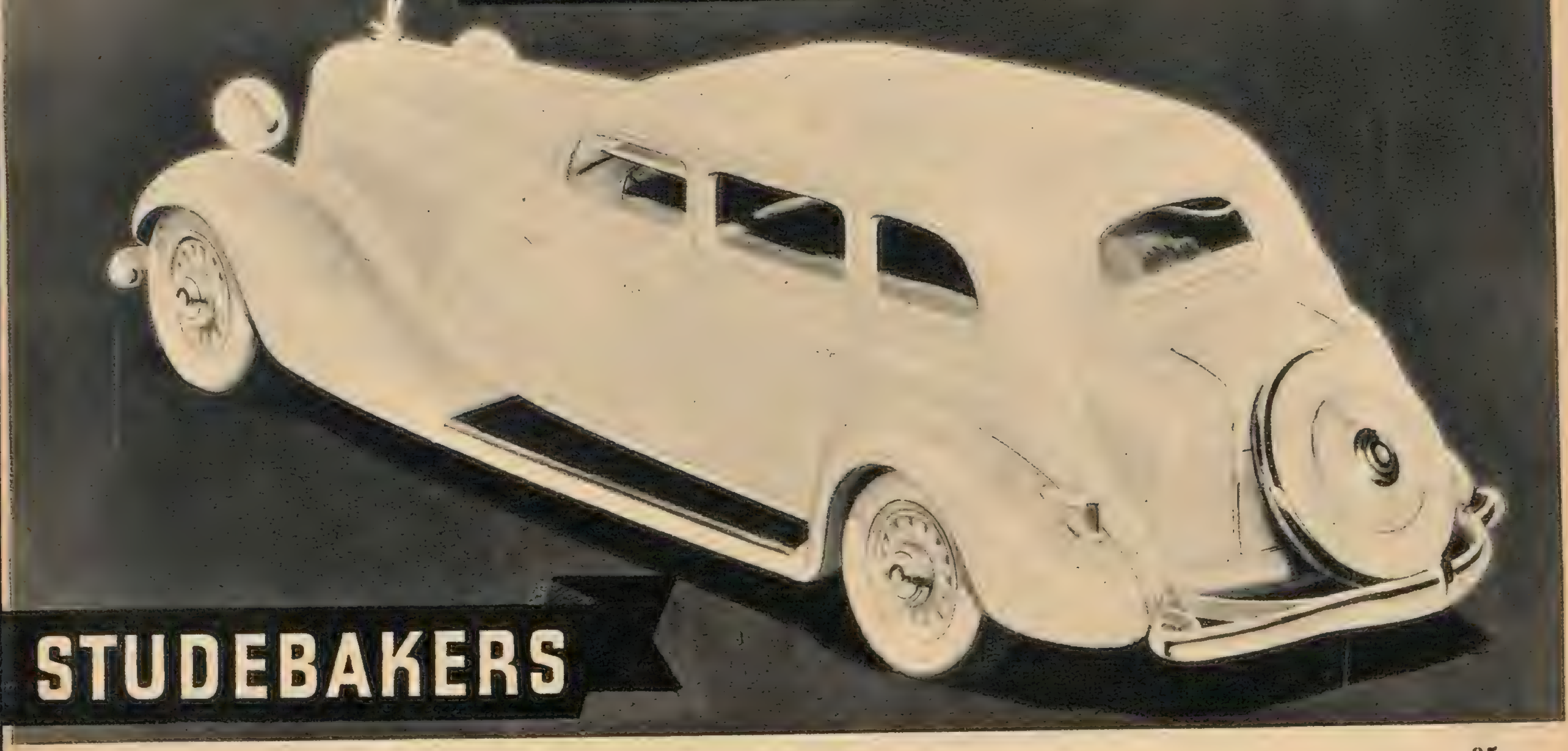
Like this couple, thousands of motorists are learning that it costs far less this year to buy the finest of all Studebakers.

STUDEBAKER-BUILT IN CANADA BY CANADIAN WORKMEN, AS ALL CANADIAN STUDEBAKERS HAVE BEEN FOR 23 YEARS.

$875

AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

DICTATOR ....$ 875
COMMANDER..$1290
PRESIDENT..$ 1550



STUDEBAKERS

(Continued from page thirty-three) ten miles from Hollywood, her eyes turned naturally toward the motion-picture industry. Her looks justified her ambition to earn a great deal of money, to have a beautiful home for her parents, to be a movie star, a modern Theda Bara.

But the Theda Bara type was out of date—the sirens of the day were Garbo, Dietrich, the platinum-blonde Jean Harlow. So luck was against her. Through the friendship of her father with the big names of the industry who had summer homes at Santa Monica, she got a chance—a small contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But only publicity stills, a small bit or two came her way and she drifted upon the surface of the film capital, going to Hollywood parties with some unattached man, waiting around the studio and hoping.

Into Fay Webb's rather aimless life came Rudy Vallee, a young man upon the crest of a very high wave, a young man met, upon his arrival in the film capital to make his first picture, by bands and personages. A young man whose dynamic personality had lifted him to amazing heights in a swift rise to fame that was typically American.

If she had fallen in love with him at first sight, according to the storybook legend, all would have been well.

But she didn't. Whether or not she said to Lois Bolton, a friend of hers, that she never loved Rudy but that she meant to marry him anyway, as Mrs. Bolton has testified in an affidavit now in possession of Rudy's lawyer, it is not our province to decide here.

But it is a positive fact that Rudy now believes that she never loved him, that she married him as many women marry men—for convenience, to be Mrs. Rudy Vallee, for protection and care. One of the most interesting things about Vallee is that this conviction that she never loved him at all has brought him a new happiness that is apparent to every one who knows him.

Up until the time he left Hollywood in January of this year, he was miserable. He would, even then, have taken her back—have tried once more to make a go of it, so his friends believe.

"The way I figure it," one of his closest friends told me, "Rudy couldn't bear the thought that it 'might have been.' He carried the torch because he thought that perhaps he had possessed love, the real love that a man wants, and that it had been within his grasp, and somehow, perhaps through some fault or failing of his own, he had let it slip away. But since he became convinced that Fay never loved him at all, that it never could have meant all he hoped, he's been a different man. Now he feels that he didn't lose his great love, that he misled himself through his own desire—and that in time he will find the real thing."

It wasn't strange that Fay didn't fall in love with him at first sight. A good many women have been madly in love with Vallee, but they didn't fall at first sight. They fall in love with his voice, they fall out of love when they first meet him, and fall in again when they know him better.

Vallee has strange vanities, strange modesties. He has a terrific ego connected with his work, the unshakable confidence of a man who knows his job and sees no reason to deny it. As the ace of the air, he believes in himself one hundred per cent. But he is entirely without personal vanity.

He says he has a funny face. But Vallee is one of those people about whose looks you never think after you have known him for twenty-four hours; you forget them in the excitement, the eager vitality of his presence.

A FAMOUS motion-picture director, Eddie Mennix of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, sat in the Hollywood Restaurant in New York one night and watched Vallee doing his famous impersonation of Chevalier—who, incidentally, is no Adonis himself. When it was finished and the crowd was cheering, Eddie let out one of those roars which upon occasion shake the motion-picture industry.

"They've made a mistake about this bird," he said. "He's no romantic leading man with curly hair and a crooning voice. He belongs to the character-actor school—with Lee Tracy and Jimmy Cagney. He's personality plus. Do you suppose that could be put over on the screen?"

I am telling you this because it explains why Vallee, who knows himself and his faults and good points very well indeed, carried on his long courtship of Fay Webb, hoping that in the end he would awaken in her the thing he wanted. An emotional firebrand himself, he hoped to light a corresponding fire in her.

But if the now famous dictaphone records which have been published can be believed, if Fay Webb spoke the truth when in her own voice she said to Garry Leon, "This is what I have been waiting for all my life," he never won her.

Two years. Two strange years. Years which his friends watched with puzzled eyes.

Years when he loved her—and hated her. When a hundred times he was ready to give her up and then was pulled back by her overwhelming fascination. Years when her actions convinced him that she didn't care for him and her words convinced him that she did. When she allowed him to drift just so far and then pulled him back by the power which she alone exercised. Days when he felt that no marriage with her could hold happiness—and days when heaven opened before him. Hours of ecstasy, and hours of pain.

She came to visit him in New York, chaperoned by her own father and mother.

Once she came after he hadn't seen her for months, and went back in three days. Later, he discovered that there was another man who adored her and that Fay apparently hadn't made up her mind which of them she cared for most. The man was Chuck McGrew, first husband of the glorious Jean Harlow. It was in answer to a telegram from him, so a friend of hers has told me, that she hurried back to the coast, leaving Rudy once more alone—and very lonely.

Chuck McGrew III of Chicago with his millions, who had won Jean Harlow when she was only sixteen, a handsome young playboy, was Rudy's rival in those days.

Those two years shadowed his romance with doubt, they robbed it of much of its glamour and glory.

Solves Every Pipe Problem

THE BRITISH BUTTNER PIPE

—*a perfect, cool, dry,* ANTI-NICOTINE *smoke.*

This remarkable new pipe is taking the world by storm. It has already brought enhanced enjoyment and a clean, healthy smoke to thousands. By an ingenious new system—simple and intelligible—the smoke is filtered before it reaches the mouthpiece and the tobacco burned to the last shred—no "heel", no damp sump. Real protection from unhealthy toxins.

The porous ceramic filter, exclusive to the British Buttner Pipe, absorbs all nicotine and leaves the cool, refreshing smoke free to travel up and down the fluted passages. When saturated this filter can be returned to its original purity by the simple process of holding it over a gas flame for two minutes.

Additional filters easily obtained when required.

COMPLETE PIPE WITH SPARE FILTER

$2.50 *Post free in Canada*

Rubinovich & Haskell Limited,
1191 University St., Montreal.

Please send me by return mail a Buttner Pipe with one spare filter. I enclose Postal Order for $2.50.

Name........................

Address........................

Please use BLOCK CAPITALS for name and address, or ask your Tobacconist, but make sure you get a BUTTNER. L1

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

And those two years were the most formative of his life; in them he grew up. Some of the amazing naïveté was lost. He became constantly more and more wrapped up in his work as that work took on a greater scope.

He was actually working harder than most business men and studying harder than he had at Yale. Sometimes he played two theaters at once; he gave as many as twelve performances in one day, jumping from New York to Brooklyn to do it, worked at the Pennsylvania Roof as well, broadcast his hour and sometimes two or three other hours as well and made his famous phonograph records.

Besides that, he spent long hours tracing the history of music—he acquired an amazing collection of records in many languages, from almost every country, and studied them for ideas, for rhythm, for tricks of timing and sound. He threw himself into the study of applied psychology, under the tutelage of a famous professor, that he might understand audience reactions better. He familiarized himself with the smallest detail of radio.

He dug for new songs, rewrote and revised dozens of them, composed lyrics and himself wrote enough songs to be a member of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers. He studied orchestration and was forever on the lookout for new talent.

When the Vallee hour goes on the air of a Thursday night, it is today a miracle of efficiency which is at once the wonder and the envy of other radio directors. And it moves with incredible speed and smoothness because of what Mr. Vallee himself calls a "road map." He began those road maps back in the days of the Heigh-Ho Club and the Villa Vallee—typing them out with one finger on the backs of discarded menus. And kept files of them, so that he would know exactly what had been played, how successful the programs had been, how they could be varied. It is a system which explains every slightest sound and movement—worked out by Rudy Vallee's own delicate stop watches, of which he has three.

He still types them out carefully with one finger, those road maps, and a separate one is given to every one on the hour—with key, tempo, emphasis marked. Even the beats on which the orchestra picks up the music after a dramatic skit are worked out.

Choruses are timed exactly—Vallee will tell you that he plays a certain chorus in 120 seconds and Guy Lombardo plays it in fifty. When he gets a new song, that is his first decision—the time in which it shall be played.

A member of the great advertising agency which handles the Vallee hour on the air told me that never in the five years that Rudy has conducted it has any one else arranged one thing on the program without Vallee's O. K.

"The very idea of the hour itself—the first variety show on the air—was Rudy's," he told me. "He has been a pioneer in radio from the start. We've worked with him—the same gang—for five years. We ought to know. He's the master showman of the air—and though we all work together he dominates everything."

He has been able to select exactly the right men to work with him—Gordon Thompson, who arranges the dramatic part of the program; George Faulkner, who writes the dialogue. Each week these young men arrange a show which compares in everything except scenery and costume with the best of the theater revues—and it takes George White six months to prepare a Scandals, while the radio revue goes on each week.

If there is anything about his own game that Rudy doesn't know, I have not been able to discover it, and I can ask a great many questions. He will tell you the name and history of every trombone player in New York, the methods of every orchestra leader from Paul Whiteman and Fred Waring to the least known band.

A girl with whom he went to a fashionable night club not long ago saw him staring intently and thought one of the many beautiful and almost naked show girls had caught his attention. Suddenly he said, "That's the best trombone player in New York —listen, he's carrying the whole thing. See the way he fills in."

Eddie Cantor, introducing him at a benefit one Sunday night in New York —I find Rudy plays an average of eight benefits a week; he never refuses one that he thinks has merit, no matter how busy he is—Cantor said, "Do you know why Rudy Vallee is where he is?" The banjo eyes grew bigger and bigger. "Brains—that's why. Brains!"

"Why are they always looking for explanations of my success?" he shouted at me one day. "Why always 'Why Vallee'? They don't say why Cantor?—why Jolson?—why Paul Whiteman? They aren't surprised when other people stay up there year after year. If I retire when I have a long gray beard a lot of these wise guys around New York will be saying, 'We told you Vallee was a flash in the pan.' Nuts!"

All these vital interests in a thousand and one angles of his profession grew in the two years before he and Fay Webb were married. Possibly his career delayed their marriage. On every hand he encountered opposition to that marriage. His business associates objected to any marriage at all. His mother's tears touched him—but the pleas of his managers only antagonized him.

No other woman really stirred him. Agnes O'Laughlin, the beautiful Follies girl who sued him for breach of promise, had intrigued him—but never very seriously.

At the end of those two years, which had harassed and tortured him, which had been so full of hope and the death of hope, of love shadowed but remaining love, of jealousy and doubt, marriage became the paramount issue.

Night is a long torment when you can't get to sleep—nerves taut, eyes staring into the dark. But here is an easy remedy, that 9 out of 10 who write us about it say gives them relief. Smooth a palmful of Absorbine Jr. on the back of the neck—in slow firm strokes. Then, relax for a night of sound slumber.

ABSORBINE JR.
(Made in Canada)
For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot."
At all druggists, $1.25. Write for a sample—free, W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

DELICIOUS Maxwell House Coffee, first served in the Old South, now comes to you fresh as the hour it was roasted. The exclusive Vita-Fresh packing process completely protects its superb flavour. Ground by a new and exclusive method Maxwell House is always uniform and delicious no matter what method you use to make coffee. Roasted and packed in Canada.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

"This FREE BOOK may save my life"

Sergeant's
DOG BOOK

WRITE for your *free* copy of the famous "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." Millions of copies have been sent to dog owners. Fifty-eight pages, beautifully illustrated. Contains a "Symptom Chart" that tells at a glance what ails your dog. Chapters on Diseases, Care, Feeding, Training of dogs. Write for your free copy today.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE

Our own veterinarian will advise you about your dog's health. Write him fully. This service is given in the interest of dog welfare by the makers of "SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES." Sold by dealers everywhere.

SERGEANT'S DOG
MEDICINES, Ltd.
171 Dufferin Street
Toronto, Canada

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

Fay Webb was coming to New York to visit him. And he knew they must either marry—or give each other up. Her father was not willing things should go on as they were; and neither, in fact, was he.

But he was torn by doubts, by differing viewpoints—and the great glamour and assurance of happiness was gone.

There doesn't seem to be much question that he was in a state of terrific mental and spiritual confusion, and that nothing except his work was very clear to him. Bewilderment as to whether or not Fay really loved him, whether in view of the past two years they might be happy together. Bewilderment and—a new question.

GRADUALLY he had lost some of his faith in the possibility of marriage as the ideal state. Along with a great many other young men about that time, he grew afraid of marriage. Once he had thought of it in terms of his father and mother and their lifelong devotion. Now he saw it in terms of modern New York, of the modern woman and her new attitude. Yet he wanted to marry. He needed companionship, and he needed the protection of marriage. Girls were so apt to sue!

But he was honest enough to face one fact. Unless Fay loved him greatly, unless she would give him all he needed, would it be possible for him to give her that single faithfulness which he regarded as essential to marriage?

Perhaps he had never read Kipling's warning, "The more you 'ave known o' the others, the less will you settle to one." But by this time young Mr. Vallee had seen a great deal of the others—the night-club girls, the girls from Park Avenue. All and every kind of girl had crossed his path. The New England boy who had never touched a card in his life, who rarely smoked and more rarely drank, who always dealt in business with scrupulous honesty, was torn with horrible doubts.

But he could not give Fay up!

That dogged determination within that will not let him give up kept him chained to the idea that he could make a go of it.

He must try it. He was ready to be faithful to her; he was sure he could be.

If only Fay really loved him. If only he could be sure that she, too, was ready to settle down.

Would the two become one?

Secretly, for they dreaded the inevitable publicity, they were married in the dingy little room of a New Jersey courthouse, with only Rudy's business manager present. It must have been very far from the wedding he had pictured. Yet within him he carried new, high hopes. They would begin anew on their wedding day—Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

He looked at her in the blue-satin frock with its fur collar, at the great black eyes under the half-closed lids; he kissed the painted lips—and breathed a prayer.

There might be many little things about which they did not think alike, did not agree. But none of these things mattered if she loved him.

Not long before the final break, Rudy's manager told him that he was devoting too much time to his career, that he was neglecting his wife, that he should give up some of his many interests and devote more time to the beautiful woman he had married.

What was it that brought Rudy's dreams to ashes, that broke up the marriage of which upon that wedding day Rudy had such high hopes? What happened to destroy the one great romance of the radio idol whom so many women loved?

A full and frank answer to this deeply moving question, the answer for which the world has been waiting, will be given by Miss St. Johns in her concluding installment next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a coma?

2—Dietetics is what?

3—For what do the letters D.V.M. stand?

4—Who was the composer of the opera Faust?

5—What does shibboleth mean?

6—Who invented the modern typewriter?

7—What is a pistachio?

8—Biologically speaking, what is a sport?

9—Which British prime minister arranged the purchase of the controlling shares in the Suez Canal?

10—Which city in the Western Hemisphere is at the highest altitude?

11—When was the new small-size paper money issued by the United States?

12—What are decibels?

13—Who called wrinkles "d——d democrats"?

14—Which place in America is known as "the City of Magnificent Distances"?

15—What is a sinapism?

16—Who was Scheherazade?

17—Are penguins found at the north pole?

18—Who wrote the book How the Other Half Lives?

19—What is an Archimedes' screw?

20—Which city is known as "the Pittsburgh of the South"?

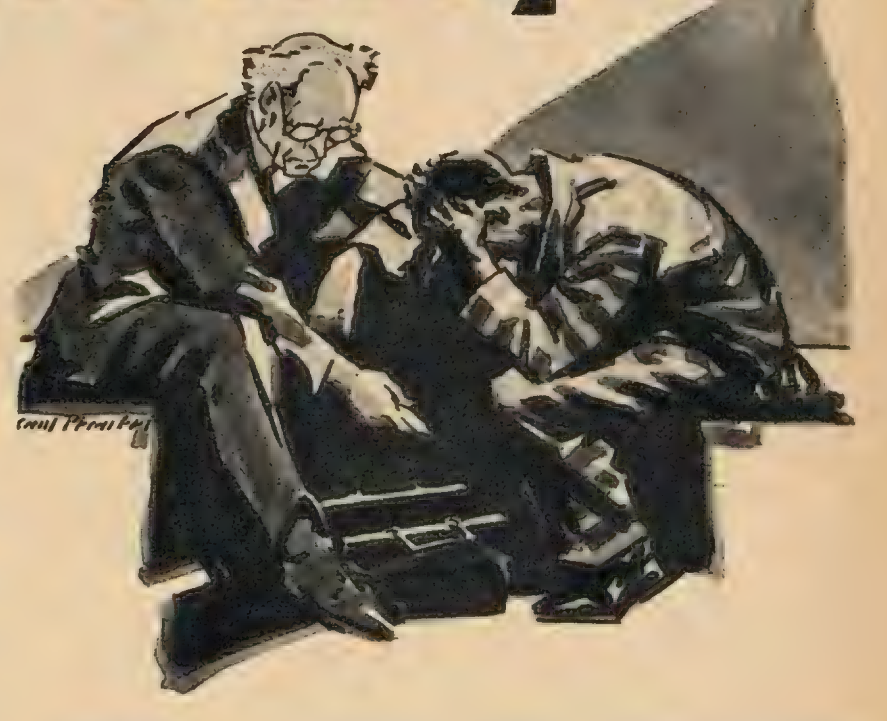
(Answers will be found on page 47)

The Wage of Mercy

A Short Short Story

by SARA HAARDT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS



THE murderer was a nobody, an old colored man who had killed his wife in a razor fight, and who was afraid to die. Not much of a story, thought young Bob Jennings, who was covering the hanging for the Daily Herald. Then he ran into the prison physician, an old doctor with bristling white whiskers and a stethoscope that dated from his first year in medical school.

"Hi, doc," Bob greeted him. "How about a little dope on this stretching?"

"Well, young man," old Dr. Owens paused, "if you'll step this way I believe we can talk at leisure."

At leisure! Young Bob Jennings smiled at the old-fashioned phrase, and followed old Dr. Owens into an empty cell a few paces down the corridor. In the gray half light it suddenly struck him that old Dr. Owens looked like a doomed man himself. There were ugly purplish pouches under his eyes, and his hands shook as he lit his cigar.

"It looks like pure routine—a razor party and this old coon taking the rap for it," Bob said. "I suppose he's guilty as hell."

"Oh, he's guilty all right," old Dr. Owens answered, "and I guess he's what you newspapermen call a killer. He quarreled with his wife, and slit her throat with a razor. The police picked him up—and here he is—"

"We've run that a dozen times," Bob interrupted impatiently. "What else do you know about him, doc? I hear he's been in your care."

"Well—" Old Dr. Owens hesitated, and then went on in a thick voice: "He's got a chronic heart condition that gives him this sensation of fear. He's afraid to die this way, but he'd be afraid anyway. It's a common symptom with his malady." He pulled out an old-fashioned gold watch and stared at the revolving second hand. "I had just given him a hypodermic when I met you. That'll quiet him—yes, that'll quiet him." Suddenly he looked Jennings straight in the eye. "See here, young man." He choked. "Fear is worse than hanging—worse than any pain there is. I felt sorry for that darky because it so happens I have the same heart condition, the same palpitations of fear, and I gave him a shot of morphine that would kill five men. I've timed it so he'll reach the gallows in fine fettle without a quiver."

"Say, that was damned decent of you—"

"Ah, there you are!" The warden was a tall thin man with hard gray eyes; he had to stoop to enter the cell. "We're late," he announced, "and I apologize, gentlemen. But leave it to those two-bit lawyers to tie things up. They're talkin' about a last-minute reprieve now, and I can't go on until I get word from the governor."

"Reprieve—" Old Dr. Owens gulped. "He can't reprieve him *now!*"

"I don't expect he will," the warden replied. "And yet, we'll have to wait while he goes through the motions. Sorry, gentlemen; I'll let you know as soon as I hear."

He ducked again and walked down the corridor.

Old Dr. Owens continued to stare at his watch. "He'll be dead in another hour," he said dully, at last.

Young Bob Jennings caught at the older man's sleeve. "Stop looking at that damned watch! *You'll* be jittery if you don't quit it. What if the coon does die? You'll have done the state a service, sir!"

"Fifteen minutes. . . . No, no! You're wrong, young man. I'm not a hangman; I'm a physician."

"He had it coming to him. The murderer!"

"Maybe. . . . Eighteen, nearly nineteen minutes. . . . I'm a physician, I tell you, not a—not a murderer—"

"Aw, rats, doc! You haven't murdered the coon—you've simply eased him out of his misery."

"There's time yet! You don't understand, young man. None of you young people understand. . . . Twenty-two minutes. . . . I was trained to save life, not to destroy it. If that man dies, I can never look a living thing in the eye again."

His eyes were glassy, his hands shook pitiably, and his pulse was beating visibly in his throat.

"You did the coon a kindness. All you're saying is, it doesn't pay to be kind," Bob persisted.

"Thirty-two minutes. . . . Oh, God! . . . *Did* I hear footsteps?"

"Nobody but the preacher. Look here, doc. You cut it or you'll be caving in too. Nobody knows about the morphine but us, and it's graveyard stuff with me."

"*I* know—I know I've killed a man. . . . Thirty-five minutes. . . . I'm no better than he is—no better than a murderer. God! I'm hearing things. There go those footsteps again."

"They *are* footsteps!"

The warden called through the door: "Come along, gentlemen. The governor says no, just like I thought."

OLD Dr. Owens pocketed his watch. "We're thirty-eight minutes late," he said calmly, but he swayed as he started forward.

It was the quickest stretching Bob Jennings ever covered. Two guards helped the doomed man up the steps to the gallows. He was a bit wabbly on his feet, but his eyes shone softly and he was breathing quietly.

Old Dr. Owens was standing, with his old-fashioned watch in his hand, eight minutes later when they cut him down.

"Over there—over there by the doctor," commanded the warden, and the two guards marched stiffly toward him with their burden. Old Dr. Owens fumbled in his back pocket for his stethoscope. He knelt beside the body and opened the dead man's shirt. His head drooped lower as he listened. Suddenly he bent closer, so close his head rested on the man's chest.

Bob Jennings was the first to sense something amiss.

"Say, what the hell, here! I think the doc needs some help, warden."

They lifted him up then, and Bob saw that he was dead.

"Well, what do you know about that!" whistled the warden.

"Plenty," young Bob Jennings muttered on his way to telephone the city desk, "—if I could only tell it!"

THE END

Every Other Inch

Greed and Pleasure Sweep the Landscape, and Things on the Whole Are Not So Good

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

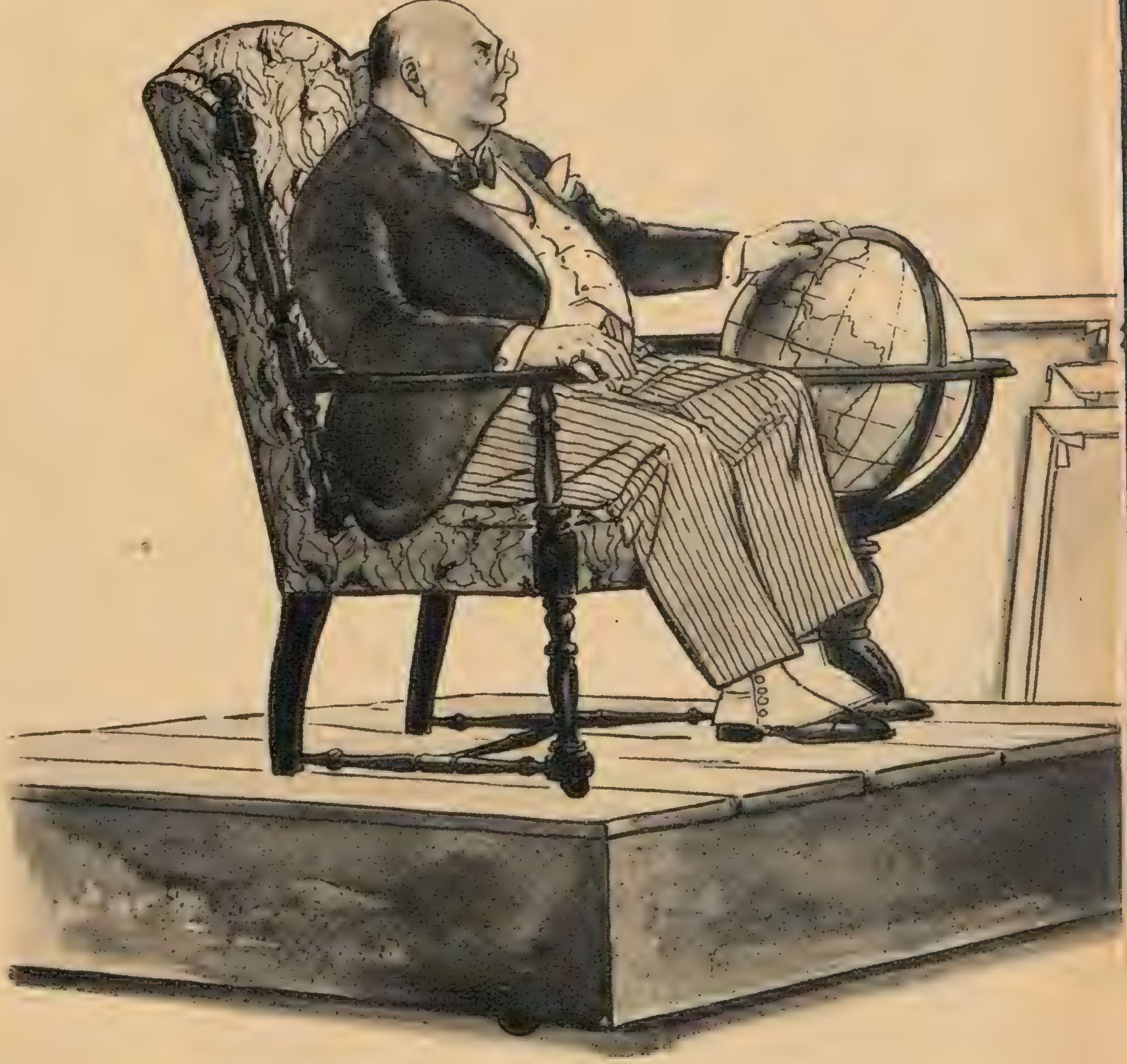
B. J. HASDID, moving-picture magnate, is dictating notes on his career to Lottie Graham, his secretary. These notes are for use in a biography of Mr. Hasdid, to be written by Carl Vogel, " the man who put biography in the big-money class."

Mr. Hasdid tells of his early struggles as the son of an impoverished immigrant from Turkey, of his marriage to Rosetta, and his meeting with Virginia Carter, which led him into the cinema industry and to Hollywood. He touches on the difficulties he overcame in the early days of picture making, and tells of adding Larry Bison and Lita Colta to his gallery of stars.

At one point Mr. Hasdid breaks in on his narrative to tell Lottie of his worry over his son David, who has come home from an Eastern college announcing that he will not return to his studies. David tells his father that he wants to become a writer—a career that horrifies Mr. Hasdid.

The cinema mogul takes up again the story of his life, and tells of his great services during the war, when he had himself elected " ornery " colonel of the Hollywood Home Guards.

Then David gets back into the narrative again. This time Mr. Hasdid has sent for a new writer, Felix Holt, to come to his office. " Felix Holt " turns out to be the pen name of David Hasdid. B. J. offers the boy a contract, but David refuses it and asserts that he intends to take a trip around the world. He agrees to do a story for Hasdid Pictures, but will not be tied down to an office. He makes suggestions regarding picture stories that cause B. J. to say: " He's got brains! "



● I finally decided I was to be immortalized in my rôle as a thinker—with my hand resting on a globe, to indicate conquest.

PART FIVE

MOORISH MOLLUSCS AND MORAL LEOPARDS

WELL, Lottie, what with my concern and jubilation over David, it is no simple matter to leap nimbly back to the biography. Yet, if there's one thing I pride myself on, it's my concentration, which permits me to brush aside trifles and suchlike when a really big concern like this life's history looms over a man's head—like the sword of Pericles, you might say.

The years after the war was a victim of the flux. Change followed change like a kaleidoscope, until a man, unless his head was well moored onto his shoulders, was like to be washed out beyond his depth by time and tide which waits for no man.

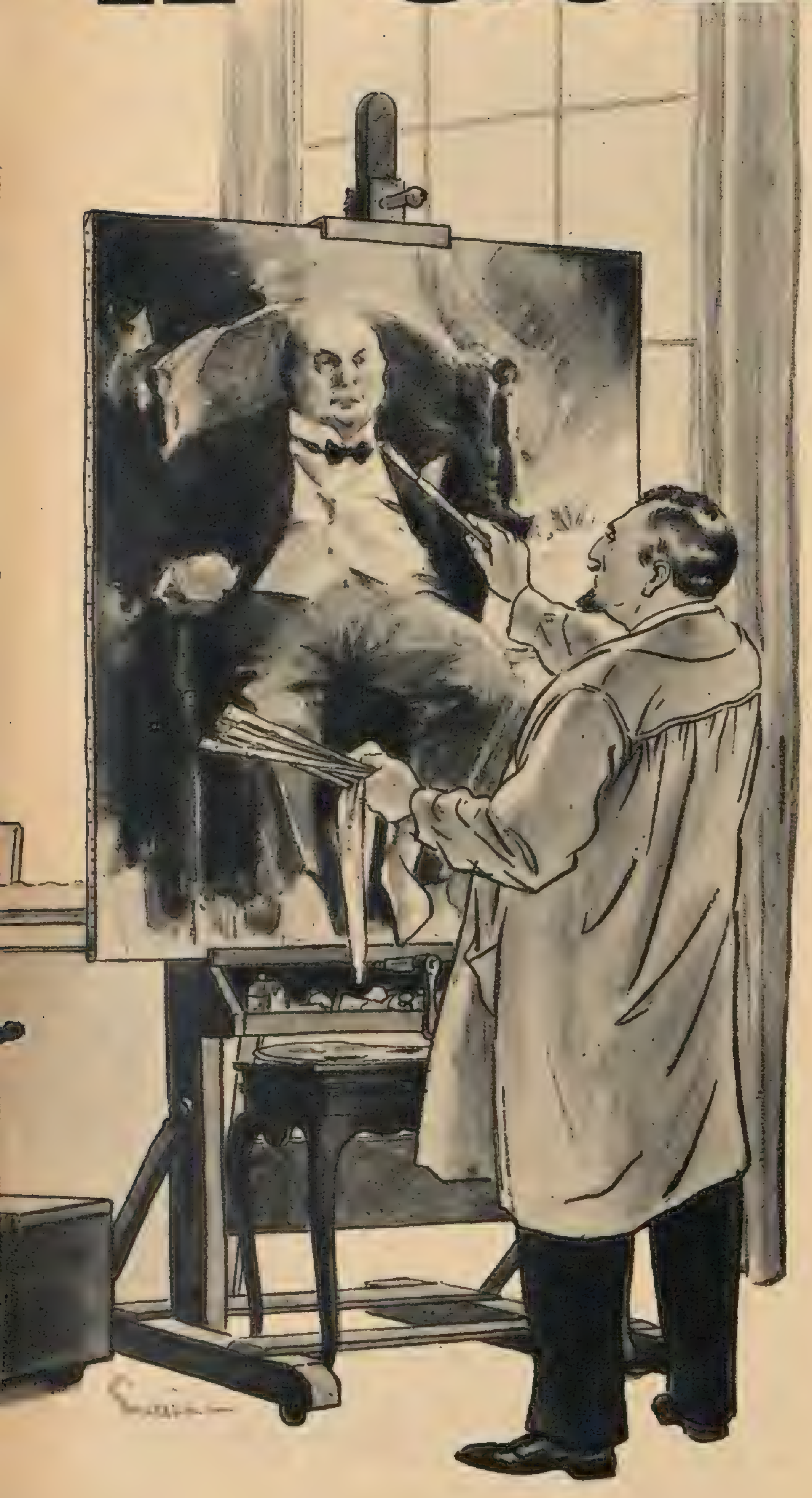
Freed from the clutches of the demon War, the people was crying aloud for entertainment. And how grateful I was to be able to offer them the bread they hungered for, the water they thirsted! Money poured into my coffals in a golden stream. Oft at night I would lie awake and wonder what I done to deserve all this plentitude. Then I would remember that the artist is worthy of his hire and think no more about it.

Only I did think about it—for I am ever mindful of the fact, Lottie, that I am my brother's keeper. My first step in turning back to the people the money they had given me so freely was to build a chain of my own theaters all over this beautiful land, monuments to the glory of Hasdid, beautifying town and hamlet, giving

An Anonymous

A Gentleman Hollywood Saga

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN



the poor hard-working peasants a foretaste of the hereafter (I say this humbly, Lottie), and insuring Hasdid Pictures, Inc., a bigger and better return on their pictures which they had been giving the theater owners.

Naturally, I wanted to have these theaters all alike, each one, as 'twere, a repulcher of the other, so that the public, seeing one of these symbols, would be warned it contained a Hasdid picture.

After exhaustive interviews with the world's greatest architecks, I finally decided on the Moorish as best equipped to convey my message to the people, with its terrets, obelisks, and this and that. I had always admired the Moors, a colored folk famous for their carpets and very broad-minded about marriage, as witness the harem. It was on their holy book, the Colon, that Brigham Young later founded the book of Mormon, so I believe.

As a model for my beautiful theaters I decided on the mollusc, which is Moorish for synagogue. One of the proudest days of my life, Lottie, was the day on which I inaugurated and spoke at length on the formal opening of the first Hasdid theater on Broadway, New York. George Jean Nathan, who never had a kind word for moving pictures, spoke flattering of it as " Another Hasdid Monstrosity—God's Gift to Architecture."

Few people realize as I do, with my knowledge of psychic-analysis, that Jean (as I always call him) is a victim of a repressed libido which has made him crazy to act before the camera. On this very occasion in New York, he appealed to me, practically on bended knee, to give him a chance to show what he could do. But seeing as I did that he was doomed to failure, having practically no profile, I tackfully advised a highly intelligent man like him to adhere to writing and forgo acting, which required no intelligence whatever.

MY next gift to the people was the purchase I begun making of as many independent producing companies as I could lay my hands onto. Some of these companies had some good stars and was now and then turning out a good picture, which I was planning to control. Of course I had to let them keep their own names, or else have the government on my neck for forming what a lot of nearsighted people would call a trust. The government, Lottie, is a business which is totally incapable of understanding the altruisms of a man like me.

My next gift to the people was the establishment of " exchanges," which had long been a sore need. Up to now the producers was fighting each other all the time to sell or rent films at the best bargains they could get. Of course this competition made it hard to keep the prices up. With God's help I worked out all by myself the idea that if the producing company owned their exchanges, and was sure of regular rentals, they could have a more regular business and charge what they liked.

I got together different men who was running exchanges in the big cities all over the country. If I promised them a regular program of plenty of pictures they wouldn't need to deal with any other producers, y'understand. It gave me a regular distribution where I could be sure of my prices, and it gave the exchange men a guarantee of all my pictures, no matter who bid for them. Most important of all, Lottie, it insured the people, whom I love so dearly, that at the Hasdid theaters they was sure of getting bigger and better entertainment than any other company could ever offer them at *any* price. It was much better than the old states-rights system, and it worked out just like I knew all along it would.

We were now, Lottie, in the midst of Prosperity's rain, which, like the waters of old, fell for forty days and forty nights, only much longer in reality. People grew heedless, even reckless, plunging into the golden waters without realizing of the shoals beyond on which their craft was later to be wrecked. Greed and pleasure, twin sisters of the murky dark, swept over the landscape, hand in hand. Divorce, that vile canker growing at the heart of a rose—or marriage—flourished like a rank weed. Sex, like a deadly serpent, reared its ugly head,

Bring out that HIDDEN CHARM in your hair

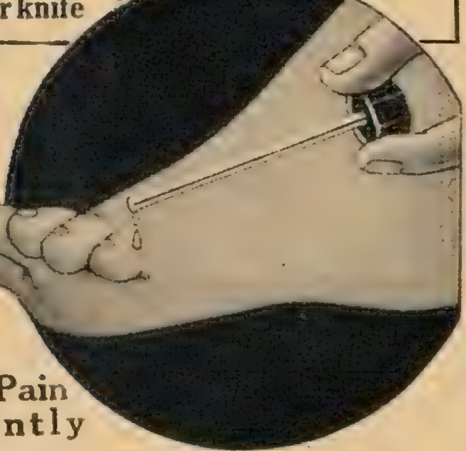
NEW improved Wildroot Wave Powder makes a whole pint of professional wave set for ten cents. Makes beautiful lasting waves—brings out beauty of hair. You make your own wave set by mixing powder with water at home. Guaranteed to keep indefinitely. Leaves no white flakes. Dries rapidly. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Simple finger waving directions in every package. At all toilet goods counters.

WILDROOT WAVE POWDER MAKES THREE PINTS OF HEAVY WAVE LOTION

35c
MAKES 3 PINTS
15c MAKES 1 PINT

New improved
WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER

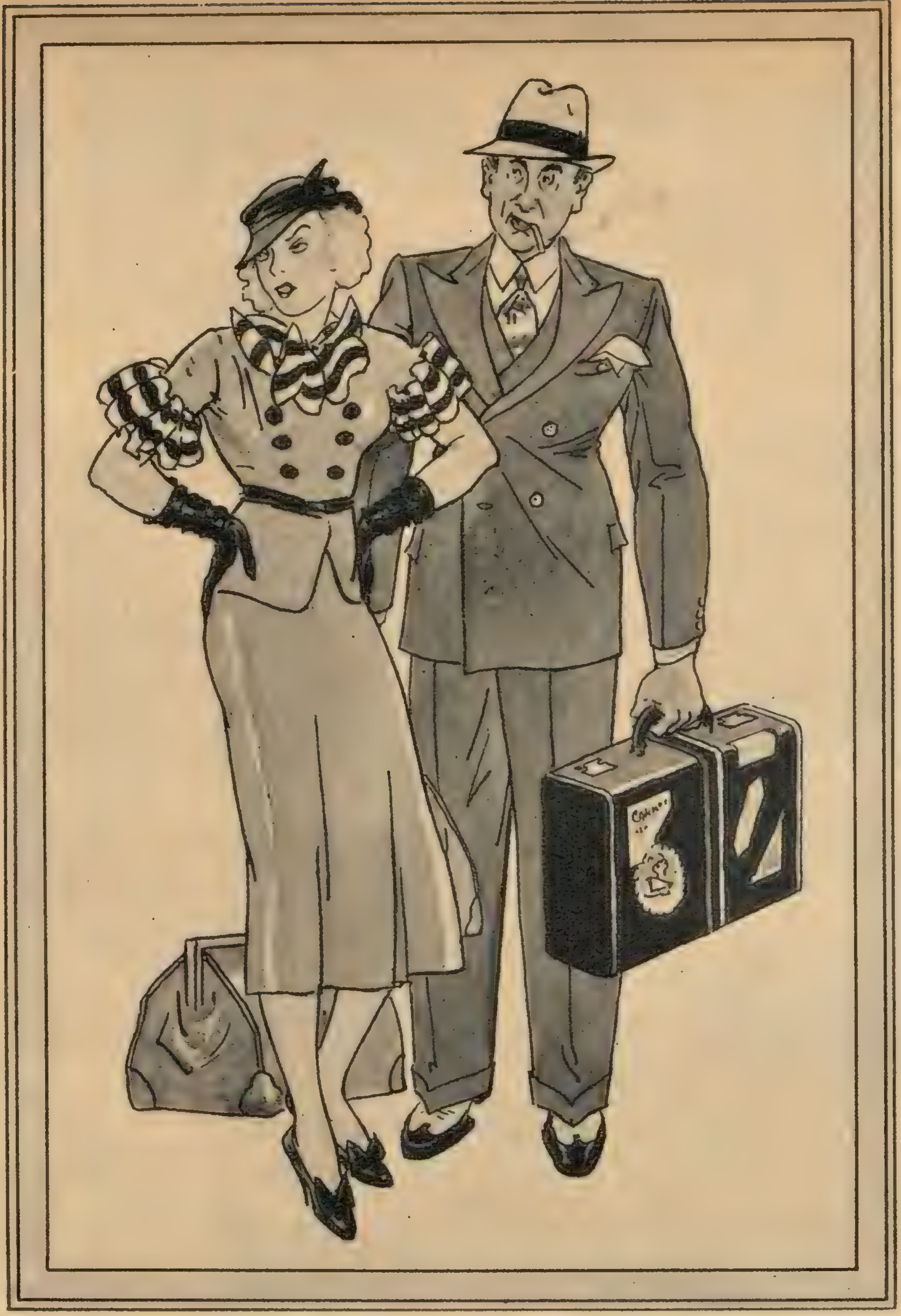
HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS
—without using pads or knife



One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE



Manny met Hattie and brings her along with him.

threatening our very moral structure.

Hollywood was no more reprehensitive than any other city. Every community had its moral leopards. Only the eyes of the world was fixed on Hollywood, and whatever happened there was embellowed and exaggerated. The Arbuckle occurrence, the Taylor murder, the marriages of Barbara La Marr—all these and many others were shouted from the housetops, shocking the nation to its core, causing the innocent to suffer oft as much as the guilty. I number myself among the innocent, Lottie, if I will be pardoned for introducing a personal note into this biography.

Girls from all over our fair land was coming to Hollywood in droves, in any kind of conveyance, like in the days of the gold rush, lured hither by the willow wisp of quick success and easy fame. Stars did not blush to publish their salaries, which they had their press agents to multiply by two or three in case they was weak in arithmetic.

Many of these poor misguided girls, believing what they read of the low moral tone of Hollywood, thought all they had to do was unvail and the rest was easy. I remember one very pretty girl who wormed her way into my office, pulled some kind of string or zipper, and stood there gazing skyward, waiting for me to do a catapult. Well, she repeats this business all down the line, without exercising anybody till she reached the old gatekeeper, who is so outraged that he telephones the Salvation Army to come and call her off.

Well, this girl returns home and immediately gives it out that the only reason she fails in Hollywood is because she put her honor above material advancement. This, as you can imagine, was meat and drink to the reformers, who called us " a sink of inquity."

It reached the point, Lottie, where a man had to be constantly on his guard—even on his alert. A man hardly dared extend the hand of sweet comradeship to a strange girl for fear of being misunderstood, misquoted, or what have you.

Well, what with reformers pursuing Hollywood and baying at her heels like a pack of hungry hounds, I can see as from afar off the bitter necessity we producers must face.

Each state was its own censor, and what was meat to one state was only fish to another. Some states recognized the stork as our national bird, while others wouldn't even leave it be mentioned.

It was at this stage that I called all the producers into a session, warning them of the danger which threatened, imploring them to take a drastic step. But my advice fell like so much rain upon an arid soil. Later on, when our house of cards was all but ready to topple about our ears, they seized on this mucus of an idea which I had given them, and gave it full form, electing Will Hays to the office he holds to this day as "Czar of the Movies." A bigger man than him might have done better in the job; but as I have no wish to quibble, I will merely say he has done very well.

And now, Lottie, we producers was approaching a crisis, though as usual I was the first to realize it. For some reason the public was beginning to stay away from pictures. They would flock to some pictures and give the others the gate, while in former days they would swallow any bait you would throw them, like any other kind of sucker. Well, what with our theaters sitting there half empty most of the time, I begun to wonder if something mightn't be wrong somewhere. And once a suspicion fastens itself onto my mind, there is no rest for B. J. Hasdid.

SOME wiseacres was blaming the situation onto too many theaters, which was a child's reasoning, for only a while ago these was all packed to the doors, and I had not heard of any epidermic wiping out the population. Some others was laying it all to the so-called waste in our studios. But how a waste, if any, could keep a lot of idle people at home was beyond my mind. No, Lottie, there was a bigger, better *raison d'être* for all this.

Well, I let the whole scene, as 'twere, pass in review—in a mental way, y'understand—and in an eye's twinkling I had the key to our quandrum. Why had audiences gone wild over the first pictures which was ever made—the crude "flickers" of nickelodeon days? Not because they was good, but because they was a novelty. Ah-ha! No sooner said than done. Lying like a dormant in the depths of my mind, Lottie, there was the mucus of an idea waiting its full growth.

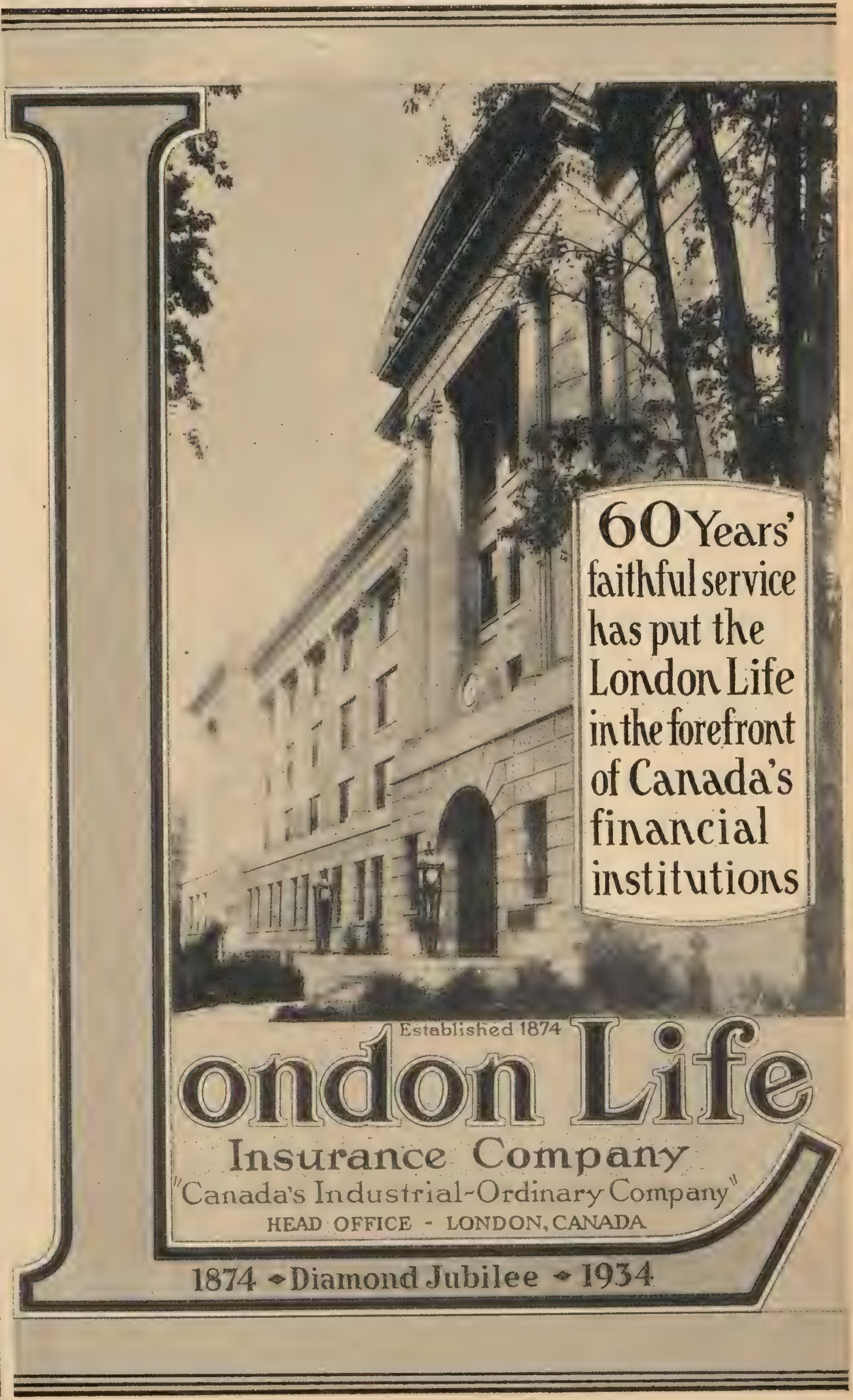
After the war the electrical lavoratories was all busy trying out new inventions, some of which concerned itself with putting sound into pictures.

There was an electrical engineer in my company, a young man of large parts, who caught my enthusiasm and shared my faith. I made an arrangement with the electrical company where he was experimenting on sound, that they was to have a share in his inventions and I was to have exclusive rights to use any work they completed together for sound pictures.

It's a funny thing, Lottie, and you would hardly believe it, but the chance to come in on the ground floor of "talkies," which I seized upon hungrily, had been refused by all the other so-called producers, on the grounds that it was still imperfect. Well, all I can say here is that if one was to scrap everything and everybody in this burg called Hollywood on account of their imperfections, a lot of prominent people, who I would not be so ill-advised as to make a mention of, would now be lying in a lumbo.

Anyhow, when the results of my brave experiments begun to show fruit, even though it was still far from ripe, the Corning Comedies, among others, does a rush for the goal which would make them candidates for any college football team which wouldn't make the entrance requirements too severe. Brave pioneers, Corning Comedies—after some one else has blazed the trail.

Well, these intepid pathfinders—who have forgotten how to blush, if they ever knew—hearing of my experiments and spying on my plans, rushes off and comes back with a very inferior instrument, and turns out the first actual picture with human sound effects, taking credit where no credit was due and doing me an injury which I hope to repay some day.



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HEAD OFFICE - LONDON, CANADA
1874 ◆ Diamond Jubilee ◆ 1934

Well, Lottie, what with me and the Corning Comedies coming out in front, you can imagine what a scramble the rest of the studios was doing. What with my studio all set to go and even my theaters all wired for sound, I could set back and give the other boys the old ha-ha. Hollywood looked like an ant hill after somebody had just put their foot in it. Overnight, producers was having to equip their stages for sound at a terrific cost, and after everything was done, how was they to know, this new thing being in its infancy, as 'twere, whether they had a peach on their hands or a more acid type of fruit?

I shall never forget the plight of poor Herman Fiedler, who was the head of Mirror-Up-to-Nature Pictures, Inc. Herman never made only six or eight pictures a year, which usually turned out pretty good and was always a source of discouragement to me; for if a man of Herman's low grade of intelleck could turn out a product which realized as much as a lot of mine, was not a man prone to ponder over whether background and education, refinement and sensitivity was so much dead weight to his business? Well, anyhow, though we was legs apart socially and mentally, I always liked Herman, who would give you the shirt off his back, if he happened to be wearing one—Herman usually, especially on a warm day, doing business in his undershirt, as he could never bear to be confined.

Well, one day Herman, who respects my opinion like a man would his mother's dying wish, rings me up, tells me he has just had his stages wired for sound, and would I drop around and take a look to see if everything was okay. He had had one of the big electrical companies to do the job, but he wanted an expert to pass his opinion before he felt himself satisfied. I told him there was nothing I wouldn't do for an old friend and how would he like me to bring Dr. Furtwaengler along, who was an expert I had had sent over from Germany to test my equipment out and so on. Well, Herman says that what is good enough for me is too good for him and a lot more drool, his admiration for me passing all understanding, so we are to have lunch at the Mirror-Up-to-Nature studios the following day.

WELL, Herman turns up in a new shirt which don't fit him any too good. So, what with his natural nervousness over contracting a big German expert who is going to pass him his judgment, poor Herman is perspiring like a June bride. Well, we talks in German, Dr. Furtwaengler having got stuck on our irregular verbs and give up learning the American language, which isn't so good for Herman, who if his English is reprehensitive, it is a bright jewel by the side of his German, which is a regular Jurgen. And being more or less excited and always a volatile talker, he rattles on about everything under the sun, while Furtwaengler only looks at him with a note of scorn and don't open his mouth unless it is to raise his eyebrow and reply now and then with a very cool "So?"

Well, as soon as dessert was over, Herman untucks his napkin and concedes that as he realizes what a priceless thing time is to a big expert like the doc, to who he can never enough be grateful for this visit to his little plant, perhaps we had better get going. With which he leads the way out of the Mirror-Up-to-Nature commissary out onto the lot, with Herman sweating worse than ever, if possible, and pointing out this and that to the doctor, who only sticks a monicker in one eye like he was George Arliss, and looks about him very askance till we reach the first sound stage.

By now poor Herman had reached an ebb in his flow of speech and could only make a sweeping gesture while gazing hopefully up at the doctor, who ignores him and begins examining around, we all following on his train. Taking out a pitchfork he carries with him everywhere, he strikes a chord, and holds it up to his ear. He listens for a second, makes an awful face, shakes his head like as if he smelled a mouse but couldn't quite make out where it was hid, and moves onto another location. The same pantomime—only this time he clucks dismayfully and says, "*Schade.*" And so on, his gorge rising like as if he was examining a house where bandits had played hell and he was counting up the damage *in totem*.

BY now Herman is too far sunk to do more than gurgle, and he follows us as if he was giving an imitation of the sleepwalking scene from Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. I sure felt sorry for him.

Finally, after making the rounds, the doctor pauses, looks off into space, and mutters savagely, "Robbers! Thieves!" Then he whirls on poor Herman, who if I hadn't caught him would of fainted away.

"Who is making dees—dees insanity?" And he makes a broad gesture which takes in everything. Herman manages to answer him that the Allied Electrical Appliances Company, Inc., was given the contract.

"Americans, eh?" the doctor retorts, showing his teeth cynically. "Why do you not send for peoples who knows—the Germans? Why do you not send for *me?*" he finishes, his voice rising to a note of hot anger.

Well, Herman, who has no tack whatever, says he couldn't very well, not having ever heard of the doctor till yesterday—which caused the doctor to turn a rich purple and all but choke.

"Why do you then not ask some one who knows?" he hisses at poor Herman. "Why do you not advise with my good friend B. J. Hasdid, the greatest mind in all pictures, who bring me all the way to America?"

With which the doctor turns on me with something about how we are wasting our time here, and starts with me out into the open.

Well, seeing as how practically everything he had was at stake, and us walking out and leaving him alone to his misery, Herman comes to life and dashes after us.

"But, doctor," he pleads, trotting alongside of the

PEDESTRIAN SAFETY

By T. A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fifth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

THERE can be no question about who has the right of way when the life of a pedestrian is at stake. The pedestrian is entitled to every consideration by the motorist.

The courts have often held that once a pedestrian has stepped into the street under the protection of a "go" light he is entitled to a safe passage across, regardless of light changes while he is en route.

That decree would seem to infer that the motorist has a pretty heavy responsibility in the matter, and makes him legally as well as morally liable for the safety of persons on foot.

Approximately one half of all motor-vehicle deaths occur to victims on foot, and there is an added touch of tragedy in the fact that a great many of the victims are innocent little children.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

great man from Germany, "what am I going to do? Already I spend thousands and thousands."

"Scrap it," mutters the doctor, paying no attention to Herman, but polishing his monicker.

"You mean," Herman whimpered, his face so haggard and pathetic, Lottie, that I had to look the other way—"you mean I can't make no pictures with the equipment I got now?"

"Make all the pictures you like. They will amuse your friends very much." Whereupon the doctor let out a laugh, Lottie, that froze your blood—it was so cold and heartless and careless. "But do not try to sell them." Whereupon we makes an exit from the Mirror-Up-to-Nature.

Well, for two days I done nothing but laugh myself sick over Herman and his plight. I spread the news around, and everybody was calling up Herman, some telling him what a damn' shame it was, others only laughing at him, till he was about ready to bump himself off.

Well, after I figured as how the joke had gone far enough, I called up Herman and told him the truth: that this doctor of mine was no doctor at all, but a fellow by the name of Tuthill, who makes his living getting people's goats—and a very good living, too, Lottie, for he demands a stiff price and gets it, usually having more engagements than he can take care of.

I KNOW a lot of social topnotchers who won't never give a party unless they can engage him as entertainer, for fear of a flop—and who can blame them? For who wants to stand around a whole evening listening to a lot of actors, writers, and directors whose idea of swell dialogue is telling each other how good they are? This Tuthill, on the other hand, keeps things going.

He has insulted some very distinguished people out here, too. Of course a lot of them go wild when a thing like this gets going—which is great, as the wilder he or she gets, the funnier it is to everybody who is "in the know." The only thing that has saved him several times from being socked is his size, which is a half pint, though he gets a lot of dirty looks and sarcasm and now and then a glass of something wet throwed in his face. One of the few people I know who ever got the best of him was Ina Claire, who was just beginning to come into prominence through having married John Gilbert. Tuthill walks up to her at some party where he was entertaining, and says to Ina, "How does it feel to be married to a star?" To which she answers quick as a flash: "You'd better ask my husband!"

I have thought seriously, Lottie, several times of making some "shorts" with this Tuthill in them, for if he can be half as funny on the screen as he is at a party he ought to be a wow.

WELL, Lottie, you may remember that Herman Fiedler, when he learned about the joke I had played on him, was so sore at me that for a whole year he wouldn't speak to me when we met face to face. He wouldn't have give in then, I guess, if he hadn't wanted to borrow Harold Lombard, my prize leading man, for one of his pictures; which I was very glad to let him do, as I had nothing at the time to put Lombard in and could get a fat figure for farming him out. In spite of Herman's having snubbed me, I wasn't going to let anything stand in the way of our old friendship; for my motto, as you know, Lottie, is "Once a friend, always a friend."

It was in this year, Lottie, if you remember, that I finally gave in to having my portrait painted. Several great painters had run me ragged on the subject and I had flatly refused, until I finally began to see it as my duty to posterity. So I give the assignment to Valeska, a Hungarian master of the brush who had already succeeded in doing such celebrities as Mussolini, Jed Harris, and Clara Bow, and who was determined to add me to his collection. We had several heated arguments about what posture I was to be caught in. But I finally decided I was to be immortalized in my rôle as a thinker—with my hand resting on a globe, to indicate conquest.

This cost the studio a poultry twenty-five thousand dollars and was responsible for a lot of unpleasant com-

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ment from certain self-elected efficiency experts. So I had it removed from the main hallway of the studio to my library at Villa Barburetta, where it would not be a bone of contention and also get a better lighting. And I often set alone there and gaze at my image. Not after the fashion of Hyacinth, who was a Greek sissy very fond of looking at himself in a pond, but as a man who is not afraid to look himself in the face and see if maybe he can discover a weakness or two which he can erase and so in time become the perfect ego.

This portrait, Lottie, purely as a work of art and with no thought of the personal elements, I consider as one of the finest examples of modern painting in our day and age. Of course, as you know, Lottie, I am wedded, so to speak, to the Renaissance, a period to which I feel I rightly belong; for I agree with many critics who are always saying I am ahead of my times. I sometimes feel as I gaze at my repulcher that maybe one of these artists of that yore could have brought me out in my true colors, such as Perruchio or Botticello or Benno Cellini or Maccavelli.

You may remember, Lottie, that Cellini, like me, wrote his own autobiography. While he was a good workman, and there's no two ways about it, he was also an awful liar who was always contradicting himself, and if he would do the simplest thing he would take up the rest of a chapter telling about how hard it was and any other man but him would have give it up or else made a mess of it—which was just like old Hercules, only worse. I cannot abide a braggard, on account of which I never finished his life.

Of course, had I been born during that era I would have let Michael Angelo do me in the nude. I have always fancied myself, Lottie, in marble—again, I say, not because I am an exhibitor, but because I am a primitive who functions best when he can be a free soul and throw off the trappings of a convention which only inhibits a man. Michael Angelo was the world's greatest chisler, and I have always felt we could meet on a common ground.

BY the way, Lottie, you might make a note about my wanting a print of my portrait to decorate the flyleaf of my little tome.

Well, Lottie, I feel that I owe it to my public sooner or later to reveal my recipe for making stars, for making and handling them. No producer has ever turned out so many shining lights as I have; and while my rivals would never reveal their secrets of star making, I do not hesitate for a moment, realizing as I do that, though mine enemies will only too gladly beg, borrow, or even steal from me, there are certain elements that go into my recipe which are peculiar to me and which I could never put down in cold black and white. Also, that while my rivals are busy fighting over bones which I am good enough to toss them, I am already on to the next adventure, keeping always, like the pioneer I am, just so many legs ahead of them.

And so, Lottie, I am going to take up in this chapter the life's history and antecedents of two great women dear to millions of hearts—two stars who but for me was doomed to twinkle unseen, unsung in God's great constillation, two delicate flowers who would else have bloomed in vain, wasting their fragrance on the desert air. When first I chanced upon them, they were, as 'twere, so much lifeless clay, so much grist to the wheel, until I, the father, breathed the breath of life into them. Either one of these women, as I shall call them, deserves a chapter unto herself; but I shall combine them into one, whereas their careers was so interlaced, the one being responsible, so to speak, for the other, and vice or versa.

AND so enter Hattie Flagg of Saskatchewan. Mind you, Lottie, I don't mean to cast any corollaries on Hattie for the shades in her past. Some women grow up as darlings of fortune, while others are just plain puppets; and as I often say to a lot of lousy critics who might do well to read their Proverbs, "People that live in glass houses hadn't ought to cast the first stone." And look at the water lily, Lottie, its roots deep down in the muck and the mire, its flower lifted upward toward the sun, pure and fragrant. No, Lottie; life at best is an obstacle race—a race which don't always go to the Swifts and the Armours.

Well, it all happened in this wise. We was anxious to get the rights to What Price Purity, a story owned by Gigantic Films. After dickering back and forth with the New York office, a deal was made whereby in consideration of $25,000 we was to get What Price Purity and the use of Emmanuel Fishbein, one of their ace supervisors, who had got his training in cloaks and suits and who Gigantic would release at a sacrifice.

Well, *en route* to sunny California, Manny had stopped by Saskatchewan, where he met Hattie socially and foreseen great possibilities in her; so he brings her along with him to Hollywood. Well, the minute I laid eyes on Hattie I see that Manny was right. So I determined then and there that I was going to make her, as I had made so many others, into a big star—what with her having a figure like Venus de Milo, only better arms, besides swell features and the vitality of a steam engine. So I started right in.

The public is a funny thing, Lottie. It reads what is wrote in the press about their favorite stars, and swallows it whole without so much as a gulp, never realizing that things like this takes time and preparation. They think a star springs, like old Minerva, full-canopied from the brow of Job, so to speak, when in nine cases they are like Topsy in Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous book Topsy & Eva—a slow growth. A big magnate has got to study his women at close range, like they was a problem in algebra, turning them this way and that, so as eventually he will enable himself to find x, the unknown quantity.

The public, I could see, was ready for a new type in a woman star, they having gone sour on the old vamp leading women like Lita Colta, and a producer who could leap into the breeches with a new type would just naturally clean up. The best sellers was just beginning to introduce the flapper into print—the flaming baby who was fretful over the constrictions of the hearthstone and was all for going out and seeing for herself whether the stork was the bringer of every perfect gift or just another bird. That type was still unknown to the screen, and I could see that Hattie Flagg was it.

But there was a lot more to figure out; so I used to confer with Hattie in the evenings, being as she was inventive and resourceful and might be depended on for an idea or two.

So one night I was up to her place, racking my brain but without avail. There are times, as you know, Lottie, when, struggle as you may, an idea just refuses to come. Well, Hattie, realizing I was tired and lethargic and what have you after a gruel of a day in the studio, was in the middle of the floor, cutting up and so on, trying to rouse me, doing a lot of imitations of Canucks she had known around Saskatchewan, male and female. Out of a blue sky like a bolt I got what I had been groping for for weeks—an idea. Why not put her in pictures with accent? We could play her as a French girl who had come to this country as a stowaway orphan, and so on. No matter what we gave her to do or say, she would be forgiven, being as she was innocent to our strange speech and customs over here. Why, we could get away with murder!

With her big baby eyes, that figure of hers, and that French accent, Hattie should be a wow. I got so excited that I could think of nothing else, so I threw on my coat and went home.

What had fate and B. J. Hasdid in store for Hattie Flagg? In the next installment of this priceless narrative you will read of the stirring metamorphosis that this master artist worked in Hattie. You will have a chance to sympathize with his pride in having contributed to the minds and morals of the "tots and kiddies" of America the first red-hot mama of the screen.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

1—A state of profound insensibility.

2—The art or science of food.

3—Doctor of Veterinary Medicine.

4—Charles François Gounod.

5—A party watchword, or a criterion of something.

6—Charles Latham Sholes and James Densmore.

7—A fruit-bearing tree, native to southern Europe and Asia Minor.

8—A sudden deviation from type.

9—Disraeli.

10—Mexico City; 7,480 feet above sea level.

11—In 1929.

12—Degrees of measurement.

13—Lord Byron in Don Juan.

14—Washington, D. C.

15—A mustard plaster.

16—The sultan's wife who told him the tales now known as the Arabian Nights.

17—No, only in the south polar region.

18—Jacob Riis.

19—A broad-threaded screw incased in an open cylinder, for raising water and other substances.

20—Birmingham, Alabama.

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The Danger Triangle of the World

A Look at the Plight of Manchukuo, the Last Great Land Loot

by

FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 4 MINS. 5 SECS.

DRAW a triangle with its upper apex in the center of eastern Siberia and its remaining angles resting on Japan and China. This is the Dangerous Triangle of the world. In the center lies the sprawling, bewildered land of Manchukuo—the last great land loot of the world—as broad and rich as the northern half of our Mississippi Valley. It is an empire within itself.

U. & U. News photo

Manchukuo's New Department of Education building in Hsinking.

In its new capital, Changchun — or Hsinking — I talked long and earnestly with a high Japanese official "loaned" to the new state. He said this to me:

"I am a Japanese patriot and I am interested in Manchukuo for only two reasons: First, because I am a Pan-Asiatic and I want to see a strong native state here as a model for the rest of Asia—a state that will eventually lead the way toward a great union of Asiatic peoples. Second, because I want to help organize and develop an independent Manchukuo state, *but one that Japan must never attempt to annex or absorb*."

He pointed out that already there are thirty million Chinese here, and that soon there will be fifty million, and in two or three generations a hundred million. He showed how Japanese farmers and laborers can *not* compete with these Chinese, with their low standards of living. He explained how, if Manchuria ever became a part of Japan, the Chinese labor would overrun the little islands and destroy the purity of the Japanese race. And he ended: "We are even fearful now of our ultimate success in Korea. Manchuria would be ten times worse. *In the end Japan herself would be destroyed*."

A few days before, in the great northern frontier city of Harbin, a Chinese colonel of irregulars, fighting the Japanese, said to me: "We will probably lose, at least for the present. But our chance will come again, and then again. Most of the thirty million Chinese coolies here will submit to any rule that will give them economic security. But when the right moment comes—when Japan finds herself at war or in a tight hole—then you will see that even Chinese peasants have a definite racial solidarity. Some day this rich land will go back to China."

Coming out of Siberia, I rode for two days with a Japanese teacher in Manchuria, who was returning to his adopted land from a trip around the world. He said to me:

"This is my real home. I belong here. I am ready to make the same sacrifice for this land that the British colonists in America made when they broke the ties with their mother country. There are thousands of young Japanese here who feel the same way. So deeply are we in love with this magnificent new land—so sincerely do we want to build a great new free nation here—that we are prepared to give up all our connections with Mother Japan. We want to die and be buried here—here in this new America of old Asia."

Even young Japanese army officers and civilian officials—half Socialists, half Fascists—have intimated to me a similar attitude. It is the mood of dreamers, pioneers, makers of new nations.

But let us turn to the Red Bear in the north.

In the city of Khabarovsk in eastern Siberia, a Communist said to me: "Soviet Russia will never permit Japan to drive a permanent wedge between herself and her Red brothers to the south. We do not desire now, nor will we ever desire, one foot of foreign territory; but we must see to it that no one interferes with our great destiny. And that is to help lead backward China into the light of the new day."

NOW for China herself. I could quote a half hundred Chinese leaders who vowed that Japan would never be permitted to hold for long these rich stretches of Manchuria. In Nanking, the capital of the Central Government, a high Chinese official said to me: "It will not be easy to gain back Manchuria, but China will do it. We may have to wait years—possibly even a hundred years. But what is a hundred years to a people who can remember four thousand years of glorious history?"

So it is that no one part of the great Dangerous Triangle is settled and certain—except Red Siberia.

Japan finds herself deep in the problem of finding herself. China is like a frightened six-horse team that has lost its driver and snarled up its harness. Some day some genius of a military statesman will untangle the mess, discipline the leaders, and make the outfit pull straight ahead. That day they will drive the wagon to the northward and load on Manchuria and haul it back to China.

But strange things may happen here long before that distant date arrives.

New wars may come, temporary kingdoms be established, conquest continued, and spheres of influence enlarged.

History moves with incredible swiftness these days. *Time* has no patience—and Destiny makes its own rules.

Another element of the world crisis in the Far East will be illuminated by Mr. Hunt in an early issue.

HEROIC, RUSTIC, HECTIC

by BEVERLY HILLS

The Films Present a Fine Historical Portrait by Mr. Arliss, Surprising Pastoral Excitements from New England, Sound-and-Fury Effects for Messrs. Tracy and Oakie, and a Little Something About Bridge and Broken Hearts

● George Arliss, who turns in another of his perfectly finished performances in The House of Rothschild.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

THE PLAYERS: George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Loretta Young, Robert Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Arthur Byron, Helen Westley, Reginald Owen, Florence Arliss, Alan Mowbray, Holmes Herbert, and others. Directed by Alfred Werker.

George Arliss has played Disraeli now so many times and under so many different names that it is something of a shock to find him at the start of this picture partially concealed by store whiskers and a skullcap and recognizable only by his accent. That is not the only shock provided by The House of Rothschild. It aims to show how an intelligent Jew overcomes, by heroic act and precept, not only the prejudice against his race which prevailed in Germany a hundred years ago but also the financial depression that followed the Napoleonic wars.

Any picture which derives from so neat a parallel and so pat a moral is likely to arouse a sort of uneasy half-defined resistance; to make you feel that it is a trifle too ennobling to be true.

Rothschild does nothing of the sort. It is a first-edition, grand-style, leather-bound historical picture, dignified but never dull, and impressive without being in a bad sense pretentious.

From the moment that Arliss, as the old ghetto money trader, founds the greatest banking house of Europe by telling his sons to operate their different banks as a unit, to the one in which Arliss, as the first Rothschild's son, walks on to the floor of the London Stock Exchange and saves England from a panic by buying stocks on the afternoon of Waterloo, it is an exciting, extraordinary, and timely story, told with all the proper theatricality and style.

● Donald Woods and Jean Muir in a scene from the rustic but thoroughly exciting film As the Earth Turns.

Alfred Werker's direction is sure and attentive. Without letting his cast fall into that pompous attitude toward their characterizations which usually affects any Hollywood performer as soon as he puts on a pair of knee breeches, he avoided also the kind of exaggerated informality that might have made the picture insincere and trivial.

Nunnally Johnson's dialogue is always good and sometimes magnificent. Helen Westley as the mother of the second-generation Rothschilds, C. Aubrey Smith as the Duke of Wellington, and Loretta Young as Rothschild's daughter are better competition than Arliss has had in any picture we remember.

As to Arliss himself, it may be argued that, once he gets rid of his wig and puts on a Victorian waistcoat, he is still Disraeli. However this may be, there is, in The House of Rothschild, one difference. This time his performance fits the picture perfectly. If in the future Arliss goes on giving it, you will be reminded not of Queen Victoria's prime minister but of Rothschild.

★★★ AS THE EARTH TURNS

THE PLAYERS: Jean Muir, Donald Woods, Emily Lowry, William Janney, David Landau, Dorothy Peterson, Dorothy Appleby, Sarah Padden, Clara Blandick, Russell Hardie, Arthur Hohl, and others. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Life on a New England farm, if this pastoral reports it accurately, has all the drowsy charm of Broadway and Forty-second Street. Nothing much happens except elopements, fires, deaths, disease, fights, attempted seductions, broken romances, and an occasional movie show. It is true that old Mark Shaw, the hero of As the Earth Turns, tells his daughter Jen (Jean Muir) that he has not been to a movie for five years. You gather after watching the picture that this is not because he lacks the cash or the initiative but merely because he has been much too busy with more important and exciting matters.

The picture is an account of one year in the life of the Shaw family—Mark, his wife, his daughter Jen, his stepdaughter, his brother, the brother's wife, and a group of assorted children whose identities we never got completely sorted out; and of Jen's romance with Stan Janowski (Donald Woods), son of the Polish family who, one afternoon in the dead of winter, move into the barn next door.

If it seems that the year is a shade too crowded—as we recall it there was no moment in As the Earth Turns which did not represent a crisis of some sort, from fire in the Janowskis' barn to the demise of George Shaw's cow—this is probably a point in its favor.

The movies have so often overemphasized the painful monotony of rural life, that one which exhibits farmers engaged in something almost lively enough to be described as a racket—possibly the racket of apple-snatching—has some value as a counterbalance.

Moreover, in its rigmarole of backwoods emergencies, As the Earth Turns does manage to convey quite often some of the real charm and vigor of its environment and to fulfill the first objective of all stories, which is to make its people credible and interesting. As a heroine who seemed a shade too self-sacrificing to be entirely plausible, Jean Muir gives a simple, unaffected, thoroughly pleasant performance.

Good shot: Mark Shaw sitting on his porch after dinner, waiting to see what will happen next.

★★★ LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Constance Cummings, Arline Judge, Judith Wood. Directed by William Wellman.

The fact that this picture contains assault, arson, accidental death, grand larceny, murder, and as a sort of anticlimax the Los Angeles earthquake, need cause you no alarm whatever. It is merely a little genre portrait, produced in Darryl Zanuck's customary style, of a pair of telephone repairmen.

The sound and fury are used merely to show some of the difficulties the heroes (Tracy and Oakie) encounter in the line of work and their efforts to become emotionally adjusted to a pair of somewhat erratic but unusually attractive switchboard operators (Arline Judge and Constance Cummings).

Just what Warner Brothers and Twentieth Century are up to these days is a little hard to figure out. When Zanuck of Twentieth Century produced a picture called Advice to the Lovelorn, Warners used the identical situation—that of a reporter demoted to writing a lovelorn column—for a much better picture called Hi, Nellie. Looking for Trouble turns the tables on an inferior Warner Brothers effort called I've Got Your Number, which was released a month before it.

It seems somewhat a pity that Zanuck did not include in this film a shot of the fight with Warners which led him to form his own company, inasmuch as it happened on or about the same day as the earthquake and could have been preserved for posterity just as easily as some of the other items in the picture. However, it is unfair to complain, since this incident and the sinking of the battleship Maine—already borrowed by Zanuck for The Bowery—are the only things we can think of at the moment that were left out of Looking for Trouble.

It is a good picture—funny, ob-

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1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract
¼ cup whipping cream
2 tablespoons finely powdered confectioners' sugar
Unbaked Crumb Crust

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated lemon rind. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Cover with whipped cream sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Chill before serving.

UNBAKED CRUMB CRUST — Roll enough vanilla wafers to make ¾ cup crumbs. Cut enough vanilla wafers in halves to stand around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of plate with crumbs and fill in spaces between wafers. Pour in filling as usual.

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servant, smartly directed, well acted, and disheartening only because it makes you wonder what convulsions of nature will be required in case Zanuck decides to do a realistic study of the professional life of the sexton at the First Methodist church.

★½ THIS MAN IS MINE

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Constance Cummings, Ralph Bellamy, Kay Johnson, Charles Starrett, Vivian Tobin, Sidney Blackmer, Louis Mason. Directed by John Cromwell.

This Man Is Mine is a little investigation of misery at the Country Club, showing Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings, and Charles Starrett playing bad bridge while their hearts are breaking. The situation is as follows: A pretty young matron (Irene Dunne), when she learns that the girl (Constance Cummings) whom her husband loved before their marriage has come back to town, sends him over to the girl's house to see what he will do. The foolishness of this gesture can be forgiven on the grounds that without it there would be no picture—on second thought, perhaps these grounds are inadequate—but when wife, husband, and vampire continue behaving on the same high plane of sophistication the feeling arises that they belong in a day-and-night nursery for retarded adults rather than in suburban drawing-rooms. Completely justifying this suspicion, Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy wind up on the floor, trying to spank each other with a picture frame.

There are, in This Man Is Mine, a few moments of pleasant conscious comedy and many moments of unpleasant unconscious comedy. Constance Cummings looks pretty, and Irene Dunne, as usual, manages to act intelligently even when the character whom she is impersonating acts like an idiot. Silliest shot: The picture—a landscape showing three trees—with which Irene Dunne tries to dent Bellamy's skull.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet.

★★★—David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness.

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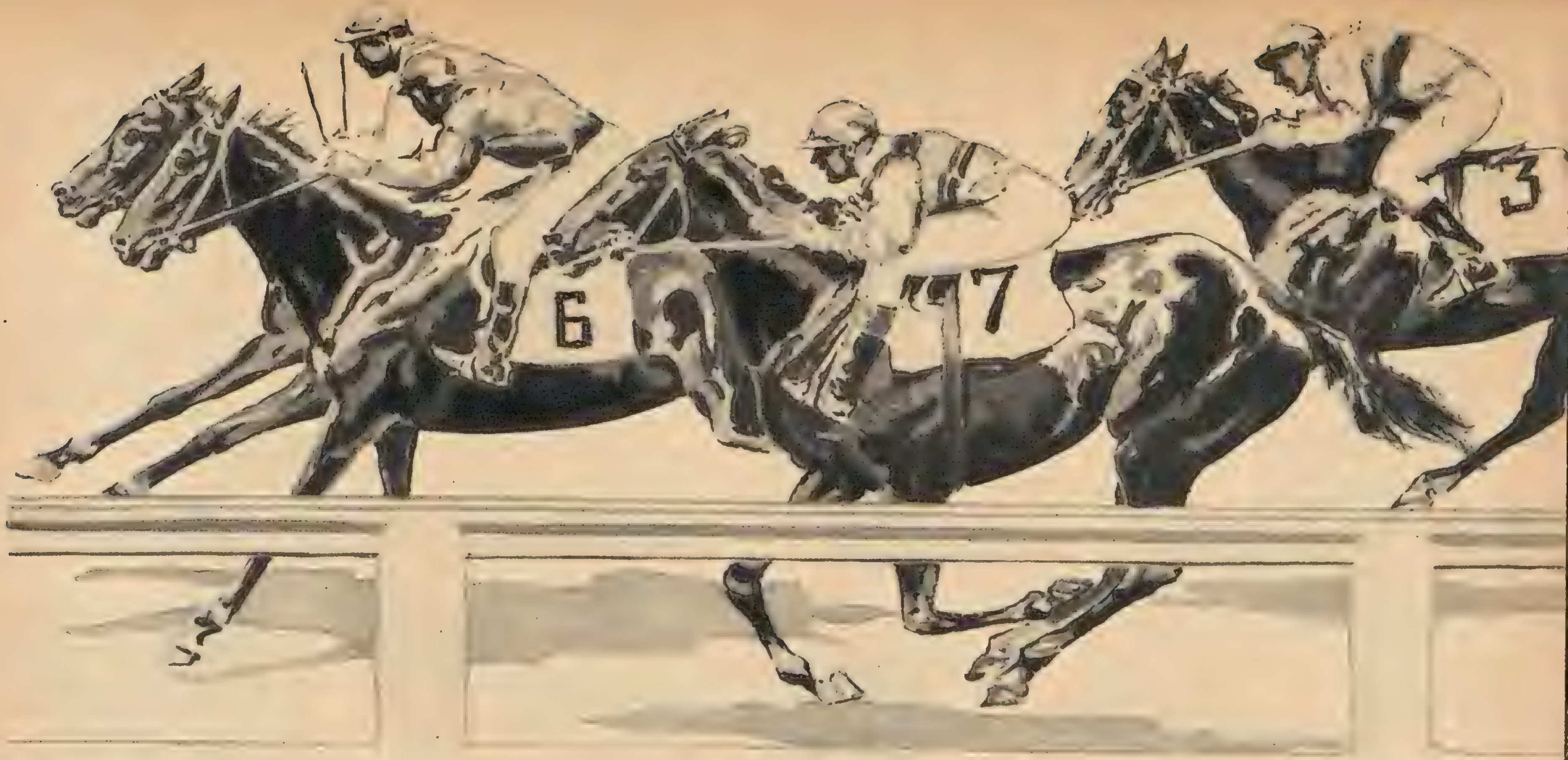


● I tell you, my heart was bleeding as I saw that swell little horse sprinting her legs off.

$1,000

A STORY OF HEARTS AND HORSES

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"WILL you slip me the salt, please, brother?"

Barely taking my eyes off my racing form, I passed it to him, and as I did I noticed his hand. It was large and knuckly, like a ball player's. I glanced at him, faintly curious. He was a little fellow, perhaps a hundred twenty, middle-aged, his face healthily browned. He sat on his stool, swinging his legs idly, munching a sandwich without any apparent appetite. I wondered a little about him; but since post time was less than an hour away, I returned to my form and studied the maze of figures diligently.

Presently I heard him set down his coffee cup, sigh, and squeak his stool.

"Who do you like in the sixth, brother?"

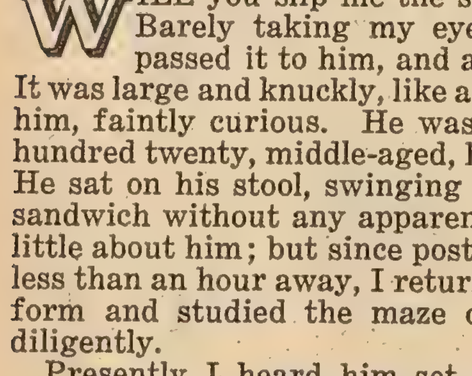
"The sixth?" I repeated. "Not particularly interested. An awfully sleepy bunch of nags."

"Yeah," he murmured. "The dope race, all right. But it means a lot to me."

I wondered why. "How so?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I'm shooting the works on My Sal, on the nose. Fifty marbles, brother."

"My Sal? To win?" I chuckled amusedly. "You've certainly got your nerve about you; she's a twenty-to-one shot."



"I know that." He gazed at the big nickel coffee urn dreamily. "It wouldn't make no difference to me if she was a hundred-to-one."

"What's the reason?" I asked. "Hot tip?"

"No; no tip."

"Well, then, just a hunch?"

"Nope, no hunch either."

"Then why? Her record is about as hopeless as any on the card."

"I know it." He turned to me with an almost pleading look in his eye. "Say, would you—really like to know the reason?"

"Very much," I encouraged, folding up my newspaper.

He lit a cigarette and stared down at the counter. His voice was low, as though he were speaking about something sacred. "Maybe I'm sentimental," he began, "but—well, I used to own Sal. That's the reason. About four years ago it was, when she was nothing but a slim little filly. She was the Hennessy string, brother; there wasn't no others. And I was trainer, jockey, and stableboy, all in one."

He flicked his ashes thoughtfully. "You see," he continued, half pensive, half eager, "for years I'd been a jockey, and a pretty good one at that. But weight is a thing you can't argue with much. I began gaining as I got older; I couldn't do nothing to stop it. Mounts kept getting fewer and farther between, and finally I couldn't make any kind of a living out of it, especially as I was married. So I decided to strike out on my own. I claimed Sal in her first race for five hundred dollars, which was just about all my capital. She was hardly two years old.

"Brother, you talk about an animal being almost human! Sal *was* human, I swear! Nervous and high-strung, I grant you; you wouldn't want a hoss that wasn't. But she was always just as fine-natured as she could be. Yes, sir, brother—a child could handle Sal."

He squashed out his cigarette in his coffee saucer and lighted another absently.

"Well," he went on, "I worked on that hoss night and day. She was the only thing I thought of. And finally I got her to making money for me. I rode her exclusively—wouldn't let no one else touch her. And even though I was a lot too heavy for the little devil, she didn't mind. In fact, she as much as told me she didn't want nobody

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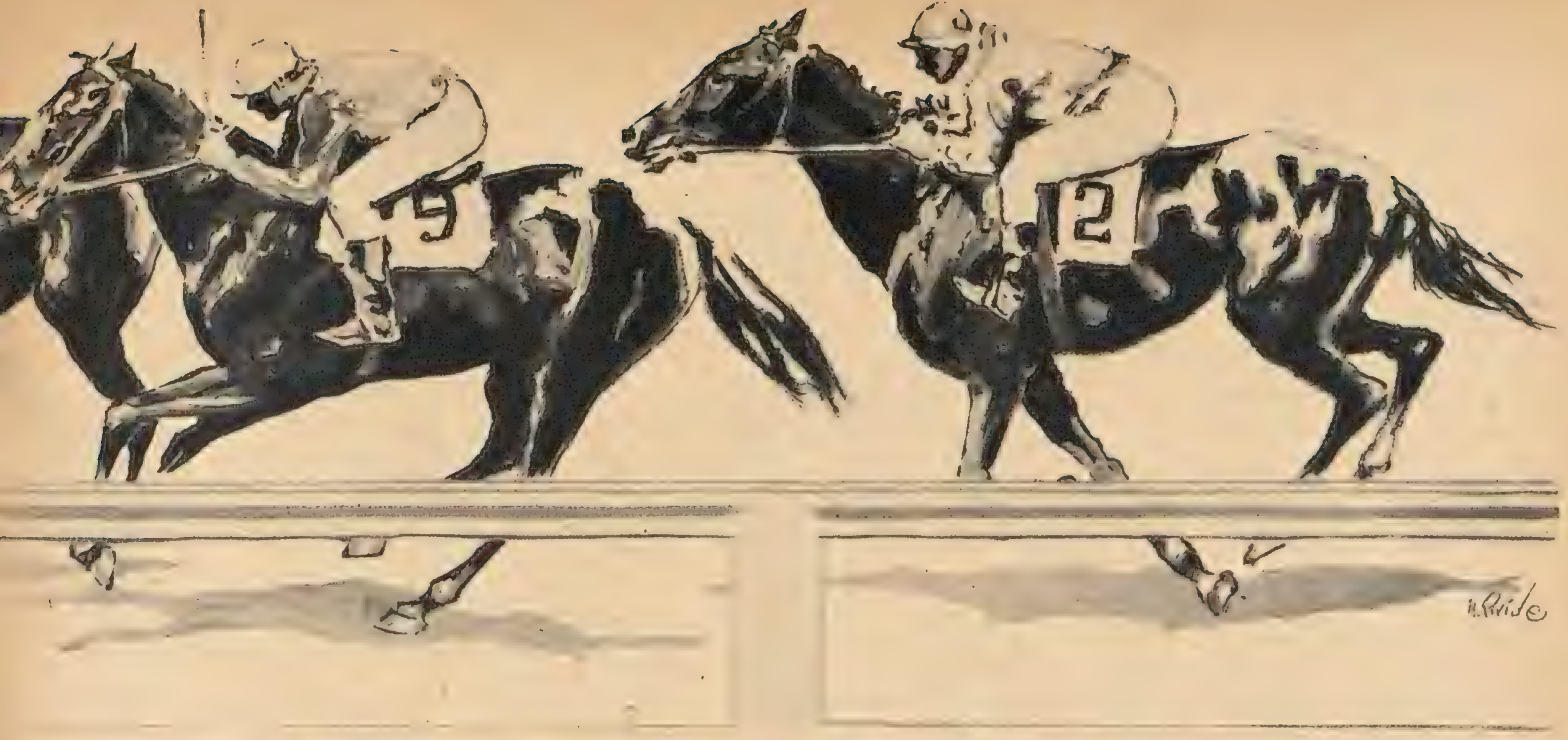


CLAIMING

by C. C. RICE

else up on her. I mean, in her morning workouts I used to let some kid ride her once in a while, and she'd seem listless. But when I got up there, coaxing her, understanding her, you just ought to have seen her sprint it! My Sal, black filly—My Win out of Frivolous Sal—brother, she was human! Gawd, that hoss all but said her prayers to me at night!"

I could see his eyes actually getting moist. "You'll excuse me for getting a little sentimental," he apologized.

"Sure; I know how it is," I told him. And I meant it too, for there's something about affection between man and beast that gets you.

"Well, Sal," he said, "got to sticking right in the money after six months or so. Between purses and bets she kept me and the wife well clothed and fed. But, understand, whenever the wallet was thin, Sal would still be in velvet—me and the wife saving out enough for a few pounds of hamburg to see us through.

"But that wasn't often—I mean actual need like that. Because you could always count on Sal being in the money three times out of four. Them were the days when the crowd always had Sal at three or four to one. And that was probably because I scratched her at the least sign of her not feeling absolutely right. Brother, she used to practically tell me when she didn't think she could land in the dough. And then it was scratch for Sal—no race today."

The little fellow was talking in a trance. If I'd left him then and there he'd have gone right on talking.

"My Sal," he murmured, "the prettiest little filly that ever stepped foot in a paddock. Five, six, seven furlongs, even a mile she could do. Mud, slow or fast track. As long as I was up there, tattooing her sleek little hide with my stick—well, she just *couldn't* lose, brother! We were personal, Sal and me."

He paused again and glanced at me. "Sure I'm not getting too mushy for you?" he asked apprehensively.

"Not a bit," I assured him; "keep on."

H. R. McBRIDE

"Anyways," he continued, "that's the way it was. Me and the wife had her for over a year. Once she pulled a tendon bad, and we brought her up North here to a farm place my brother owned.

"When she got absolutely sound again, we tried her on the tracks up North here, and she was better than ever. Two- and three-thousand-buck horses—she kept right in the running. Me and the wife were in seventh heaven, particularly because there was going to be a youngster soon. We'd been married over ten years and never had one—we'd always wanted one. You can imagine how rosy things looked."

He paused again, this time so long that I was afraid he'd forgotten I was there at all. Finally he continued:

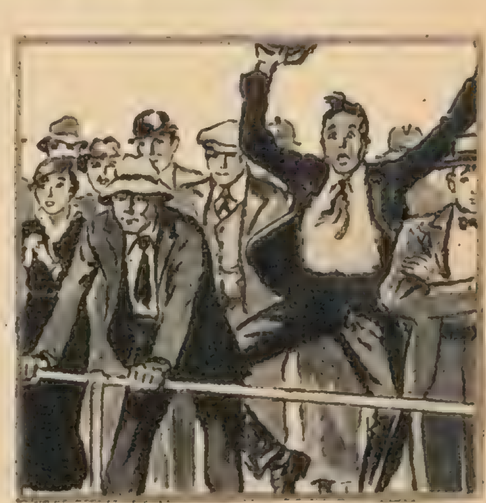
"Well, it happened all right. The cutest little girl you ever saw. Sal had been almost like a daughter to us, but this was a real one. We called her Sally, of course. But, well, the wife was no young girl—nearly forty. It was terrible hard for her. The doctors said it was serious—I mean, there had to be an expensive operation and all. I didn't have the money; people like us never seem to be able to lay any by. Well, it was absolutely necessary right away—the operation, I mean—"

He stopped again. His voice was getting painfully thick.

"It was absolutely necessary," he repeated. "I did the only thing there was to do. I—I sold Sal."

I was afraid he was going to break down right in the lunch cart. He certainly looked as though he might. But after a few seconds he continued very hoarsely:

"Yes, brother, I sold Sal. A big stable bought her. When



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[THIRD WEEK]

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they took her away—I bawled, no kidding. And I wasn't ashamed, either.

“Gawd, I can still see that filly as they loaded her into the van! It made me sick to my stomach. And Sal knew what was happening, too. I never saw a hoss look more mournful.

“Anyways, I kept it from the wife as long as I could; but finally I had to tell her where I'd got the money. I guess the shock did her as much harm as the operation did her good. It didn't help her to rally—I know that. Well, she finally—passed off.”

There was sort of a respectful pause while he lit another cigarette.

“So,” he went on, “the big boys had Sal, and still have. She's never shown much, though. You see, they didn't understand her. I suppose it was my fault, making such a baby of her.

“But anyways she didn't seem to care. She kept going down and down. They finally tried making a router of her and entering her in the dope races. So now the horses she's racing with—well, if she was with me she could beat any one of them with her heels packed full of lead. But as it is, she's running seventh and eighth. You see, with a horse like Sal, you've got to know her. Otherwise you'll never get the best out of her.”

He heaved a deep sigh and, as though he had just remembered he was really in a practical workaday world, flipped a quarter on the counter.

“So I guess that's the whole story,” he said.

“But,” said I, “it doesn't exactly explain why you're plunging on her today.”

“Oh, didn't I tell you? Didn't I say that they'd been running her out West all the time? Why, she's just been shipped up North here. It's the first chance I've had to see her. You see, I haven't had the money to go out West to follow her.

“I only have an ordinary job with a riding stable now. And I've got the little girl to look out for. This is her first race here, and that's why I'm so pepped up about it.”

“Well,” I said sincerely, “I wish you good luck.”

“Thanks,” he smiled. “If we lose—well, I don't know any other way I'd rather spend the fifty. And if we win—”

He gazed off into space as though he were imagining paradise in all its detail.

“Come on,” I suggested; “let's go over to the track.”

So we walked over. I wanted to do some careful betting, and I figured Hennessy ought to be able to give me some dope. But he was up in the clouds.

I'd ask him what he thought of a horse, and he'd just mutter around and say nothing definite. I lost the first and second. On the third I tried to pin him down.

“Tell me, what do you really think of Miss Impudence?”

“Miss Impudence? Sal beat her by six lengths one time.”

And that was all I could get out of him.

It came along the fourth and fifth. Hennessy was growing more excited visibly. I was a little to the good by that time, and when he dragged me down to the windows for the sixth, which was a mile-and-an-eighth thousand-dollar claiming race, I was feeling rather benevolent. Just out of sentiment I bought a ten-buck ticket on My Sal. Hennessy bought a fifty, which gave the window man quite a turn.

As we walked down to the rail I was pretty excited, at that. I wanted to see what My Sal looked like, anyway. I told him I did.

“You do?” he asked. “Well, take a look.” He pulled up his coat sleeve and there was a big blue tattoo of a horse's head. “There she is!” he proclaimed proudly. “It looks a little like her, too. The guy done it from a snapshot.”

And when the horses strutted on to the track I saw the resemblance. My Sal was number seven, a trim little animal with a white diamond between her eyes.

“Sal!” shouted Hennessy, his face pathetically eager. “Sal—My Sal!”

My Sal danced along with matronly grace, unaware of anything outside the track.

“Sal!” he yelled. “Sal!”

And this time she heard. She suddenly jerked up her head, startled, and in a second she had picked him out of the line at the rail. She began to act up excitedly. The jockey was taken unawares and could scarcely manage to keep her from breaking out of the parade.

“Sal!” shouted Hennessy, waving his ticket at her.

“Fifty bucks, Sal!”

And Sal reared dangerously. Her eyes actually seemed to sparkle with joy. I've seen dogs act the way she did, but never horses.

Hennessy kept calling Sal and waving his ticket. “She knows what a ticket is!” he told me breathlessly.

Perhaps she really did, for she became so unmanageable that a couple of handlers had to grab her and lead her to the starting machine. In the meanwhile the crowd had taken a good-natured interest in the little drama and had taken up Hennessy's cry.

Poor Sal was excited enough as it was, but whenever the crowd roared “Sal!” she'd plunge out of her stall as though it were the gun. I looked at Hennessy.

He wasn't yelling any more—just gripping the rail nervously, watching her with all his eyes.

The suspense was nerve-racking as the handlers milled about Sal, trying to stop her antics. She started at every noise, all in a lather for the get-away. And then they finally got her pushed into the stall. The gun! They were off! My heart stopped—Sal was all too eager! A handler got his hand stuck in her bridle and turned her right around backward.

She hardly knew which way she was running. It seemed minutes before she got started—twenty lengths behind the others!

I didn't dare look at Hennessy, but I could feel him slump beside me. Only his grip on the rail was holding him up.

"Sal!" he was whispering feebly. "For God's sake, Sal!"

It wrenched my heart to see him. What a tough break! And just as tough for Sal. You could barely see her for the dust. She was racing along pluckily, breathing in every grain of dirt the others kicked up.

The little devil was game, though. She must have been choking for breath, but she was slowly catching up. It was really hopeless, of course. I have often read of a person's heart bleeding, and never paid much attention to the expression. But, I tell you, my heart was bleeding as I saw that swell little horse sprinting her legs off.

But she was catching up, step by step! At the second turn she was drawing even with the trailers. Hennessy's grip on the rail tightened.

"Sal!" he yelled, with the faintest tinge of hope in his voice.

And then, all of a sudden, everything seemed changed. Sal was stretching her belly like a fool! Something told me she was going to win! Somehow I knew it for sure right then. Something told Hennessy too, for I could see his hands tighten on the rail.

"Sal!" he kept shouting, with growing hysteria.

She was passing Best Bet; she was passing Mother's Day. And now she was drawing into the bunch—she had made up that much ground! Hennessy just crouched there yelling "Sal!" again and again.

She must have heard. Coming around the turn into the stretch, she was right up in the bunch. At every plunge you could feel her muscles straining harder. She was driving ahead wildly—she was in the money!

I was dancing up and down like a maniac. I looked at Hennessy, expecting him to be going insane. But no, he was just clutching the rail like death itself. He showed no signs of uproarious excitement now. He merely crouched there, murmuring in a droning, pleading voice, "Sal! Sal! Come on, little girl!"

And she did! Down the stretch she came headlong. She was neck and neck with the favorite!

"Sal!" croaked Hennessy.

And she stuck out her neck twice as far as it should have gone, and it was win for Sal!

Win for My Sal, the long shot! I yelled myself hoarse with the others. But Hennessy still clutched the rail.

"She couldn't lose!" he whispered. "It—it wouldn't be right!"

"One thousand bucks you win!" I shouted, clapping him on the back.

"Of course I do!" He seemed to wake from his dream. His face was wreathed in smiles as he rubbed his wet eyes with his coat sleeve.

"My Sal! Didn't I say she was human?" he croaked deliriously, waving the fifty-dollar ticket in my face. "Brother, don't tell me she didn't know that thousand was going to claim My Sal!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

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A dramatic story of life in a Michigan lumber camp. Told with realism and emotion.

★ ★ ★ ★ **WHILE ROME BURNS** by Alexander Woollcott. The Viking Press.
A collection of little stories, incidents, miniatures of personalities—exciting, witty, amusing.

★ ★ ★ **THE TURNING WHEEL** by Arthur Pound. Doubleday, Doran.
A history of General Motors which is, in fact, an authoritative history of the self-propelled vehicle. One of the best industrial histories yet written.

★ ★ ★ **SEA LEVEL** by Anne Parrish. Harper & Brothers.
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● Suddenly Leidig whirled on me, his teeth showing. I did not wait for Dennis. I swung at Leidig's jaw.

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DES

A Novel of a Love

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

"DID you hear me, Mr. Tiernan?" Leidig was shouting. "She must be a slut! She *is* a slut. Only a slut would tolerate your society!"

My hands trembling, I stood up. I wanted to walk away, but I was held there by the horror of it.

"You're yellow, aren't you, Mr. Tiernan? Very yellow! You let me call your mistress a slut—"

Starling sprang up.

"Hit him, Joel. Or I will!"

Dennis pushed between Leidig and me. He shoved Leidig heavily with both hands. Leidig fell back on the transom. Horus heaved to his feet—

"Important cipher, sir!"

A radio messenger came in and saluted. His eyes swept the semicircle of us scornfully. He handed the message to Horus. Another messenger burst in, panting.

"Mr. Chenoweth wants Mr. Horus and Mr. Starling to come to the radio shack right away!"

"Where's the code book?"

"I'll fetch it, sir."

A buzzer shrilled.

"Get that voice tube, Karnell."

Dennis listened a moment, said, "All right. Keep your shirt on, Mort." He turned to Horus: "Acknowledge-at-once orders on that cipher, sir. Something's popped."

Starling came in with the code book.

"Give a hand, Karnell," Horus said. "I'm going topside."

Leidig sat on the transom, staring. We forgot him. We huddled over the radiogram. Starling sweated and fumbled. Dennis found the key and said, "Pencil?"

Arturo produced one. I watched as the message grew:

All . . . ships . . . stand . . . by . . . for . . . mobilization. Combined . . . fleets . . . concentrate . . . Honolulu.

"It's war, sir!" said Starling. "It's war! The Japs are—"

"War?"

Leidig came up to the table. Dennis handed him the deciphered message. He took it and read it like a man reading a death warrant.

"War," he said. "War!"

He turned away from us and walked to his cabin.

Dennis and I exchanged a long look.

"It couldn't be that," I said. "Why, what's happened to cause a mobilization order—"

"I'll try to get Honolulu," Starling said.

"Message for the captain, sir."

Starling held it in trembling fingers as we looked over his shoulder. It was a personal communication from Captain Hatfield to Leidig:

Understand by grapevine Japs have protested threateningly sale of munitions by American firms to Chinese. Their jingo papers allege secret treaty to finance Chink war on Japan and other rot. State Department fears hot-head faction may stop and search two American ships known to be carrying arms purchases to Shanghai. Dope is we are to make determined gesture and sound out British reaction. All situation needs is casus belli which may come tomorrow. Looks like war and no fooling this time.

Young Starling straightened, his eyes burning bright. "They can't bluff us! That's all it is—a bluff. We'll

by

FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN

TROYER

Deeper than the Sea

trade with anybody we damn' please." He gave the message to Hansen and added: "I'm going to the radio shack."

I started after him.

"Where are you going, Joel?" Dennis asked.

"Why—to look at my guns."

"You'll have time enough for that."

I shook my head impatiently and hurried topside. My action was entirely reflex, and I brought up short on the well deck, thinking: "Aithra! I've got to see her before I go. I've got to see her! She'll be in Honolulu."

This threat of war swept away all plans and pledges. My mind moved in a direct line to Aithra. If war came, surely I could not be bound, facing death, to other sacrifices. Wasn't it enough to give my life? Death might hurry through the days to me. If I managed to meet it gallantly, would I be condemned for having wanted to know love for a few hours? I must see Aithra once more! But—what if we never reached Honolulu?

An electric current was pulsing through the ship. Horus and Starling stood at the open door of the radio shack, reading messages. Dorne joined them as I approached and I heard Horus rasp: "Div. Com. order to increase speed to twenty-five knots. When are you going to have that condenser fixed?"

Dorne said: "There's still half a day's work, sir."

Whereupon Horus snorted and said: "It's got to be done tonight, and in three hours. This may be war, man, war!"

"War—" Dorne said. He scurried away, a pleased smile twisting his mustache. Perhaps the General Board would act on his invention.

Starling held a sheet of paper for Horus to see.

"This was to Captain Hatfield, sir. An order for our division to report to scouting force commander at Honolulu."

Horus grunted. "They'll not be scrapping this ship."

CAUGHT up in the excitement in spite of my secret scoffing, I hurried forward and met Chief McDermott, who was stringing a work-light line to the forecastle gun.

"Thought I'd start looking over the battery, sir," McDermott explained half apologetically. "Never can tell how soon— Couldn't stay below, anyway."

"Joel! How about a little relief?"

Chenoweth was leaning from the bridge window.

"Oh—I'm sorry, Mort."

"You fellows wouldn't believe me," was his greeting. "Oh, no! War was unthinkable. I was just a jingo."

I tried to quiet a sickening excitement with words.

"It's only a diplomatic crisis," I said. "We had the same thing when the Japs were shooting up Shanghai."

"Nuts! The Japs have to start a war this time. It's either a war or curtains for their political leaders. We'll call their bluff and they'll fight."

"We're a long way from war, Mort."

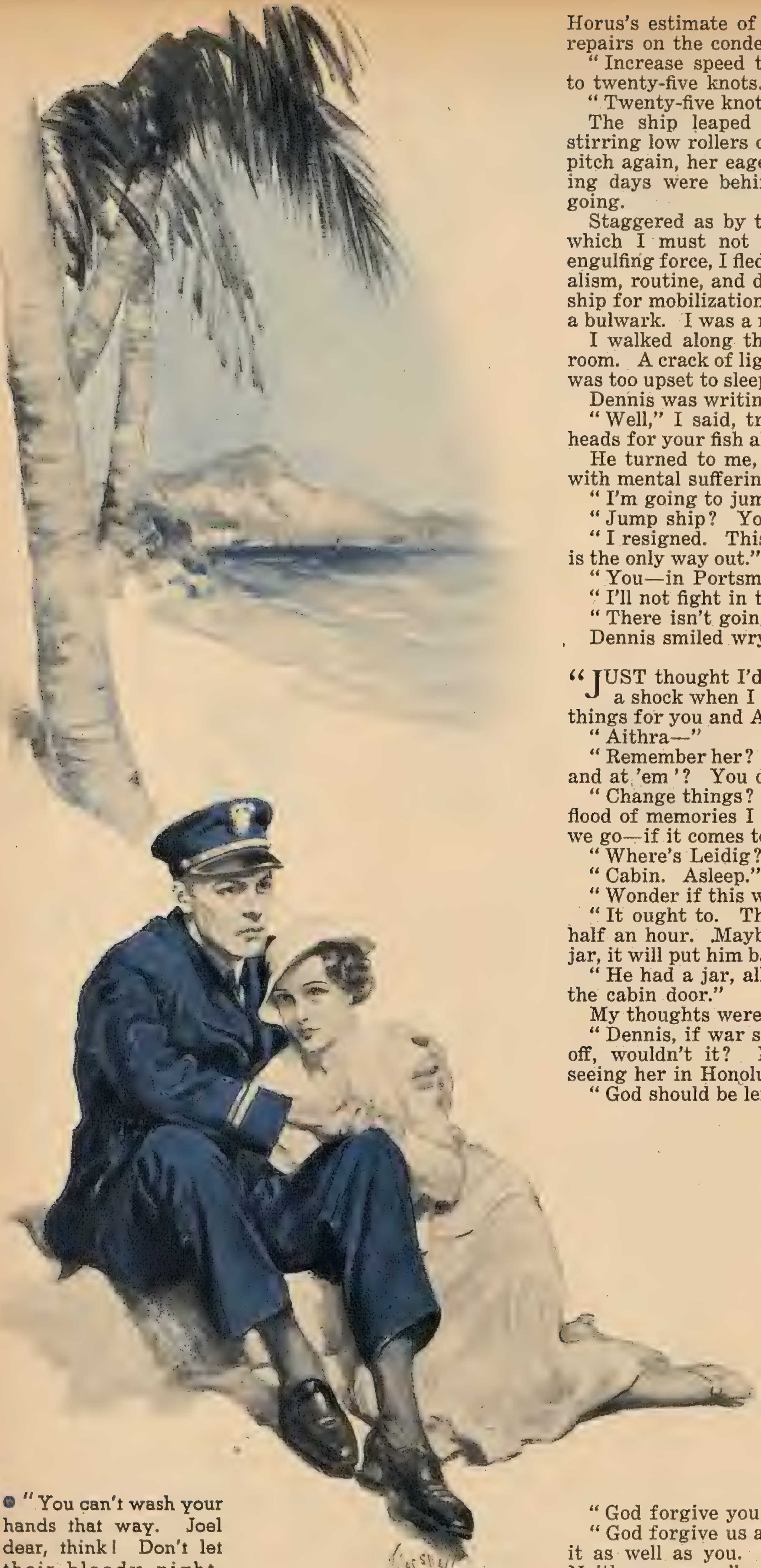
"Don't kid yourself. We're in it—practically. It'll be a dirty one, too." He sighed.

"I still don't believe it," I said.

He gave me his watch data hurriedly, and scampered down the ladder.

The bridge was the only calm place in the ship. Feet shuffled and voices called and lights snapped on and off. There was a great clangor in the engine rooms and a bawling of orders up and down hatches. McDermott and his helpers tinkered with the forecastle gun.

Dorne called me from the engine room, saying he was ready to increase speed. He and his men had bettered



● "You can't wash your hands that way. Joel dear, think! Don't let their bloody nightmare take you away—"

Horus's estimate of the time it would take to complete repairs on the condenser.

"Increase speed to fifteen knots—to twenty knots—to twenty-five knots."

"Twenty-five knots, sir."

The ship leaped forward. An easterly wind was stirring low rollers on the sea. The Spearman began to pitch again, her eagerness recaptured. The long brooding days were behind her. There was a rush to our going.

Staggered as by the approach of a great madness to which I must not succumb, and yet fearing its all-engulfing force, I fled back to the iron mold of professionalism, routine, and discipline. The very din of readying ship for mobilization which sounded in my ears now was a bulwark. I was a naval officer, I reminded myself.

I walked along the darkened passageway to my own room. A crack of light under Dennis's door halted me. I was too upset to sleep, I knew, and I wanted to talk.

Dennis was writing a letter.

"Well," I said, trying to spoof it all, "got the war heads for your fish all ready?"

He turned to me, and his face was so deeply marked with mental suffering that I looked away, abashed.

"I'm going to jump ship in Honolulu."

"Jump ship? You're crazy!"

"I resigned. This 'mob' order cancels it. Desertion is the only way out."

"You—in Portsmouth? Not you."

"I'll not fight in this war."

"There isn't going to be any."

Dennis smiled wryly.

"JUST thought I'd tell you. Didn't want it to be such a shock when I skip. By the way—war will change things for you and Aithra, won't it?"

"Aithra—"

"Remember her? Or are you too full of 'Draw swords and at 'em'? You did know a girl named Aithra."

"Change things? I—I don't know." Then in a swift flood of memories I added: "I've got to see her before we go—if it comes to that."

"Where's Leidig?"

"Cabin. Asleep."

"Wonder if this will change him?"

"It ought to. The rest of us were different men in half an hour. Maybe it will! Maybe he'll have such a jar, it will put him back in command!"

"He had a jar, all right. He could hardly make it to the cabin door."

My thoughts were with Aithra.

"Dennis, if war should come—that would call all bets off, wouldn't it? I—well—I couldn't be blamed for seeing her in Honolulu, could I?"

"God should be lenient with his fools, Joel."

"Fools? Because—"

"You're going to fight a foolish war. In the face of such madness as that, any other act is paltry witlessness."

I shook my head.

"We're officers," I said. "We're not statesmen or diplomats or historians or saints. We're not starting this diplomatic crisis, or the war either. We don't know what has caused the trouble—"

"It is our concern. They are asking us to do the killing, remember."

"I'll kill then, Dennis," I said. "If it comes to war, I'll kill!"

"Innocent Japanese?"

"Yes—if it will save one innocent American," I answered him.

"God forgive you," Dennis said, shaking his head.

"God forgive us all. I know the stupid ghastliness of it as well as you. But if it comes I can't run away. Neither can you."

He held out his hand.

"We'll be in Honolulu tomorrow afternoon, and I may not have time to say it then. So long, Joel."

"You won't do it," I said gruffly. Ignoring his hand, I went out the door and to my own room.

I flung myself on the bunk. It was about three o'clock in the morning. A cold mist blew in the open port above my head. Presently I heard our whistle give its fog warning, a deep *moo-oom* sound. We slackened speed. The whistle began a regular minute-interval sounding.

Honolulu tomorrow afternoon! If this crisis moved toward war, I must find her. I must see her. War would change everything, everybody. Aithra and I and—yes—Leidig.

A knock at the door awakened me from a doze.

"Who is it?"

"Dillinger, sir."

He stood in the passageway, cap in hand.

"Yes, Dillinger?"

"It's Cap'n Leidig, sir. He's on the bridge. He sent Mr. Chenoweth below to get some coffee, sir."

"I don't see why—"

"He's changed course, sir. From zero-nine-seven-true to zero-four-seven, sir. And he's increased speed to standard. With the fog as thick as soup, sir!"

"Where are we?" I questioned him.

"I make it twenty-one and twenty north, a hundred and sixty and twenty-five west, sir. That puts us just twenty-five miles southwest of Kawailioa Point, island of Niihau, sir. And we're headed straight for the point on the new course."

"Have you reported this to Mr. Horus?"

"Yes, sir. Twenty minutes ago. He dressed and went to the bridge. But we're still on the cap'n's new course."

"Is Captain Leidig—er—himself?"

"He looks cold sober, sir."

"Oh, he'll probably turn east again."

"We shouldn't be making twenty-five knots in this weather, sir."

"Didn't Mr. Horus speak to him about that?"

"Yes, sir. But the cap'n just laughs. It seems like Mr. Horus is afraid to cross him, sir. The cap'n don't act just right to me."

"I'll go up and take a look, Dillinger. Thanks."

"Thank you, sir."

I went topside. The fog was so thick I could hardly see the bridge. A light sea was running across our port quarter. I climbed to the bridge.

Leidig, wearing a topcoat over his uniform blues, stood behind Donohue near the wheel. Horus was at the chart table, sweating.

"We seem to be making a lot of speed, sir," I said.

"Too much speed," he said.

Our captain wheeled.

"Too many men on the bridge," Leidig said.

My scalp crawled. His eyes, in the half light, had a reptilian glitter. I stammered, "Hitting her up a bit fast, aren't you, sir?"

He turned his back without a word in answer.

AS if emboldened by my presence, Horus walked over to the engine-room telegraph.

"Better shut her down now, hadn't we, sir?"

"Pretty soon I will," Leidig said, nodding.

"We're laying course to the point, you know, sir."

"That's right. We'll make another turn. Go back to bed, Jim. Too many men on the bridge."

We heard another ship's fog warning in the distance.

Donohue said, "She's off our port bow, sir. Not more than two miles."

"I hear it. Too many men on the bridge. You go back to bed, Jim."

I beckoned to Horus. He followed me down the ladder.

"It's up to you to do something, sir," I said.

"He's in command, Tiernan."

"He's quite mad," I said. "He means to put us on the rocks."

"Mad? You mean—insane? Oh, no!"

"Yes. Can't you see it in his eyes, his voice?" I said.

"Nonsense. He talks perfectly straight. He says he'll slow down pretty soon and change course."

"You know he's lying, sir."

"Captain Leidig is your commanding officer, Tiernan."

"You mean to say, sir, that you're going to stand by and let that madman put this ship on the rocks?"

"I have no proof of his unbalanced mental state. Damn it all, Tiernan, what can I do?"

"Take over the ship and put us back on the proper course. Reduce speed before we smash into another ship."

Horus shook his head.

"He can slow ship and change course any minute. How do I know he isn't going to do it? He is the captain and it is his responsibility."

"He's insane, I tell you!"

"I DON'T believe it. How could I prove such a thing before a court? Good God, Tiernan, they'd break me. It's insubordination. It's mutiny. Your nerves are shot. Quit worrying. He'll slow ship and change course—"

And then—

"Too many men on the bridge, Jim."

I turned away from Horus and went below to Dennis's door. A shivering dread took possession of me. Leidig was a madman. He acted like one. But was he? Perhaps he was shamming. Perhaps this was a sly scheme to provoke me to do what Horus was afraid to do. No. His eyes—"Too many men on the bridge—"

I got Dennis out of bed.

"What's up?"

I explained my suspicion. Dennis, I saw, was skeptical. I began to wonder if I were the madman. I pleaded, "Go to the bridge. See for yourself." It took Dennis forever to dress. I waited in the wardroom.

Dennis returned from the bridge.

"Well?" I said, springing up.

"You're right. Come on."

"Wait—what are we going to do?"

"Just that. Wait. Give Horus his chance. If he doesn't act, you watch Donohue while I put Leidig out. Then Horus will have to take command."

We climbed back to the bridge. The ship was lunging in a heavier sea. How near were we to Kawailioa Point? Horus saw us on the ladder. He said nervously as we walked in, "Isn't it about time to change course, sir?"

"Plenty of time, Jim. Plenty of time. Too many men on the bridge."

"We're running into shallower water, sir. I can feel it in the rudder," said Donohue.

"Too many men on the bridge now, Jim. Better get 'em off. Better get to bed yourself."

I looked at Horus. He wet his lips. He peered out into the lightening darkness of the fog. I stared at Leidig. Was this a trick? Would he wait until we—He did not glance around; he stood just behind Donohue with a bit of a grin on his pallid face.

"Water feels shallow to me, sir. Mighty shallow."

Dennis and I exchanged glances. It seemed to me I heard surf.

"Mr. Horus," I said loudly, "are you going to take command of this ship?"

Horus made no reply. He was rigid with indecision. Leidig seemed not to have heard.

Dennis nodded.

I moved forward. Suddenly Leidig whirled on me, his teeth showing.

I did not wait for Dennis. I swung at Leidig's jaw. He fell back against Donohue and crumpled to the deck.

"Get him out of here," I said to Dennis.

Donohue left the wheel and turned, gaping. I said, "Mind your rudder. Put her over right twenty degrees! Stop engines! Full speed astern!"

"Jese, sir—right twenty-degree rudder, sir."

Quartermaster Dillinger moved the engine-room telegraph. We slowed and swung about. We backed.

Horus shuffled over to me.

"You are both under—"

Just then, from the emergency cabin, there came a scream of laughter.

Dennis called, "Dillinger! Give me a hand here."

That freed Horus of his fear. He said: "All engines one third ahead. Course oh-nine-seven-true."

The ship moved on through the fog. . . .

I walked from the boat landing in the Pearl Harbor Naval Reservation. The air was full of fighting planes; they swept the sky ceaselessly, but twilight's gray dusk was seeping through. For miles around the sea had warships on its back and seemed to heave wearily under the weight of steel. The United States Fleet held rendezvous from Diamond Head to Lahaina Roads.

As I pushed through the unusually congested street I could no longer scoff at the possibility of war. The sight of groups of civilians, men and women, standing about and trying to buttonhole officers with excited questions was a grim confirmation. Part of our secret was out.

I dodged an inquisitive citizen of Honolulu and hurried toward the gates. Behind me and all around me was my country's might on the sea. Two hundred ships or more, gathered from distant ports for the war games and held at Hawaii as a diplomatic gesture of determination, waited in the solemn glory of their strength.

"Say, Mr. Officer, what's it all about?"

"Sorry. Don't know a thing."

Across the street, as I fled, some civilians had captured an admiral. Perhaps they were newspaper reporters. I caught one glimpse of his harried, haggard face. I thanked God I was not an admiral. Generals stay ten miles behind the front—as the saying is, generals die in bed. But our admirals have a democracy of death with us. An admiral in his flagship is no safer than the lowliest mess boy. Our leadership stays with us to the last salvo. Admirals pay for blunders with their lives, in the same coin as any drowned seaman.

But it was not the thought of death that had marked the admiral over there. It was the thought of blunders, the awesome uncertainty and catastrophic minutes by which sea battles are decided. The military leader can win a war after a dozen disasters; his ponderous maneuvering may take months or years. But when two modern fleets meet, twenty seconds of gunfire may decide the issue, and there is no retreat but to the bottom of the sea, and no new ships can be thrown into a counterattack. As Churchill said "Jellicoe was the only man who could have lost the war in an afternoon," so might we say of the gray-haired man who awaited the fateful summons in the flagship of our battle force, "We give you one godlike minute, sir."

I had come ashore to find Aithra. I had not delayed to change clothes or to shave. My uniform had salt stains and bunk creases. My eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep.

I LOOKED around for a taxicab. I thought I would find Aithra at one of the hotels in Honolulu, or at a hospital. Yes, probably at a hospital—outside Leidig's room—and Mrs. Gorce would be there.

"Joel!"

I turned and fought my way to her among the jostling crowd of sight-seers. Our eyes found each other before we were close, and I knew I need say nothing. I put my arms around her. Her lips were a drink to my thirst.

"I won't let you go—I won't let you go!" she said.

I held her off and looked at her face. People eddied around us, but we were alone together.

"I was coming to find you."

"I've been looking for you. Everywhere. For hours. For days. For weeks."

"I had to see you."

"Seeing you—you—oh, Joel!"

We could not take our hands from each other. I had both her arms gripped tightly and her hands clenched the folds of my uniform coat.

"It hurt you," I said.

"Yes. More than it hurt you."

"No. Couldn't," I told her, gazing into her eyes.

"Dear Joel—you do look sad."

"You look—dear."

"No. We mustn't. People, Joel. Come."

I followed her, my hand holding hers. She walked quickly toward a taxicab near the gates.

"Back to the hotel," she said.

In the cab, shamelessly we clung to each other. We did not kiss very much. Kisses weren't enough. Words and our eyes and our smiles served better.

"I've missed you so, Joel! I wouldn't listen to music. I wouldn't look at flowers."

"I got drunk. It kept me from crawling back to you."

"I wanted you to come. I watched from every window. I sneaked down to Woosung the morning your ship sailed. I had tears on my hand instead of a kiss."

"Why did you try to do it to us, Aithra? Nothing could keep us apart very long."

"We weren't apart. Even then. You were in every single breath I breathed. Joel—Joel—Joel. Like that."

"Let me feel your hair. Push your hat back. There. Let me kiss—"

"Like me?"

"Like you."

"Could you remember me?"

"Yes. Your eyes are blue. I'll sail a sea their color before I die."

"Joel!"

SHE threw her arms around my neck and buried her face on my shoulder.

"What's the matter?"

"You're not going. Do you hear? I won't let you go. Never, never, never!"

"Don't, Aithra. Don't cry."

"Promise."

"It won't happen. They'll—"

"It will happen. All the officers at the hospital know it will. I could see it—"

"They'll fix it up. It's only a row about selling arms to China—"

"Promise me. You can't go, Joel. You can't fight their—their damned war. You can't!"

In panic, I turned to the only subject which might take her thoughts from war.

"Aithra, did—did they tell you about Jack?"

"Yes. I just came from the hospital. They're going to send him to Washington—if he's strong enough."

"How—was he?"

She shuddered and was silent a space.

Finally: "He can't live—very long, Joel. Just—weeks. It's better so. It is better so."

"I'm sorry. I did try to be his friend. I want you to know that. I stopped hating him."

"Yes." Then, straightening on the seat, "How guilty are we, Joel?"

"Guilty?"

"Would—would it have happened this way—if we hadn't met?"

"I think it would. He was too weak to do some of the things he did and too strong to do the others."

Her lips quivered.

"I hope that's—right. Oh, I hope so! I didn't mean to fall in love with you. I didn't mean to let you love me."

"It was in my heart—it was always there."

"Oh, I do love you so!"

We fled back to our love as to the only refuge. In the city streets newsboys were shrieking headlines. Civilians walked along reading newspapers, stumbling, bumping into one another. The first attack of war fever had them in its grip. To Aithra and me the world beyond our love was chaos.

"Here already?"

"Afraid we are. Shall I have him drive around the block?"

"The time was snatched right out of me."

"Oh—we have lots of time."

"Take your wrist watch off and put it away, will you, Joel? I keep watching the second hand move around."

"Oh, we have lots of time," I repeated doggedly.

I lied. The Spearman had orders to sail tomorrow.

Sealed orders. Whether to a strategic position for war or to a battle practice, we did not know.

"Well, here we are, Joel."

Her hotel was a modest establishment well up Waikiki Beach from the first-class places. She made no explanation of the change; nor did she comment on the absence of Ignacio and the limousine.

"Let's have tea, shall we?"

"Yes. Tea."

We entered a small dining room off the lobby.

I remembered what Mrs. Gorce had told me about Aithra's finances. But she seemed so oblivious to material matters that I could not bring myself to ask questions.

"Next we'll go down to the beach, Joel."

"Any place with you."

We walked there, keeping close together.

"You haven't promised me, Joel."

"There won't be any war. England will—"

"England couldn't stop it now."

"She could. The Japs aren't insane enough to fight us both."

"Force—threats—battleships—No!"

"It's the last mad irony. Only force can keep the peace—"

"Joel. Look at me. If Japan should declare war on us, the whole world will be at war. We've got past the time when two nations can fight. It's universal peace or universal hell. And I say you're not going—"

"I didn't want it. I don't want it. But if it comes, I'm a naval officer—"

"You can't wash your hands that way. Joel dear, think! Don't let their bloody nightmare take you away—"

"It won't happen. They'll come to their senses."

"Do you love me?"

"You know!"

"Do you want to go out and—and die—with a crime on your soul—"

"Aithra—don't!"

We sat down on the sand and stared at the rolling surf. Two small boys approached us.

"Benny shot a Jap!"

"What did you say, sonny?"

"Benny shot a Jap with his BB gun. At the hotel. Down there."

Benny nodded.

"He sure hollered, too. I shot him right in the neck. Right smack in the neck."

"Huh! That's nothing, though. My dad says as soon as we declare war we can shoot lots of Japs. With real guns, too."

AITHRA and I said nothing. The boys studied us a moment, and then the larger one said, "Come on. He isn't an officer, after all. I guess he plays in a band."

We watched the little figures until they were dim in the cool dusk. Aithra gasped her agony.

"Joel!"

"Yes?"

Aithra's shoulders lifted. Her eyes had a tender, effulgent glowing.

"I know a place way back in the hills. A place tucked into a little valley—so beautiful you'd think it was on a star, Joel. An old Spanish woman keeps it and she'd rent us one of the cottages. No one would ever find us there. Will you go with me?"

"God knows I—"

"Let's go there, Joel. The world isn't fit to stay in. We'll be safe there. We'll stay there until—until the blood stops running. We'll let them have their war. We'll stop our ears and shut our eyes. We'll have our love and that will be enough. Will you go?"

"Yes!" I said.

We were breathless conspirators.

"How far is it?"

"Miles. We'll have to hire a car."

"All right."

"There's a garage next door to my hotel."

"Walk closer to the surf. The sand is harder. Give me your hand."

"W-what's that—firing?"

"Sunset gun at Schofield."

"Oh. I thought— Hurry, Joel!"

"Let me carry you."

"Foolish, sweetheart."

WE were climbing a mountain road. The air was sweet and clean. Our small roadster in second gear had the song of flight. Aithra huddled close. The twin white beams of our headlights were brave and sure.

"Much farther?"

"No. Over the next ridge."

"Happy?"

"Beyond hope of happiness."

"I love your voice. It was given you for speaking at night under a moon like this, with a love like mine to hear it."

"Irish devil."

"Yes—black—wicked."

"We've lost the world. I promised you that. But I didn't remember quite how lovely it was up here."

"We never looked at it together—that's why."

"Together. What a sweet word!"

"Yes. Say it again."

"Together. Always. You and I."

"It does look like some mountain on a star, doesn't it?"

"Go slower, Joel. I—I don't want to reach the top so fast."

"Neither do I. Low gear it is!"

"There. Now I can't hear my heart. It was ticking away the time, just like your watch."

"Silly! Can't hear a heart with an engine running in any gear."

"Time. Ugly word. Isn't it?"

"Yes. We won't have time any more. I'll mark the sun by saying 'Aithra smiled' and 'Aithra laughed' and 'Aithra kissed me.' It's Aithra-kissed-me time now."

"Joel! You'll run off the road."

"Let's get out and walk the rest of the way. You and I get places too fast."

"We'd lose ourselves."

"Lose ourselves. Yes. Let's!"

"Wait till we reach the ridge."

"Somehow, I'm afraid of that ridge—"

"So am I."

I'D SKATE TO THE SOUTH POLE FOR A

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE — CORK-TIPPED

They're easier on your throat — the smoke actually *is* several degrees cooler. But why talk scientifically when the main thing about KOOLS is the downright pleasure you get smoking them? They're definitely refreshing. The choicest Turkish, Virginia and Burley tobaccos, neatly blended and then mildly mentholated by a process that fully preserves the flavor of the tobaccos. Cork tips are lip-savers.

Cellophane wrapped for Freshness

20 for 25¢
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
MADE IN CANADA

In 2 convenient sizes

TENDER LEAF TEA
Superior Quality

FROM CHOICE TEA-BEARING ACRES . . .

Richer in THEOL

THEOL is the delicate oil in tea which carries the enticing flavor and fragrance. If a tea is rich in theol, you like it better. The brew has *more* flavor, *more* fragrance.

There is more theol in Tender Leaf Tea than in any but the most costly blends. Only the *tender* leaves of the tea plant are used. They are picked from the choicest tea-bearing acres during the favorable dry season—when at the peak of their flavor and potency.

Your grocer carries Tender Leaf Tea in two convenient sizes. The demand for it is growing at an amazing rate. It's sweeping Canada. Try it once and you will understand why.

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

"Shall we stop?" We looked at each other.

"No. We aren't afraid."

"Of course not."

The car rolled slowly up the last incline.

"Joel. Shut your eyes!"

I wanted to, but I could not. There, on the black sea far below us, was the fleet! Like toy ships on Horus's map, but suddenly terrible in light and darkness, they waited—waited—waited. The Spearman was there.

"Don't look, Joel! Don't—"

She pressed both hands over my eyes as I stopped the car. I pulled her hands down and started kissing them good-by.

"I'll say it first, Joel," her voice struggled forth, each word like a sob. "We've got to go back."

I nodded.

"Strange—how I knew—isn't it? But I thought it was over the next ridge that we would see them, Joel."

We looked at the fleet.

"Duty," I said bitterly. But even as I spoke I knew that it was right, for me, to go with my ship. Even unto war. Another imperishable, "Love thy neighbor," was not mocked—forever. War was its scourge, driving nations as other imperishables drove men. It might drench the world with blood again before nations learned peace. But they must learn or, in the end, perish.

"Yes—duty," Aithra said. "We can't run away. Their voices would follow us—and we could build nothing on their graves." She sighed. "I would have remembered before we reached the cottage. I was remembering when I watched your face. Your face is white, Joel."

"So is yours."

"Kiss me."

"Not now. When we get back."

"I'll be—strong, too. Jack still needs me. Mrs. Gorce was there, but he is afraid of her. He's not afraid of me. He puts his hand out for me—like a child."

I TURNED the car around. We started down.

"I—I'm going to—cry—Joel!"

"No. Not now."

"No. Not ever."

Her hand gripped mine.

"Some day soon, Joel."

"Yes."

"I won't look at any clocks."

"Clocks are no good, anyway."

We rode in silence to the hotel.

There she said, "Will you kiss me now?"

"Yes."

The cold pressure of her lips brought tears to my eyes. She knew that and stepped back a pace.

"Tomorrow, Joel dear."

"Tomorrow," I said.

She ran up the steps and did not look back.

I stopped at the garage and got a man there to drive me to Pearl Harbor. It was quite late. The boat landing was almost deserted. I looked around for a taxi launch.

An officer in uniform came toward me. It was Dennis.

"The boat is waiting," he said.

"Thought you had jumped ship," I said.

"Mary died."

"Oh—I didn't— When?"

"Two days ago. Communications were so tied up I didn't get the radiogram until we anchored."

I put a hand on his shoulder. "I haven't words to—"

"It's all right. I'm—almost glad. The world is no place for a kind heart just now."

"It's—going to be war?"

He shook his head. "No. Hadn't you heard?"

I stared at him. "What—what happened?"

"England decided to stand with us. The Japs got cold feet and sent a conciliatory note."

"Thank God!"

Dennis shrugged. "Thank the British navy—this time."

A petty officer came up. "Spearman's boat, sir."

We got aboard. The boat started off through a night that was like day.

We sailed tomorrow.

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer, and Authority on Fashion

ANDRE PERUGIA

THE woman with the most perfect feet in Europe is Lady Horlick, Roumanian wife of the malted-milk baron. Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, widow of the late King Albert, has never worn shoes with heels more than two inches high. Florence Blumenthal, New York philanthropist, owned the most exotic shoes; she had one pair made from the stiff gold collar of a ceremonial robe worn by the last Russian Czar.

I get this pedial lore from André Perugia, the French shoe authority, who designs footwear for ultrafastidious women the world over. Like a sculptor or a musician, M. Perugia has had his hands insured—for a million francs!

Visiting this country recently, he gave me some expert advice on the subject of appropriate footgear.

"Women who work," he said, "particularly those who must remain standing for hours at a time, should wear shoes of the oxford type which furnish solid support. As a rule, high heels should never be worn by any woman before four o'clock in the afternoon. The pump is always an excellent style for semiformal or formal occasions."

In his spare time M. Perugia is a jumper—a hobby most becoming to his profession, it seems to me. He can jump his own height. As far back as they can trace, his family has been in the shoemaking business. They are natives of the French Riviera.

He has designed shoes for the ex-Queen of Spain, the Queen of Belgium, Mistinguette the dancer, and for the wives of Indian rajahs.

He believes the high laced boot for women may be coming back.

● "Cradle snatcher!"

How the neighbors do talk—half amused, half scandalized—when in their midst a mature man takes a very young bride! I have just seen it occur in a small town.

A high-school teacher about twenty-nine or thirty years old married one of his pretty pupils, a girl not quite seventeen.

Everywhere I heard:

"*Tch, tch!* A child that age! A man that age! Isn't it a shame? What can her parents be thinking of?"

Perhaps the neighbors are right. Or are they wrong? The girl bride, I hear, was decidedly precocious in a respectable way.

We have all known girls of her type. She and her school-teacher appear to be genuinely in love. Her parents approve the match.

There are, of course, good reasons against such marriages. But there are special cases also. Our popular prejudice, our dislike of *cradle snatching*, is comparatively new in the world. Less than a lifetime ago the marrying of maidens in their teens to men of thirty or older was considered not only more secure but even more virtuous than the mating of youth to youth.

● Once or twice I have mentioned insomnia on this page, reporting various tricks suggested for its cure. Now along comes a reader with a different complaint. She writes:

"What a torture it is to be sleepy when you can't let yourself fall asleep!" She tells me she works at a telephone switchboard—and that she loves to dance. "After a night of dancing," she says, "I can hardly keep my eyes open. There I sit, all day long, in a stuffy little room by myself. Keeping awake almost drives me mad. I am sure it is worse than insomnia."

I can sympathize—having had much the same experience in school when I was young.

Of course it is easy enough to declare that she shouldn't dance so late before a working day. But girls will be girls. And staying awake, when you are dying for sleep, really is a fiendish torture.

● European men are more and more demanding the right to *dress* semiformally in a plain dark suit of ordinary cut, a plain white shirt, and a reasonable collar. I think this practice should be encouraged. The habit of dressing for dinner is too restful to be spoiled by silly fashion. After the day's work a change of garb is always refreshing. Men fight shy of it because to them *dressing for dinner* means putting on a strangely tailored black costume with stiff, comfortless linen. No wonder they revolt. Women would have done so long ago.

I'm for a new deal in men's dinner attire.

● The office of a prominent business woman delighted me with its springtime aspect. On all the window ledges stood flat earthenware boxes about three inches deep, with green grass growing in them—growing as vigorously as in an outdoor lawn.

"Grass is easy to grow," said the business lady, "and its effect on us here has been marvelous. Every one tells us it makes the office as cheerful as a day in the country."

● Read Janet E. Courtney's book of unusual women, The Adventurous Thirties. (Published by Oxford University Press.)

● Here is an excellent relish made of prunes. Best perhaps with pot roast, it goes well with any meat, hot or cold. Make it like this:

Simmer the prunes very slowly in red wine with a few peppercorns, a small piece of stick cinnamon, some whole grains of allspice, a pinch of nutmeg, and a few cardamon seeds. When the prunes are soft take out the pits.

Now grill some hazelnuts, browning them well. Insert a grilled hazelnut in each prune just before serving. Use no sugar when you cook the prunes.

● One of the splendid efforts of our current year is the movement to improve conditions in the city slums. London, New York, and Hamburg are especially active in it. Millions are being spent to wipe out the disgrace of squalor.

Vox Pop

"CLEANING UP A BAD MESS"

BOSTON, MASS.—Just a note of appreciation for the article by Samri Frikell, The Greatest Psychic Chuckle of the Age (Liberty, March 10). If psychic research is to be cleaned of fraud, it will be because the facts are published to a large number of readers and in such form that these facts will stick in their minds.

More than two years ago I proved that prints made with dies could not be differentiated from those made by the digit itself, by trying the experiment on several experts. More recently Dr. Harold Cummins has carried out more extensive experiments with similar results. Doubtless these data will appear in a forthcoming bulletin of the Boston Society for Psychic Research.

As a result of your efforts in cleaning up a bad mess you may receive plenty of brickbats, but the friends of honest research will undoubtedly echo the comments of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "You have done a great service in the cause of truth."—*E. E. Dudley.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—*Re:* Liberty of March 10 and the savagely venomous article against the Margery thumbprints by some frustrated ego hiding under the pseudonym of "Samri Frikell"—this is just one more of those tragic attacks that attempt to destroy the scientific work of a lifetime.

Those who for years have known of the unquestioned integrity of Dr. and Mrs. Crandon (Margery) are not going to be taken in by the alleged "facts" of the pseudo-investigator. It is to be noted that the ill-restrained venom boils over throughout his article, thus betraying its dark origin as well as his own psychological condition.

It is tragic, because half-truths and insinuations are more destructive of honest work than downright lies, and often impossible to nail down and effectively combat. It is no less tragic for those—and their number is legion—who are working with integrity, self-sacrifice, and rigidly scientific control *to bring the realities of another dimension into this dimension.—Ena G. Salt.*

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO. — Having read with great interest the article The Greatest Psychic Chuckle of the Age, in the March 10th issue of Liberty, permit me to give you a bit of information that might help to clean up some of the unexplained details of the impression produced by Margery.

In dentistry, modeling compound is not known as kerr, or even called kerr. It is a compound made by the Detroit Dental Mfg. Co., after the Kerr formula. Other firms manufacture practically the same compound under their own names and it comes in various forms.

A form convenient to use for fake work is the cake that splits flatwise for quick heating. These could be separated, heated, print made and margins sealed. On opening in warm water not above 110° F., the original mold would be intact. The opening could be done in the dark and the audience would not detect the thickness of the compound. Other methods to substitute the print from the plain or unused compound could be used, but if the same cake is used the above method would work perfectly. The compound that comes in the split cake is the Droine and is equal to the Kerr compound.—*Dr. O. N. Williams.*

FIVE MILES FOR LIBERTY

COLUMBUS, OHIO—In Columbus we receive our copy of Liberty each Wednesday in every week. So far so good. But those of us who do not have an opportunity to get our copy on Wednesday are sometimes out of luck because they are all gone.

I tried four places March 8 after they were delivered March 7, and rode five miles on a trolley car before I found a dealer who had a Liberty left after the rush.—*Howard W. Hitt.*

"AND OTHER RESPECTABLE BANKERS"

YAZOO CITY, MISS.—In Jay Franklin's article in your March 17 issue he makes the statement that J. Pierpont Morgan and many other respectable bankers paid no income tax during 1930, 1931, and 1932, and later he says that "the sales tax is bad business because it begins at the wrong end and hits everybody, rich and poor, about equally."

If Mr. Morgan and other respectable bankers paid no income tax, would we not have gotten a tax out of them if we had had a national sales tax?

Didn't these bankers buy groceries, clothes, automobiles, and other necessities and luxuries during this period?

Having a two-cent sales tax in Mississippi, I have seen how successfully a sales tax can operate. Some citizens have tax-exempt securities, but our sales tax catches them when they spend the interest. Thus we get a part of that interest back as taxes.—*Lloyd E. Morris.*

CHESS FANS—BE PATIENT!

The response to our first chess problem has been not only gratifying but extensive. Letters are still pouring in from practically every state in the Union and the various Canadian provinces.

The work of selecting extracts from the best letters is still in progress.

In the meantime, bear with us for a while, *BUT* be sure to write in if you desire the continuance of this feature.

[Address your letter to H. R. Bigelow, c/o Vox Pop, Liberty, 1926 Broadway, New York City.]

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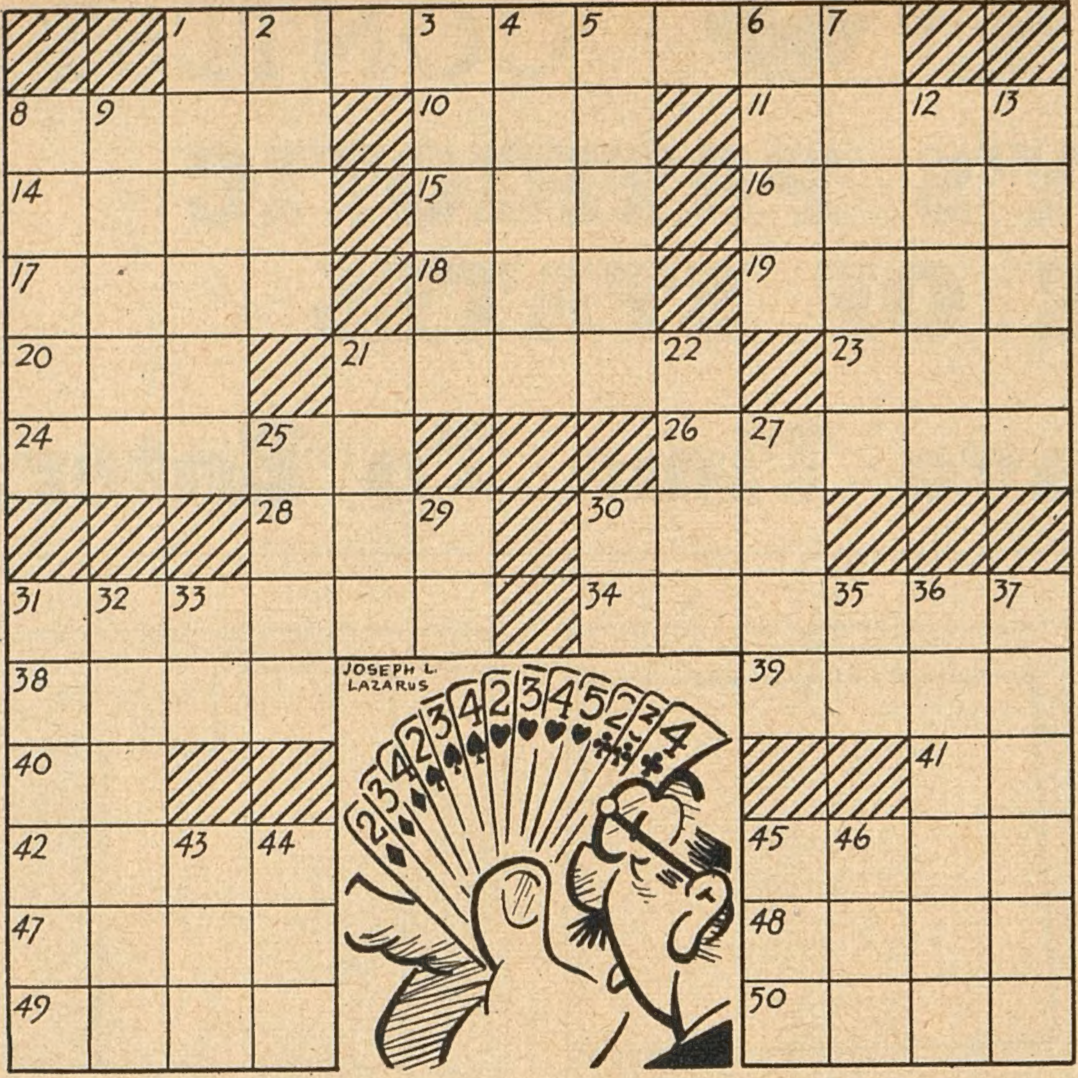
Cover by ARTHUR CROUCH

CROSS WORDS



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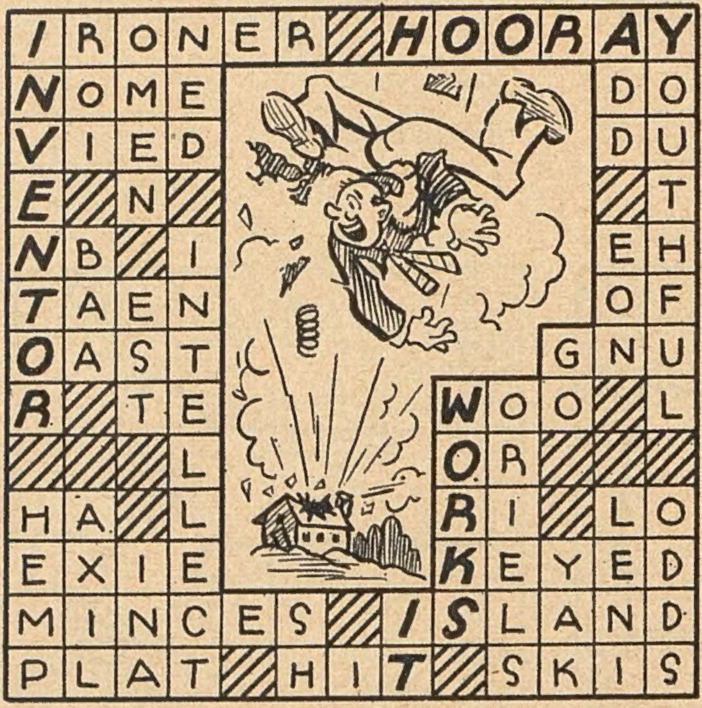
After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.



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P	L	A	T	▨	H	I	T	▨	S	K	I	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Adjoining people
8 Heavenly body
10 To repent
11 Organs of hearing
14 Vehicle (colloq.)
15 Vessel for wine in the early Christian Church
16 A lath
17 African antelopes
18 Spanish title
19 Opportunity
20 To ventilate
21 Concise
23 To pinch
24 View
26 Confusion
28 Hotel
30 Part of to be
31 Rebukes harshly
34 Dullards
38 Burden
39 Mentally sound
40 A conjunction
41 Trinity College (abbr.)
42 Above
45 Support for a coffin
47 City in Nevada
48 Long ago
49 To boil slowly
50 In the first place

VERTICAL
1 Essence of life
2 The god of love
3 To sort
4 Droll imagination
5 Vegetable seeds
6 Repose
7 A salt pond
8 Legends
9 A frock
12 A means of communication
13 Stairs
21 To guard
22 Unbleached
25 African river
27 Domestic fowl (pl.)
29 New school (abbr.)
30 In the year of our Lord (abbr.)
31 Cleans by rubbing
32 A heavy woven fabric
33 Coördinating particle
35 One of the elements (abbr.)
36 Penetrates
37 Not revealed
43 A single unit
44 At this moment
45 Aside
46 Independent Order of Rechabites (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Put in licks...
homebound at six!
WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVERS
Full Flavour Faster from the HOLE Mint

NEW AUTOMATIC FIRE ALARM

SOUNDS EARLY WARNING

"Fire-Cry"—the new mechanical watchman—detects a fire in its early stages before it can break into a dangerous conflagration. Calls for help—saves lives and property.

SALESMEN

The startling demonstration on "Fire-Cry" lands orders from Schools, Factories, Theatres, Stores, Public Institutions, Homes, Farms, etc. Sale of "Fire-Cry" leads to additional sales of our complete line of Underwriter's Approved portable Fire Extinguishers. Nothing unusual for our men to sell complete equipment which often produces earnings of $100 or more on single orders. *Write full details about your age, past experience, etc.*

THE FYR-FYTER CO., 14-76 F.F. Bldg., DAYTON, OHIO

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF STATES

You Still Have Time To Enter!

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**250**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
100 PRIZES, each $10	**1,000**
230 PRIZES, each $5	**1,150**
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$3,000**

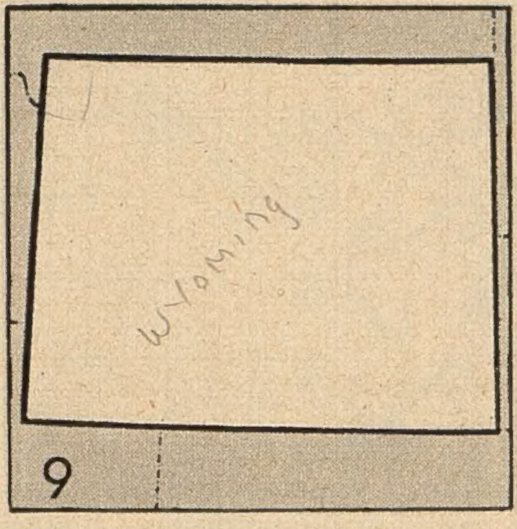
HERE is the third set of maps you need to compete in the Patriotic Game of States. The rules below tell you what it is all about—in the event that you do not already know. This is a game that's a lot of fun, that teaches you things about the United States and that offers 333 cash prizes totaling $3,000!

Just study the maps and when you are ready write under them, or on them, the names of the states they represent. Then add the names of the states, waters, or countries that bound them. You can put this information in the space underneath or directly on the maps themselves.

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.
2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.
3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.
4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.
5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.
7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.
8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.
9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Set No. 3



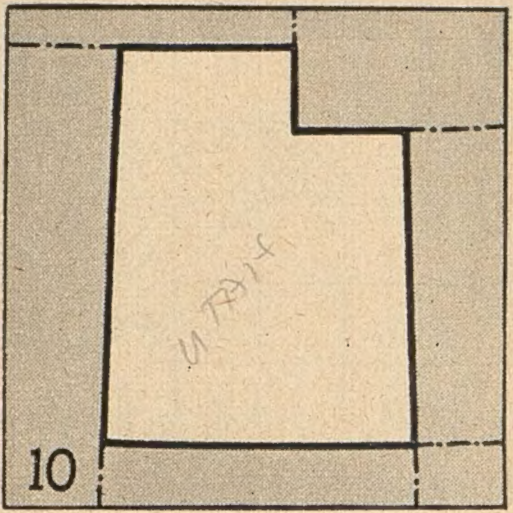
This state contains a government reservation much frequented by tourists. On the north is a state where mining and smelting are the chief industries.

Name of state ....

Bounded by ....

....

....



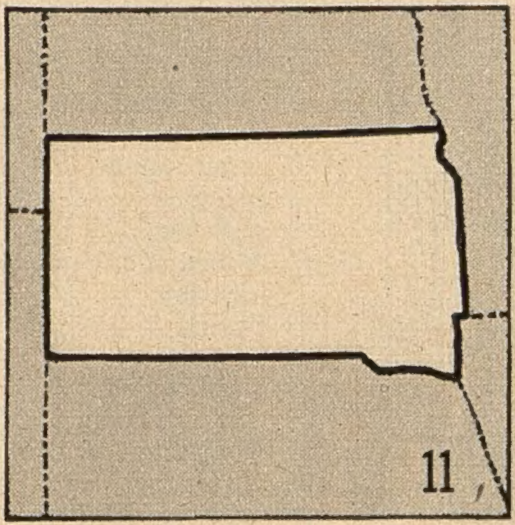
One of the boundaries of this state is the least populous state in the Union. Its greater part is a plateau some 6,000 feet above sea level.

Name of state ....

Bounded by ....

....

....



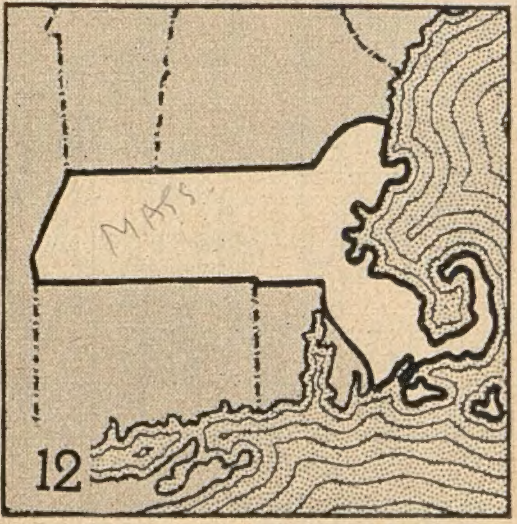
Bounded on the north by a state named from the Indian word meaning "alliance of friends," this state was a territory until the year 1889.

Name of state ....

Bounded by ....

....

....



One of the thirteen original states, the first English college established in America is within its borders. Only one other state is more densely peopled.

Name of state ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

LATE-ENTRY INFORMATION

After you have identified the four states above, if you have not saved the first two sets of maps, Liberty will supply them gratis. Simply mail your request to Late-Entry Clerk, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and reprints will be mailed without charge to you.

SOME FACTS REGARDING CANADA'S FASTEST GROWING MAGAZINE

Home Readership

Liberty is now read in 43,000 more homes in Canada's largest cities than any other magazine. Its circulation throughout Canada exceeds 180,000 each week.

Canadian Printing

Ten million copies of Liberty are annually produced in two Canadian printing plants—a print order four million copies larger than any other magazine.

Largest Paper Purchases

More Canadian paper is used annually in the printing of Liberty than any other magazine—a further aid to Canada's industrial welfare and growth.

A Sizeable Canadian Army

Over ten thousand Canadian retailers and boy distributors are profitably engaged in Liberty's distribution from week to week. This well-disciplined army reaches from Halifax to Vancouver —the largest distribution staff of any magazine.

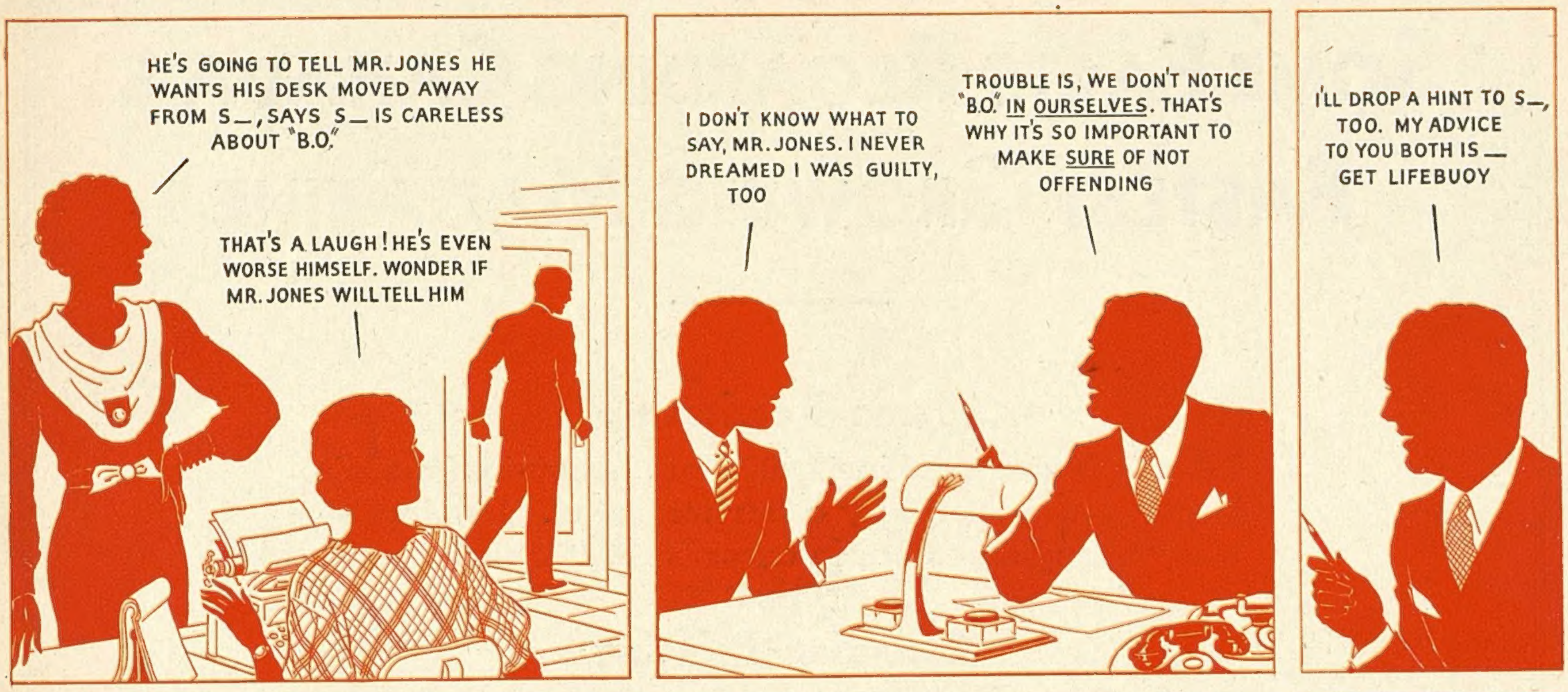
A Gilt-Edged Investment

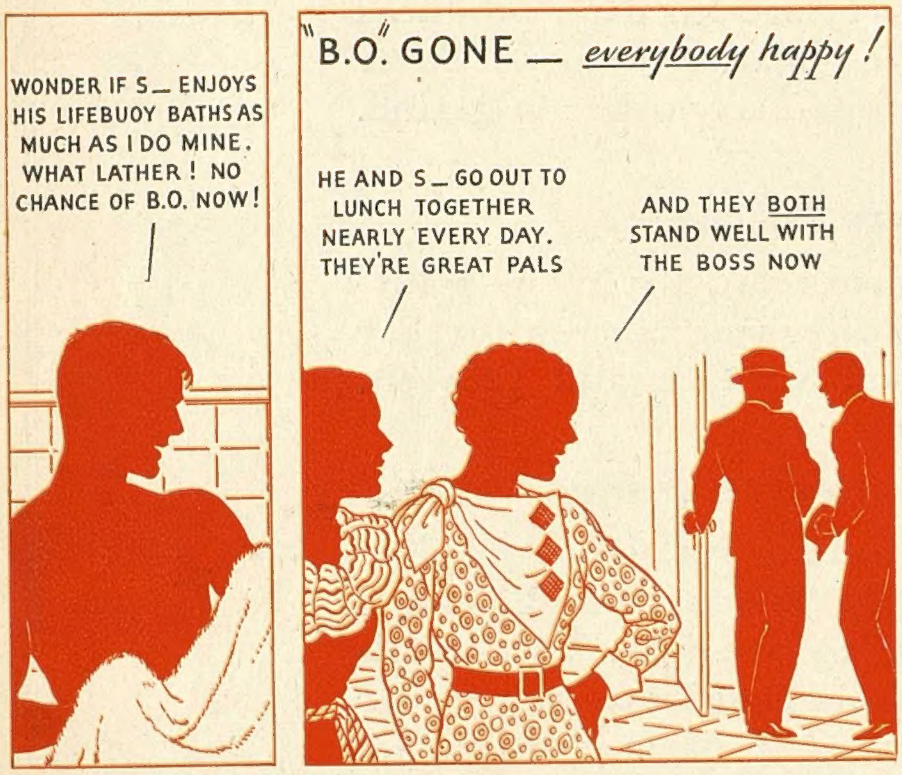
How can you possibly sell Liberty for a nickel? —a frequently asked question. Simply because we pay out no commissions to subscription crews —we prefer to let the public *buy* instead.

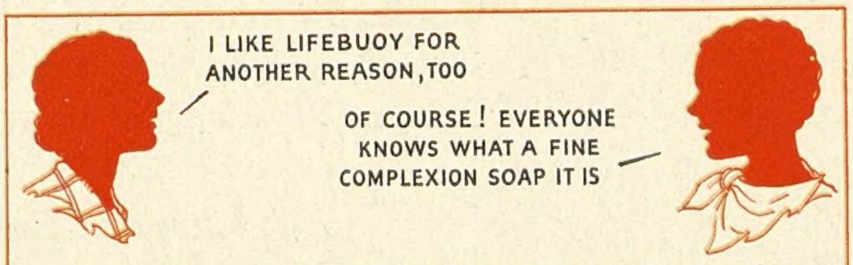
"LIBERTY" IN CANADA

204 RICHMOND ST. W. TORONTO, ONT.

THE ACCUSER IS OFTEN AN OFFENDER, TOO


HE'S GOING TO TELL MR. JONES HE WANTS HIS DESK MOVED AWAY FROM S_, SAYS S_ IS CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
THAT'S A LAUGH! HE'S EVEN WORSE HIMSELF. WONDER IF MR. JONES WILL TELL HIM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, MR. JONES. I NEVER DREAMED I WAS GUILTY, TOO
TROUBLE IS, WE DON'T NOTICE "B.O." IN OURSELVES. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO MAKE SURE OF NOT OFFENDING
I'LL DROP A HINT TO S_, TOO. MY ADVICE TO YOU BOTH IS — GET LIFEBUOY

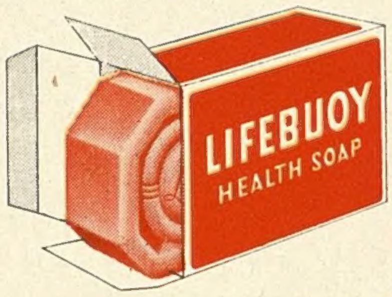

WONDER IF S_ ENJOYS HIS LIFEBUOY BATHS AS MUCH AS I DO MINE. WHAT LATHER! NO CHANCE OF B.O. NOW!
"B.O." GONE — *everybody happy!*
HE AND S_ GO OUT TO LUNCH TOGETHER NEARLY EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GREAT PALS
AND THEY BOTH STAND WELL WITH THE BOSS NOW


I LIKE LIFEBUOY FOR ANOTHER REASON, TOO
OF COURSE! EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT A FINE COMPLEXION SOAP IT IS

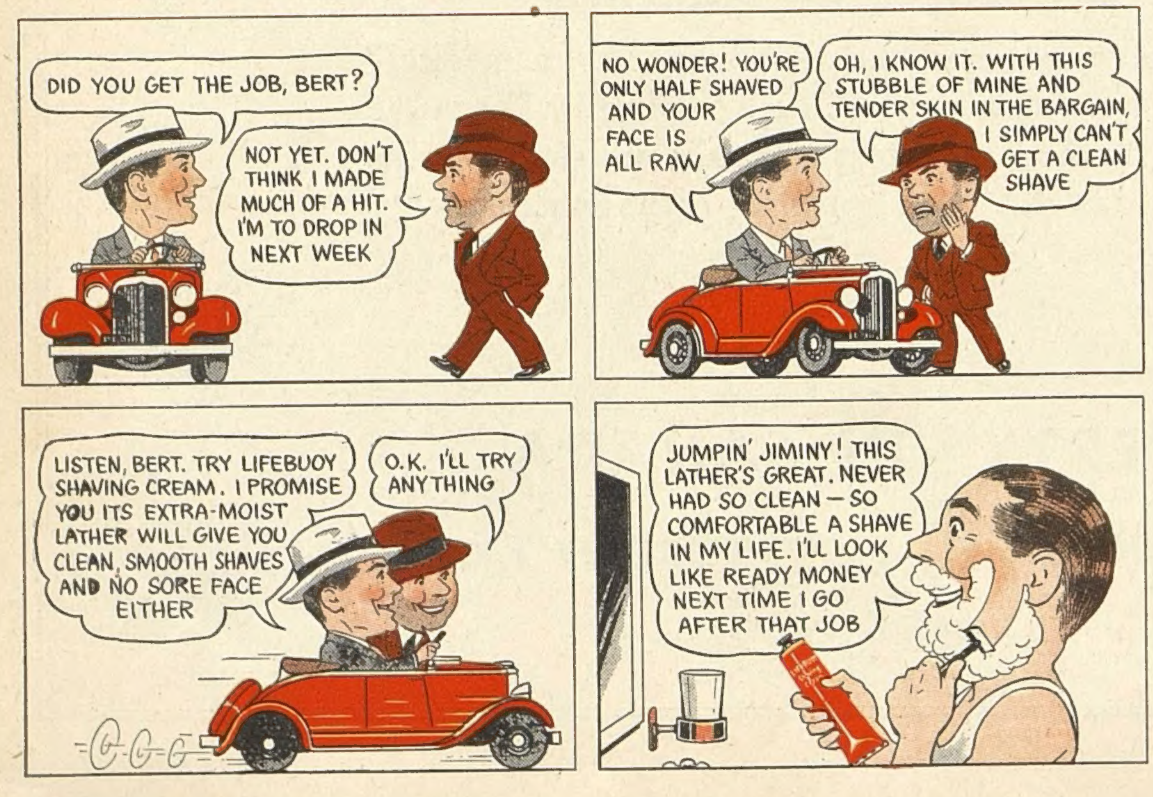
THINK of all the benefits you get in one inexpensive cake of Lifebuoy! A bland, gentle soap that *cherishes* your complexion—makes it glow with healthy radiance. A *purifying* soap that lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water—deep-cleanses pores—removes every trace of "B. O." (*body odour*). Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Danger months here

The weather is getting warmer. We're perspiring more freely. The danger of "B. O." is greater. Don't risk even a hint of this unforgivable fault. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy—play *safe!*


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

SHAVING SECRETS


DID YOU GET THE JOB, BERT?
NOT YET. DON'T THINK I MADE MUCH OF A HIT. I'M TO DROP IN NEXT WEEK
NO WONDER! YOU'RE ONLY HALF SHAVED AND YOUR FACE IS ALL RAW
OH, I KNOW IT. WITH THIS STUBBLE OF MINE AND TENDER SKIN IN THE BARGAIN, I SIMPLY CAN'T GET A CLEAN SHAVE
LISTEN, BERT. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. I PROMISE YOU ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER WILL GIVE YOU CLEAN, SMOOTH SHAVES AND NO SORE FACE EITHER
O.K. I'LL TRY ANYTHING
JUMPIN' JIMINY! THIS LATHER'S GREAT. NEVER HAD SO CLEAN — SO COMFORTABLE A SHAVE IN MY LIFE. I'LL LOOK LIKE READY MONEY NEXT TIME I GO AFTER THAT JOB

TRY ME — I'LL GIVE YOU THE SMOOTHEST, EASIEST SHAVE YOU EVER HAD!

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. It soaks tough beards soft—softer than any quick-drying lather ever could. Makes clear sailing for the razor. You get the quickest, cleanest, gentlest shave that ever crossed your face. Easy on tender skin, too.

Try it. Feel the difference. Get the big red tube at your druggists. Or if you have never tried it, write to Lever Brothers Limited, Dept. L-421, Toronto, for a free 12-day tube.

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream